

TALES

of

GNOSIS



COLLEGE

VOLUME V

DREAMSCAPES



WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY EROSARTS

License and other notices

Description

The comic book that follows is Gnosis Dreamscapes, the fifth volume of the comics series The Tales of Gnosis College (the "Tales"). It was originally published in serial form at EroticMadScience.com in 2013.

The Tales are written and commissioned by Iago Faustus, Ph.D. (a pseudonym) and illustrated by Lon Ryden.

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Questions about the license and requests for waivers of the license's conditions may be directed to Dr. Faustus. He can be reached at faustus@eroticmadscience.com.

The Creators

Iago Faustus is a former academic employed in the private sector. He runs the website EroticMadScience.com, where the Tales and a large variety of other material related to the trope of mad science are published. He also publishes a philosophy blog at pyrosophy.net and a more general image blog at hedonix.org.

Lon Ryden is a professional artist. He has a website for his art at erosarts.net and also publishes his work on DeviantArt at erosarts.deviantart.com.

Adult Content Notice

We are utterly unapologetic about the fact that throughout the Work explicit and bizarre sexual situations are intertwined with outlandish philosophical conceits. We feel obliged to request, however, that if you are not of legal age to view such material, or if you reside in a jurisdiction that makes such material unlawful to own or view, that you not read, copy, or transmit the Work. Thank you!

TALES

of
GNOSIS



VOLUME V
NUMBER I

DREAMSCAPES



WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS
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COLONEL MADDER?
LIEUTENANT SAMSON AND
NURSE WHITE ARE HERE
TO SEE YOU.

EXCELLENT.
SEND THEM IN
WITHOUT DELAY.



HOW ARE YOU
FEELING, MY BOY?

QUITE WELL,
THANK YOU, SIR.



THEY TOLD ME YOU CAME
THROUGH YOUR OPERATIONS QUITE
WELL...ARE YOU NOW AT A STATE
OF FULL VOLUNTARY CONTROL?

YES, SIR.



SHOW ME, PLEASE.

YES, SIR.

**"GNOSIS DREAMSCAPES"
CHAPTER 1**

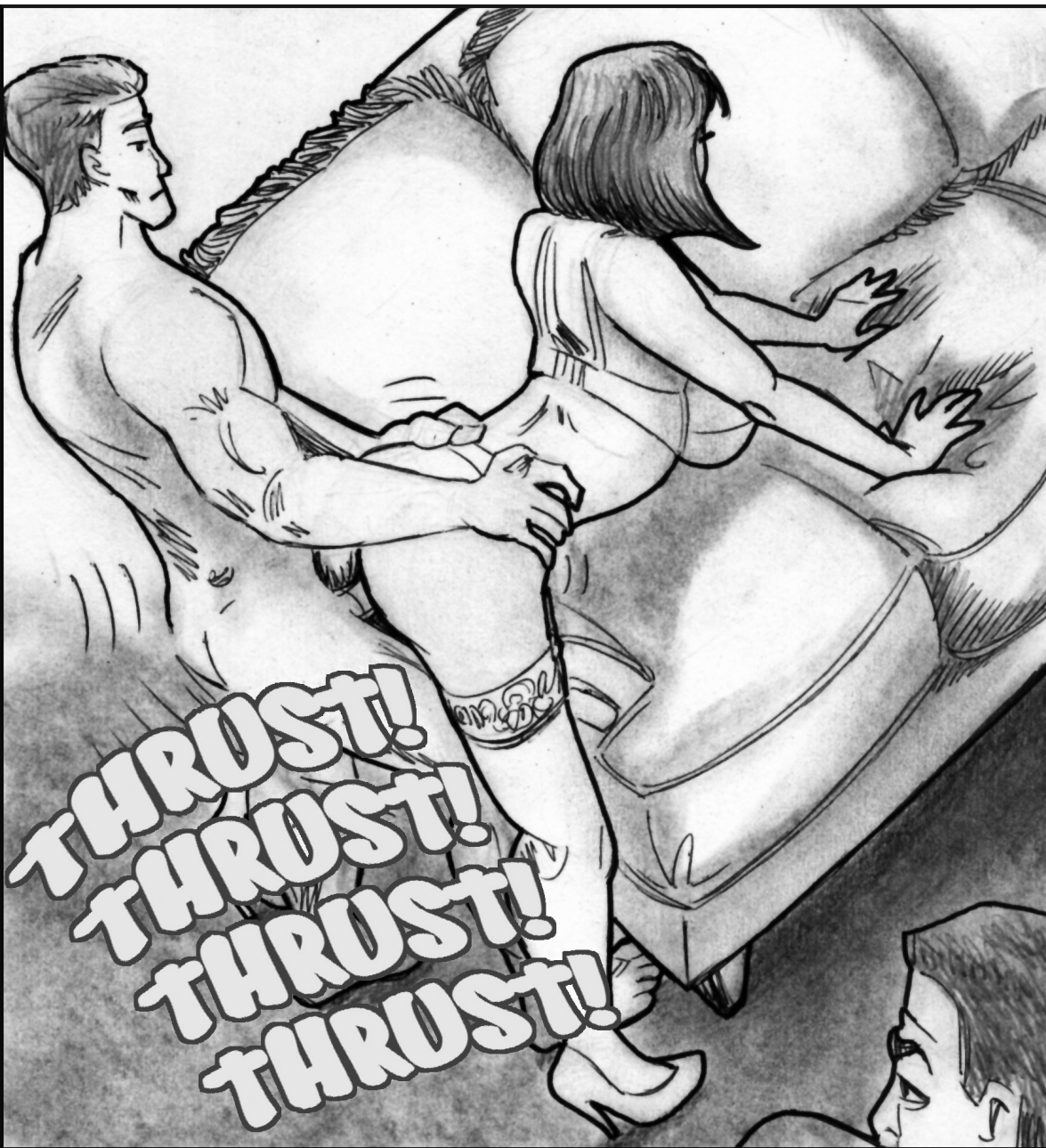
**WRITTEN BY: DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATE BY: EROSARTS**

HOW ARE
YOU FEELING,
MY BOY?

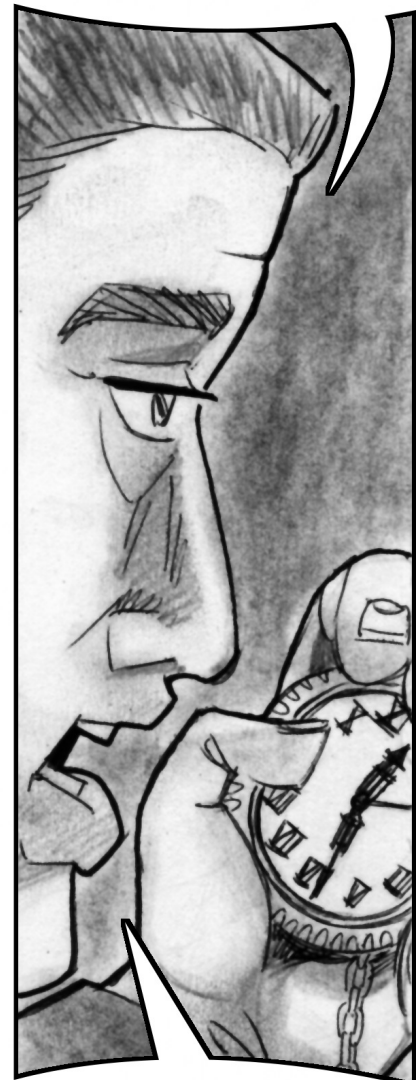
QUITE WELL,
THANK YOU,
SIR.







VERY GOOD, LIEUTENANT.
I THINK THIRTY MINUTES
IS MORE THAN ENOUGH.



WITHDRAW AND WAIT FIVE
MINUTES MORE BEFORE
PERFORMING THE
EJACULATORY FUNCTION.



AND SO, FIVE
MINUTES LATER...

AVOID
GETTING ANY ON
MY COUCH.

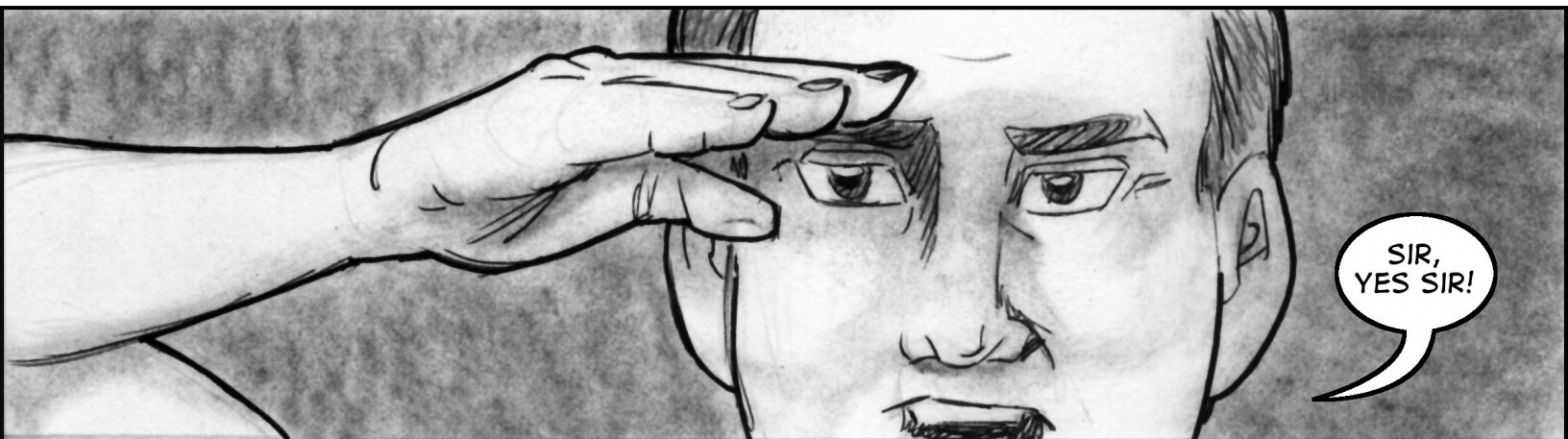
AND WAS THAT
EQUALLY VOLUNTARY?

DID YOU FEEL
ANY *URGE*? ANY
PLEASURE?

JUST LIKE
PULLING THE
TRIGGER ON A
RIFLE, SIR.

NO MORE THAN
PULLING THE TRIGGER
ON A RIFLE, SIR.

AMAZING. SURGERY RESTORING
TO A MAN HIS ORIGINAL INNOCENCE...
"SEMINARET IGITUR PROLEM VIR,
SUSCIPERET FEMINA GENITALIBUS
MEMBRIS, QUANDO ID OPUS ESSET ET
QUANTUM OPUS ESSET, VOLUNTATE
MOTIS, NON LIBIDINE CONCITATIS...NEQUE
ENIM DEO DIFFICILE FUIT SIC ILLUM
CONDERE, UT IN EIUS CARNE ETIAM ILLUD
NON NISI EIUS VOLUNTATE
MOUERETUR, QUOD NUNC NISI
LIBIDINE NON MOUETUR."



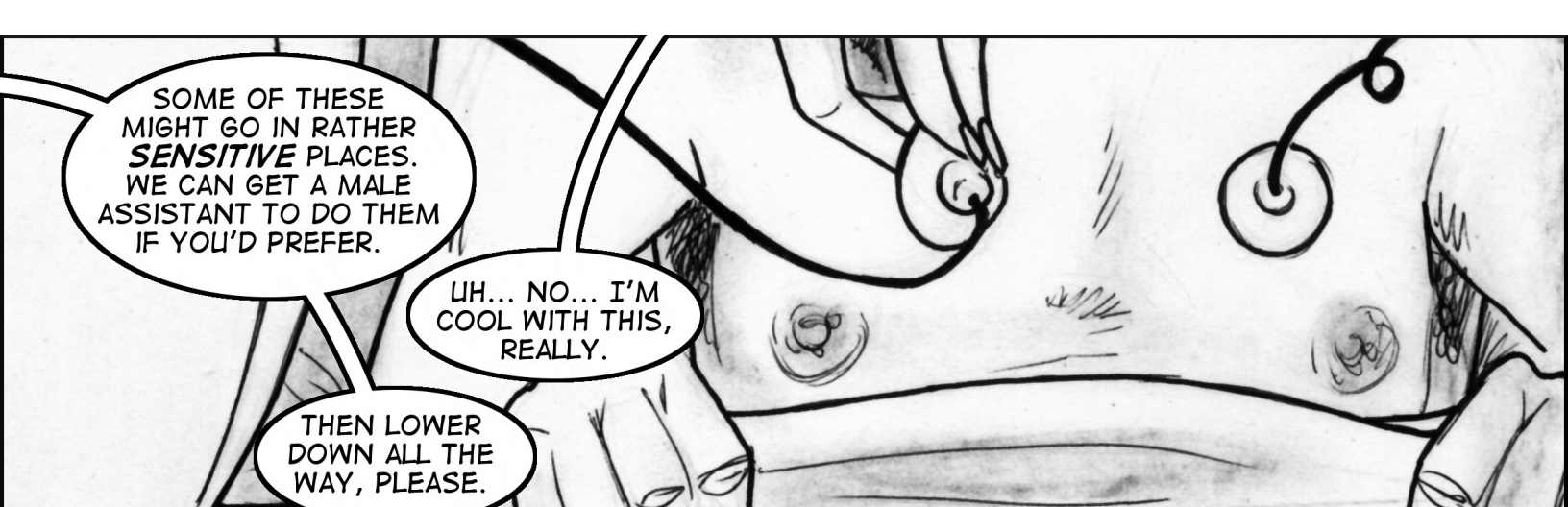
SIR,
YES SIR!



SO, IT'S ROB
MILLS, YES?

YES, THAT'S
RIGHT.

OKAY, ROB. I'M
MICHIKO. I'LL BE WORKING
CLOSELY WITH YOU ON
THIS STUDY. I JUST NEED
TO APPLY A FEW SENSORS.
COULD YOU LOWER THE
SHEET PLEASE?



SOME OF THESE
MIGHT GO IN RATHER
SENSITIVE PLACES.
WE CAN GET A MALE
ASSISTANT TO DO THEM
IF YOU'D PREFER.

UH... NO... I'M
COOL WITH THIS,
REALLY.

THEN LOWER
DOWN ALL THE
WAY, PLEASE.



JUST A BLOOD-
PRESSURE CUFF. NOTHING TO
GET CONCERNED ABOUT.

YOU'LL DO
JUST FINE,
ROB.

SPRITZ!

SWEET DREAMS.



IMPRESSIVE
PRESSURE SPIKE
ON THE PENILE CLIFF.
OUR BOY IS
HUNGRY!

AND I HAVE
TALENT.



I MUST SAY, MICHIKO, YOUR COMBINATION OF UNUSUAL NERVE-ENDING DENSITY AND AGGRESSIVE IMAGINATION MAKES YOU UNUSUALLY WELL SUITED FOR THIS WORK.



WELL PUT, PROFESSOR WAITE, EVEN IT SKIRTS UNPLEASANTLY CLOSE TO THE "SENSUAL ASIAN WOMAN" STEREOTYPE.



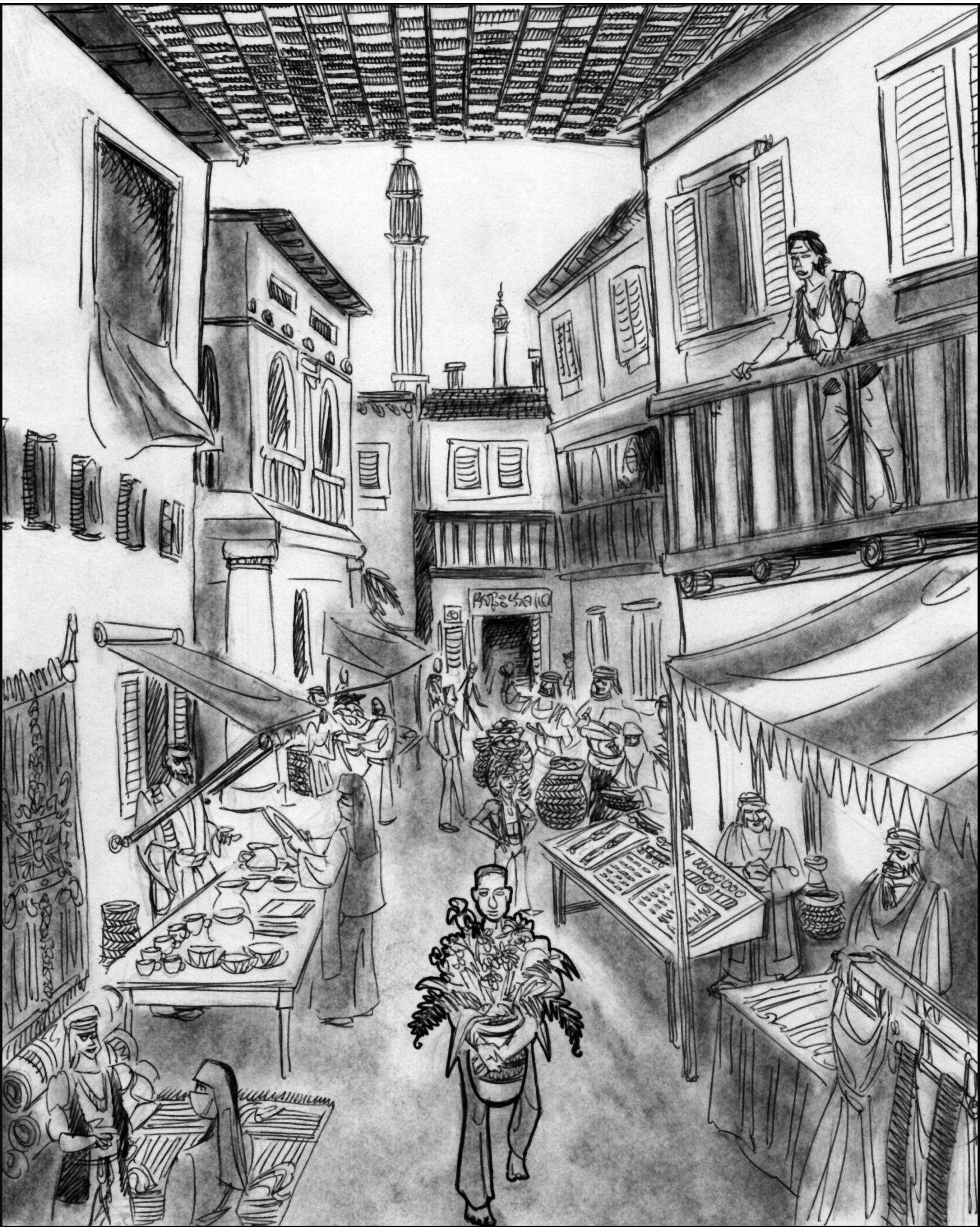
NICE STRONG READINGS OFF THE NEURO-INTERACTIVE GEL, REBECCA.

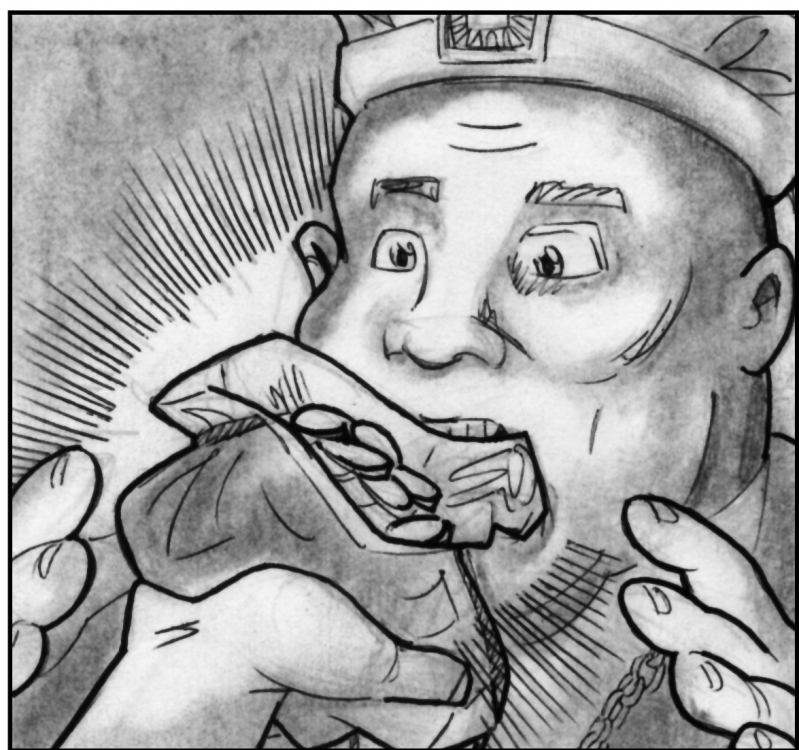
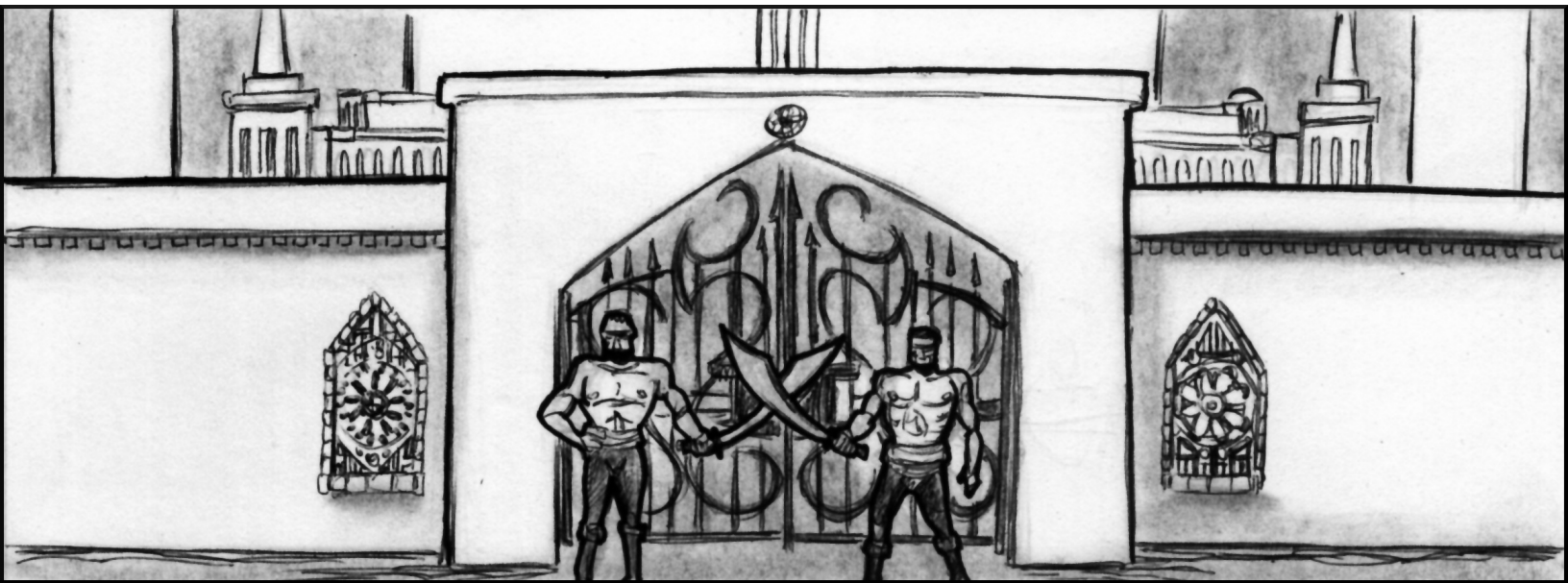
LOVELY AND WARM, TOO.

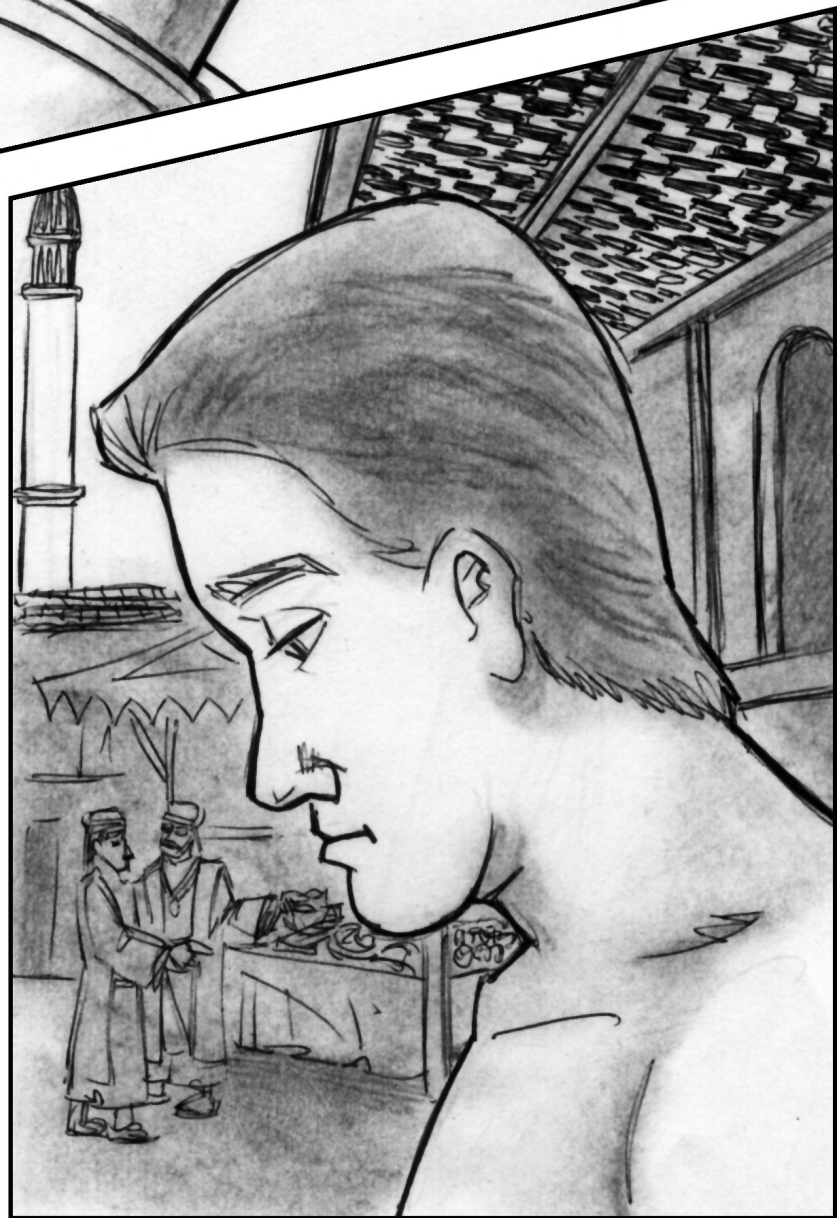
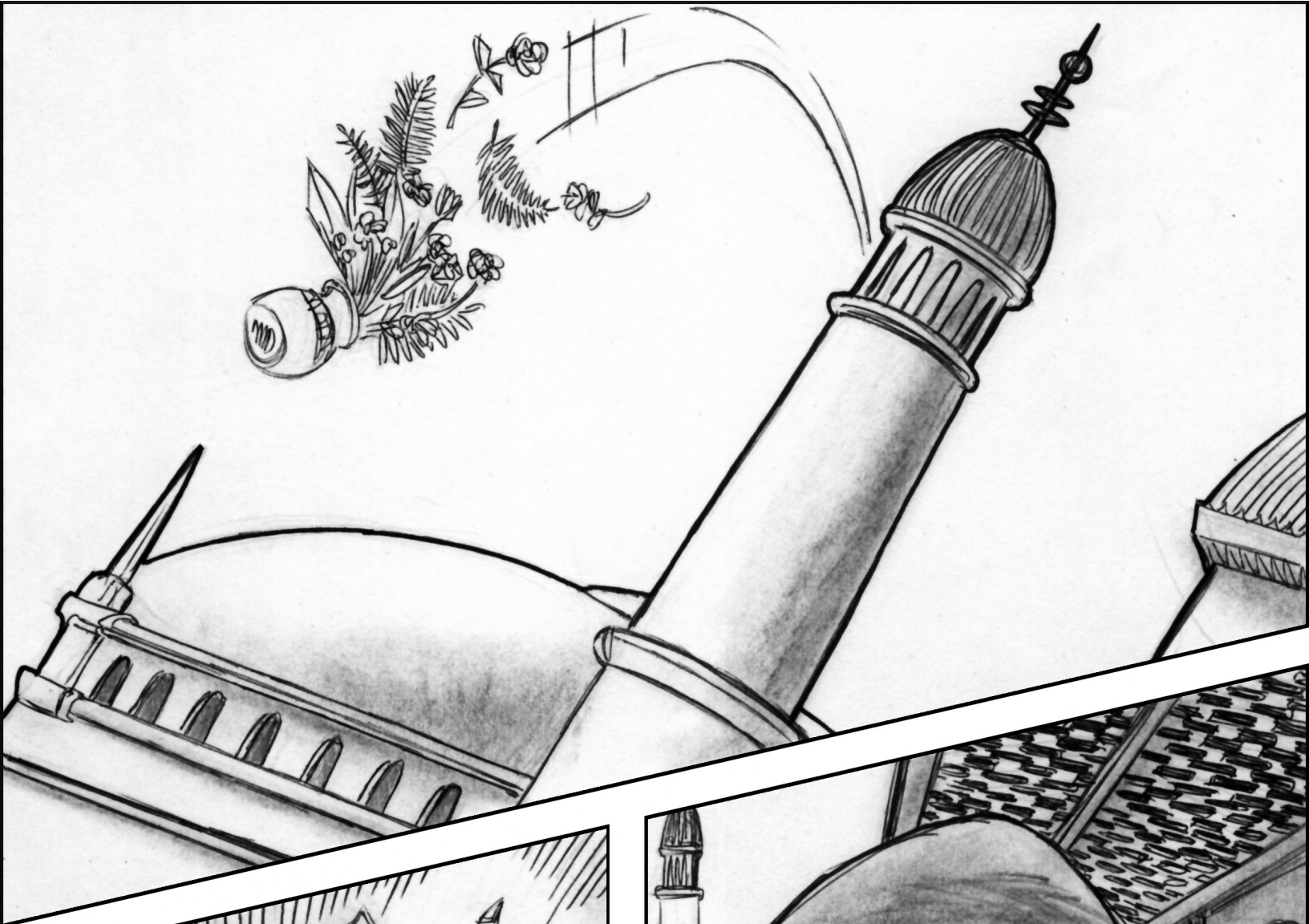


LET'S SEE WHAT YOUNG MR. MILLS HAS WAITING FOR ME IN HIS DREAMSCAPE...

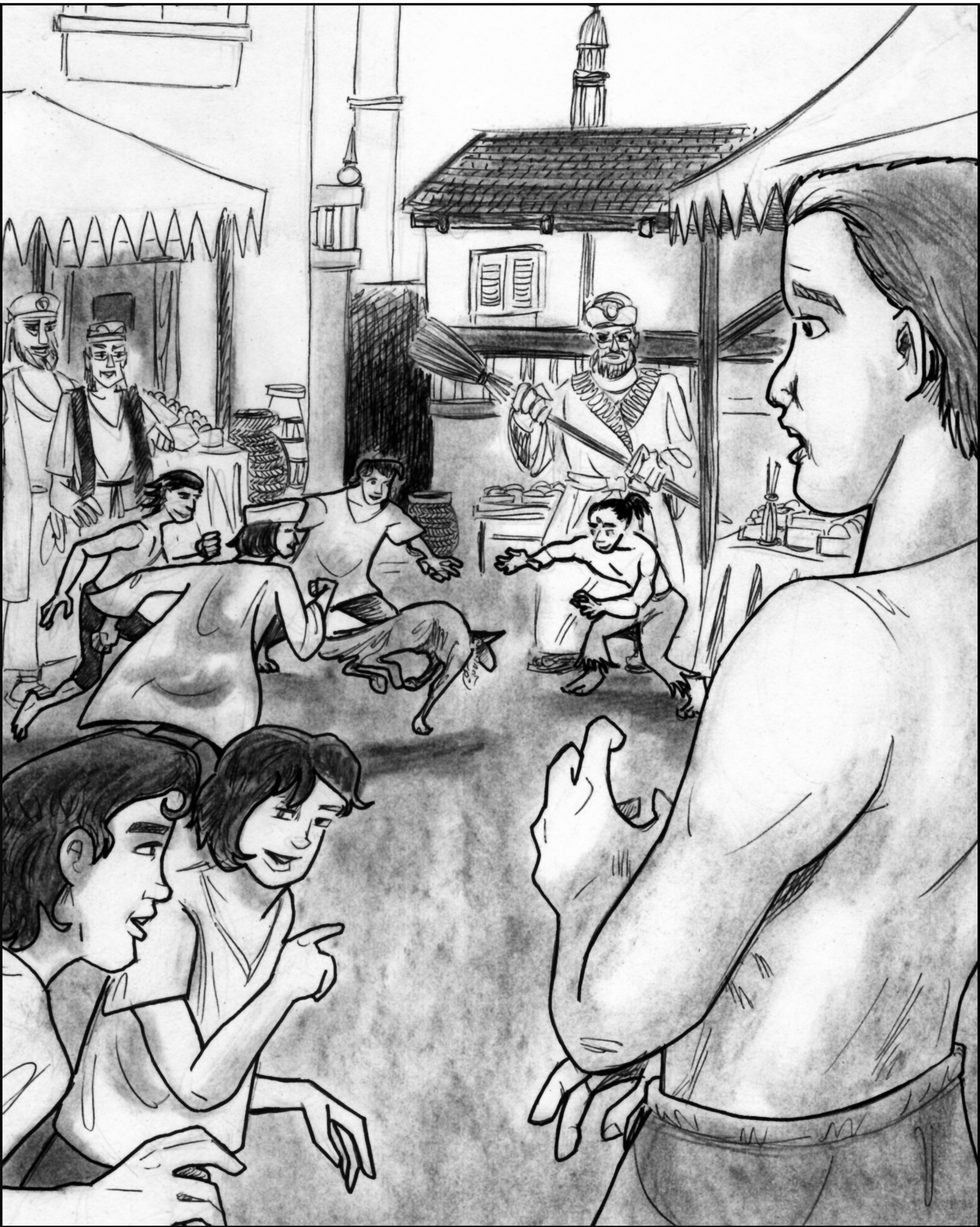


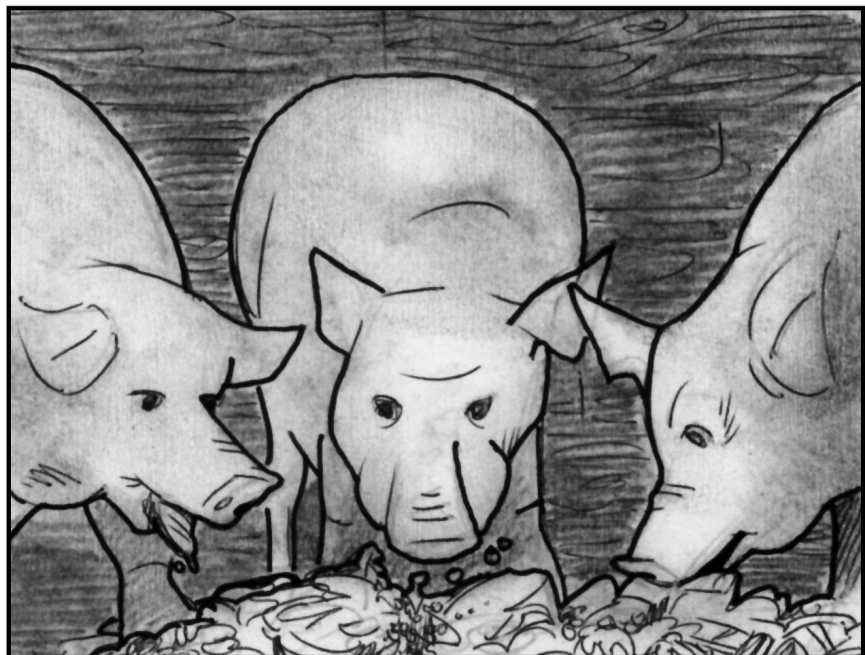


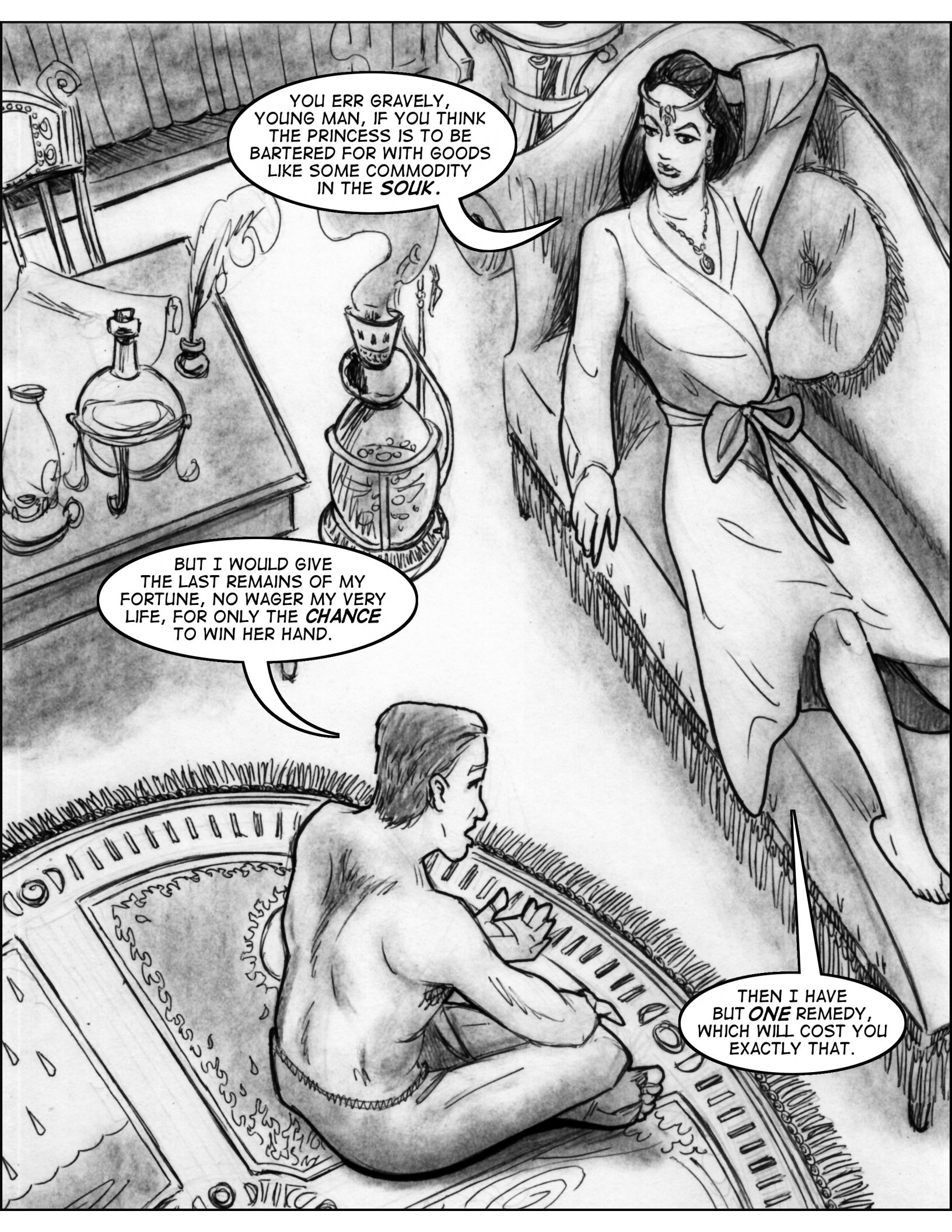








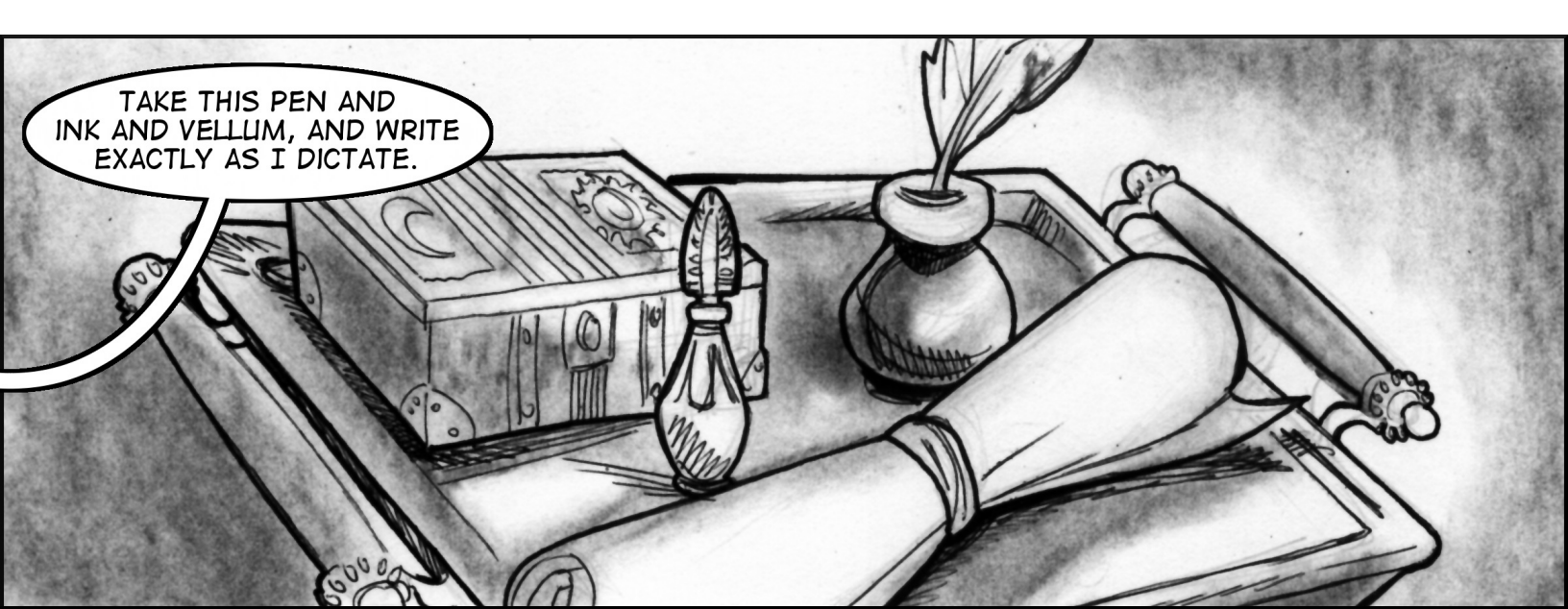




YOU ERR GRAVELY,
YOUNG MAN, IF YOU THINK
THE PRINCESS IS TO BE
BARTERED FOR WITH GOODS
LIKE SOME COMMODITY
IN THE *SOUK*.

BUT I WOULD GIVE
THE LAST REMAINS OF MY
FORTUNE, NO WAGER MY VERY
LIFE, FOR ONLY THE *CHANCE*
TO WIN HER HAND.

THEN I HAVE
BUT *ONE* REMEDY,
WHICH WILL COST YOU
EXACTLY THAT.

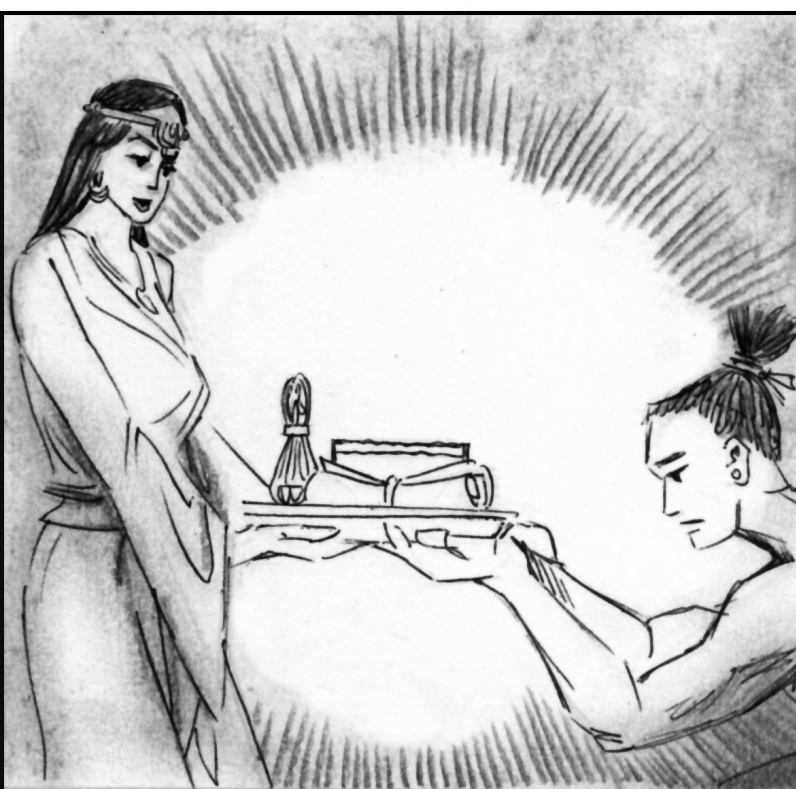
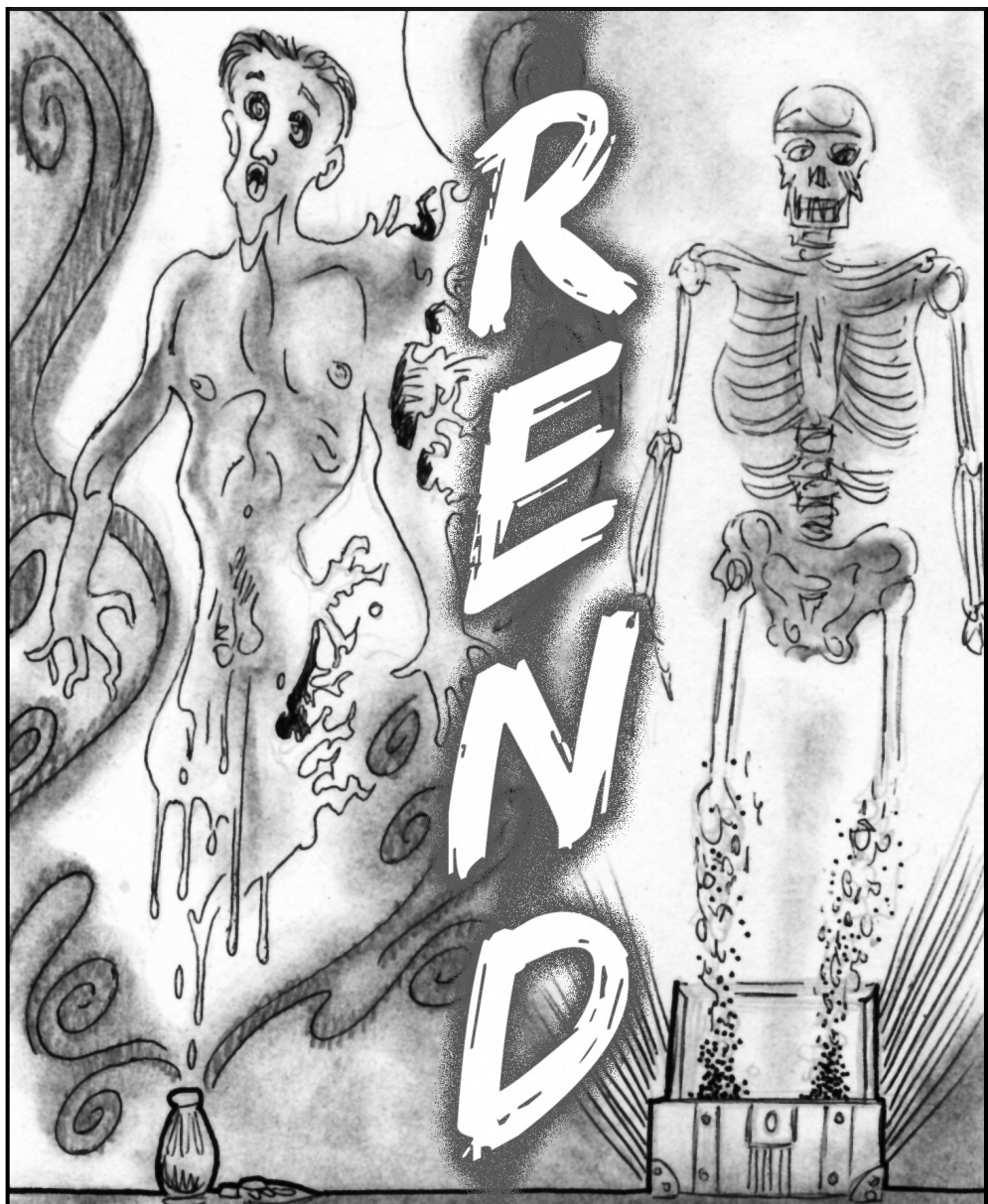


TAKE THIS PEN AND
INK AND VELLUM, AND WRITE
EXACTLY AS I DICTATE.

Fair Princess,
for long I have loved thee from afar and
wooed thee in vain with gifts that were
the merest trifles. But now at last I have
found a gift that I should hope that thou
wilt not decline. It is said that women
burn hot for the pleasure of having a
man within them. I make an offering of
myself to be a man within thee far
deeper than any man might otherwise be.
By the power of mighty sorcery I have
reduced myself to a liquid essence,
contained within the phial you shall
receive with this letter. If thou wouldst,
drink the contents thereof and thou shalt
know pleasure beyond that any woman
might otherwise hope to know. But then
humbly beg, that when thou art
finished with my pleasing you so, that
thou repairst to thy bath with the
jeweled casket I herewith deliver.
This casket does contain my
essential salts which, dissolved
in thy bath, might bring me
back to my solid form, that
I might love thee more.



NOW, REMOVE
ALL YOUR CLOTHES.








OOH...



A woman with long dark hair is floating in a pool of water. She is wearing a light blue, form-fitting one-piece swimsuit. Her eyes are closed, and she has a blissful expression. Her arms are raised, and she is holding her hair. She has a necklace with large blue and white beads. There are ripples in the water around her. The background is a simple grey wall.

OHHHHH... YESSS...


ECSTASY...

PENETRATING EVERY PART...

EVERY BIT COMES...

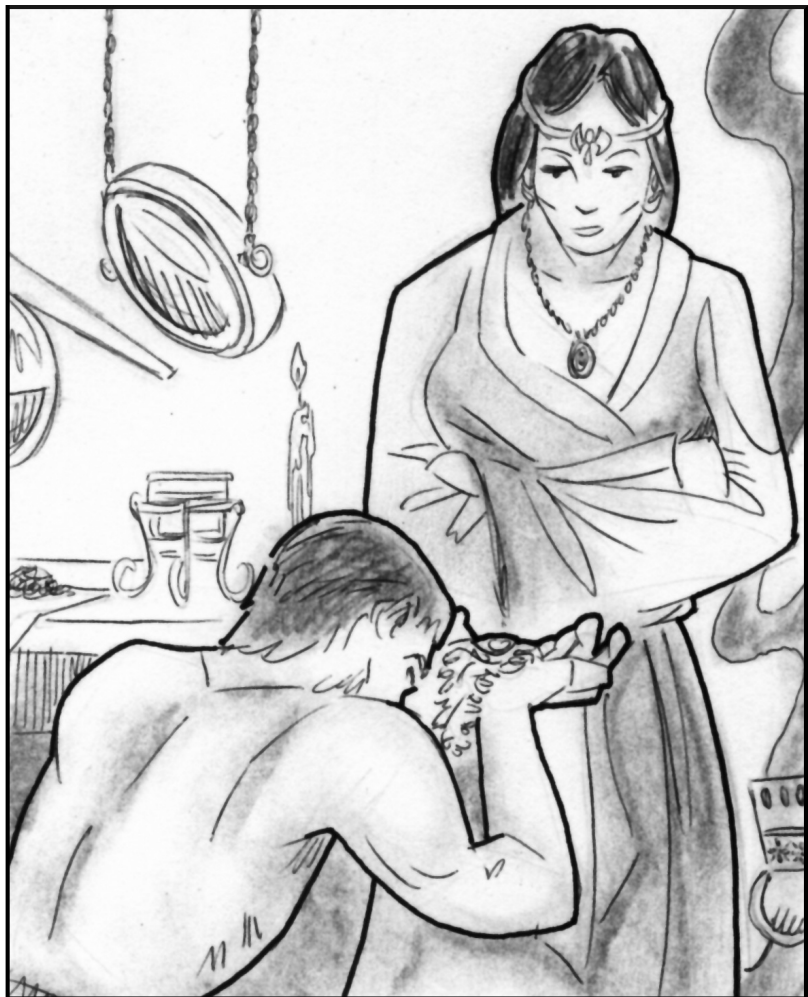
MY HEART COMES...





YOU HAVE
SHOWN ME PLEASURE
SUCH AS NO OTHER WOMAN
COULD KNOW... I BEG YOU,
MY LOVE, LET US DO
THIS AGAIN.

I FEAR IT
IS NOT POSSIBLE,
PRINCESS, FOR I HAVE
SPENT THE LAST OF
MY FORTUNE WITH A
POWERFUL
SORCERESS TO
ACHIEVE THIS
TRANSFORMATION
FOR THE
FIRST TIME.





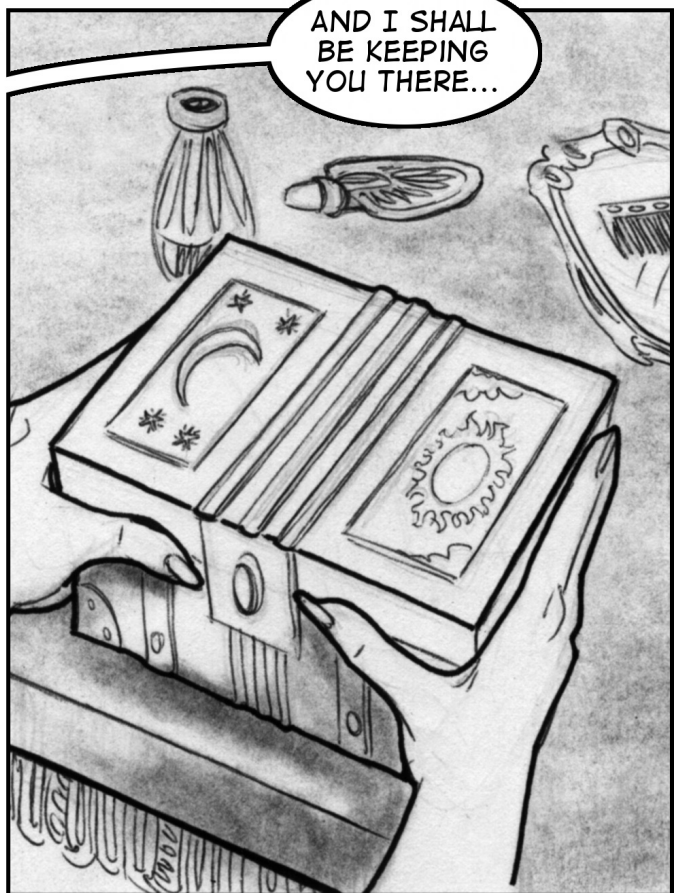
WHAT IS THAT, MY
LOVE? YOU HAVE HAD
ENOUGH? YOU WISH TO
COME OUT?



I THINK NOT.
I *LIKE* HAVING
YOU IN ME.

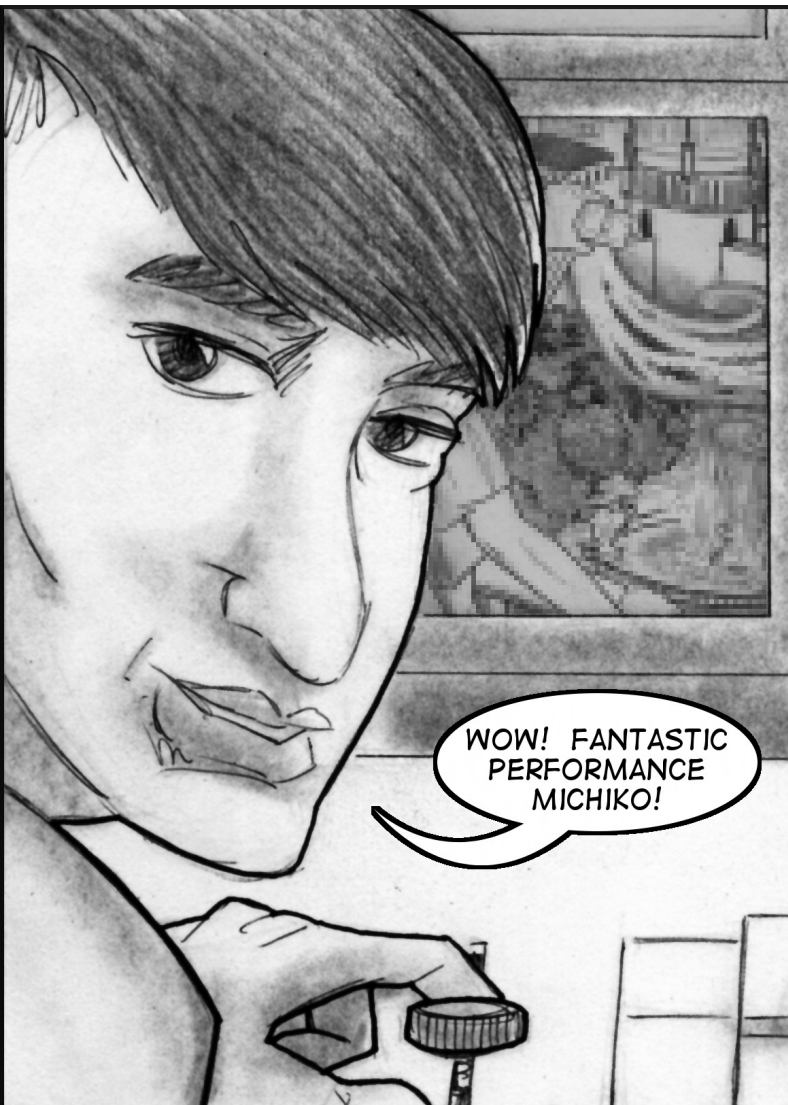


AND I SHALL
BE KEEPING
YOU THERE...





...FOR EVER
AND EVER.





DOMINEERING YET ALLURING IN THE FANTASTIC DREAMSCAPE SHE ENTERS THROUGH PROFESSOR WAITE'S MAD SCIENCE, MICHIKO IS EVERY INCH THE PRINCESS EVEN, OR PERHAPS **ESPECIALLY** WITHOUT THE USUAL VESTMENTS AND FINERY THEREOF.

TALES

of

GNOSIS



COLLEGE

VOLUME V
NUMBER II

DREAMSCAPES



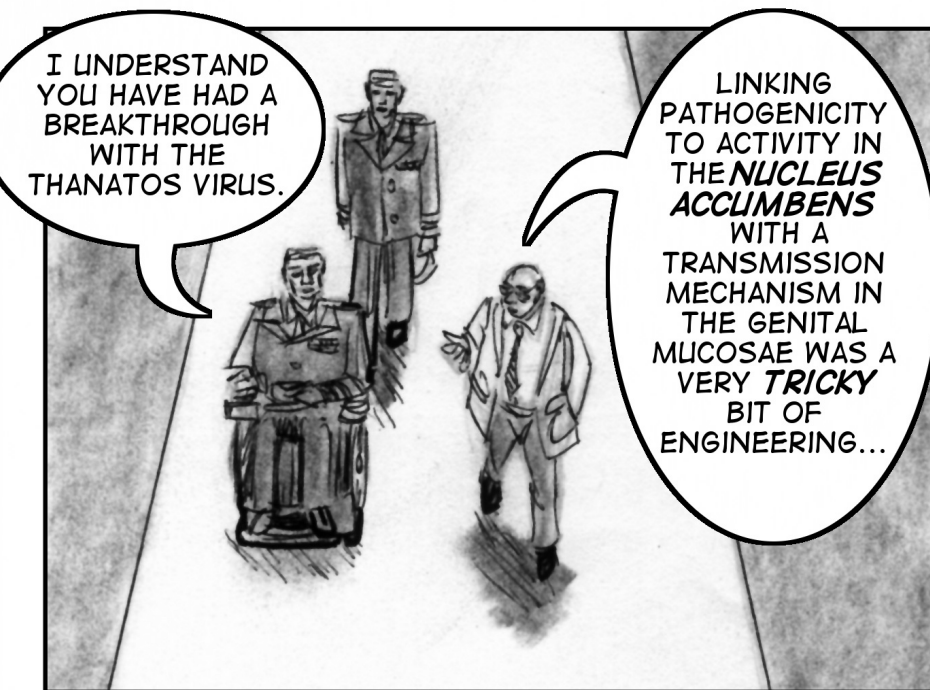
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LIEUTENANT SAMSON,
THIS IS DR. MORTON.

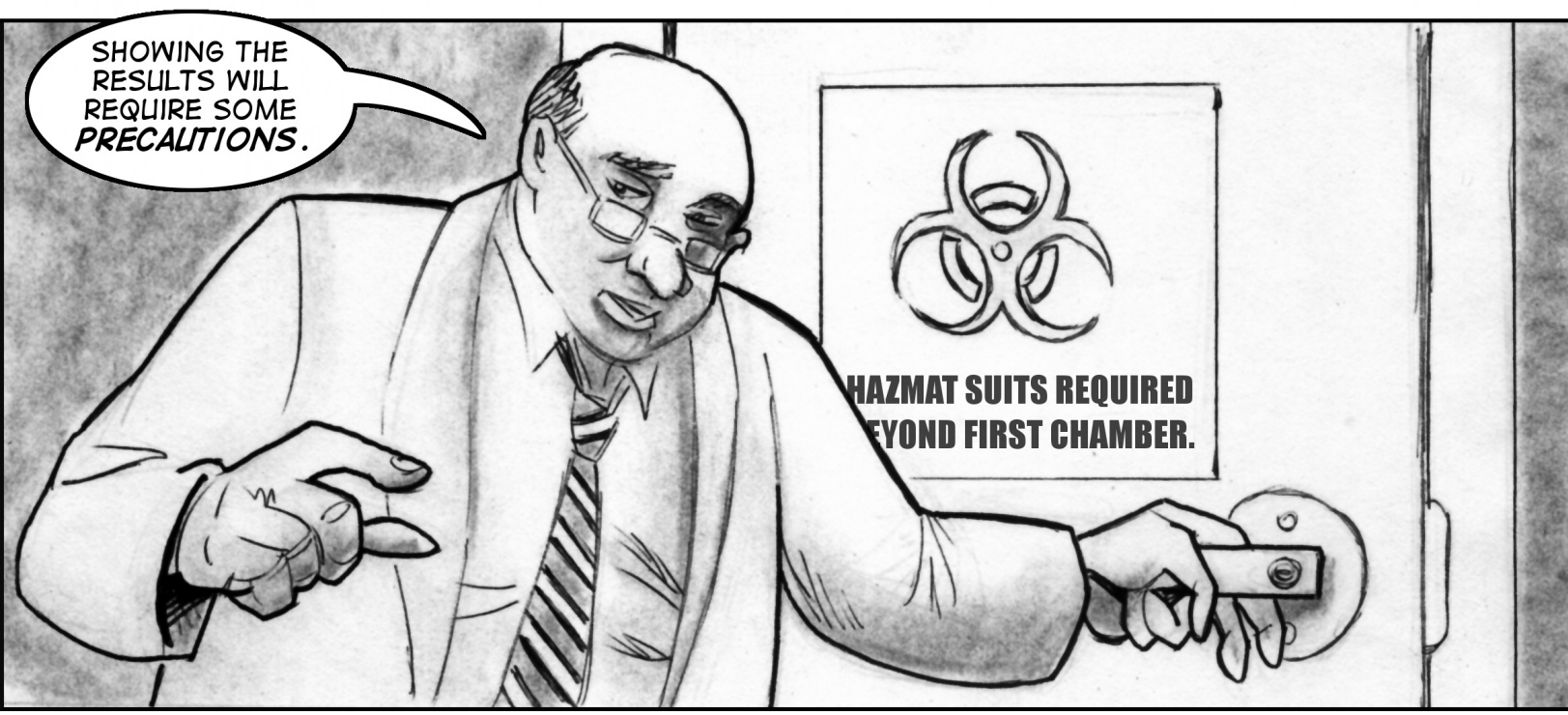
IT IS AN HONOR
TO MEET SUCH A
DISTINGUISHED BIO-
WAR SPECIALIST.

THANK YOU,
LIEUTENANT.




I UNDERSTAND
YOU HAVE HAD A
BREAKTHROUGH
WITH THE
THANATOS VIRUS.

LINKING
PATHOGENICITY
TO ACTIVITY IN
THE **NUCLEUS
ACCUMBENS**
WITH A
TRANSMISSION
MECHANISM IN
THE GENITAL
MUCOSAE WAS A
VERY **TRICKY**
BIT OF
ENGINEERING...



SHOWING THE
RESULTS WILL
REQUIRE SOME
PRECAUTIONS.


**HAZMAT SUITS REQUIRED
BEYOND FIRST CHAMBER.**

"GNOSIS DREAMSCAPES"
CHAPTER 2

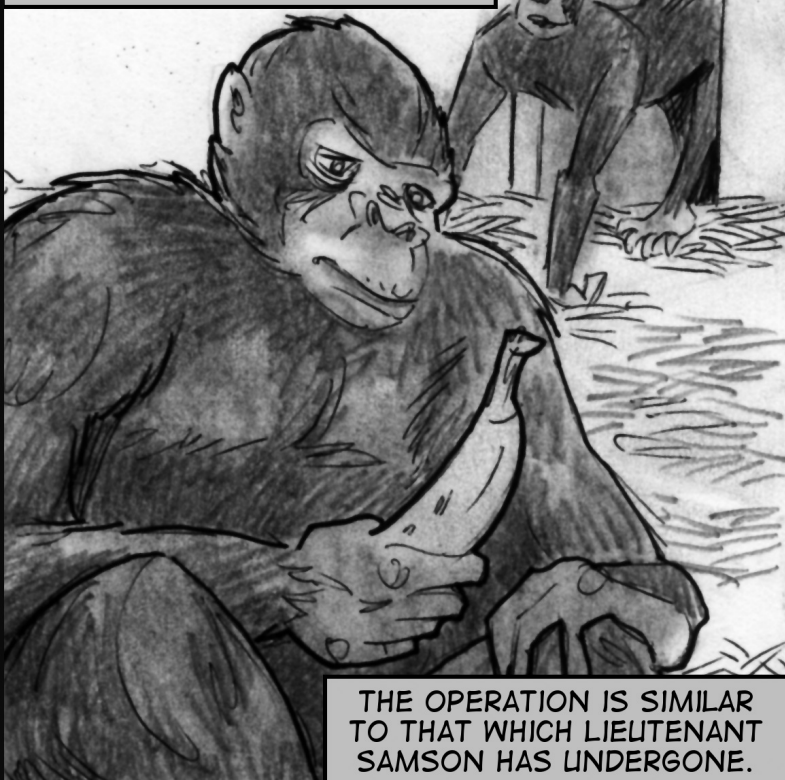
WRITTEN BY: DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY: EROSARTS



GENTLEMEN, WELCOME
TO THE LARGEST CHIMPANZEE
FACILITY MAINTAINED BY THE
U.S. GOVERNMENT.

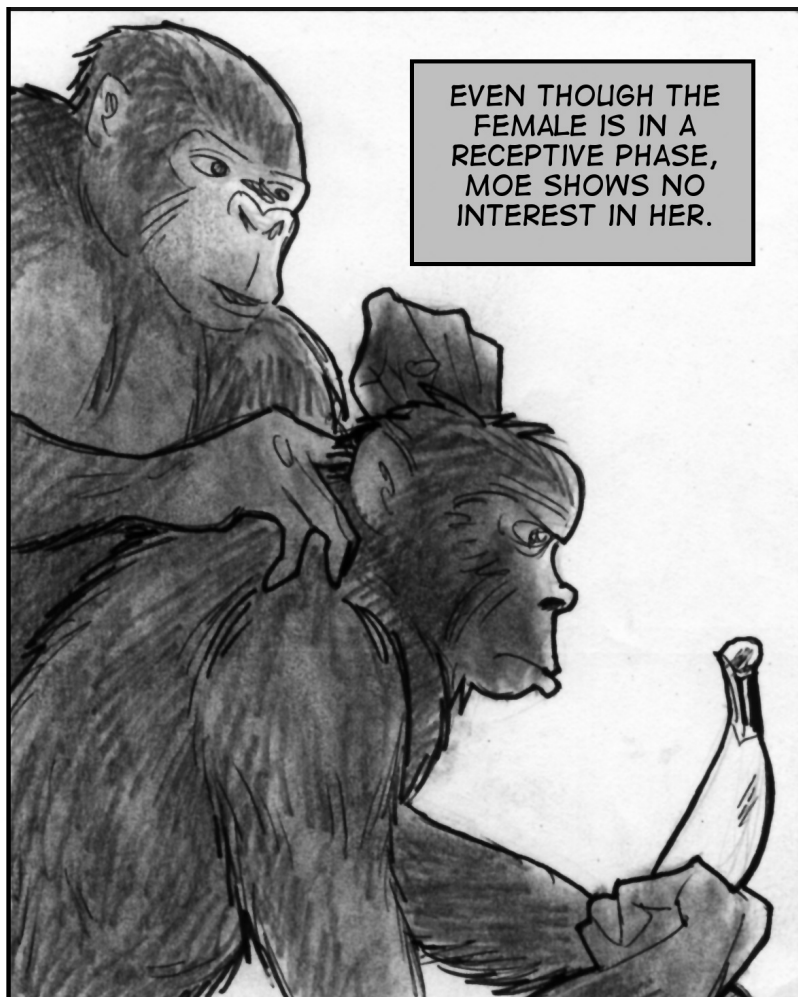
MAY I REMIND YOU,
DR. MORTON, THAT I
HAVE OFTEN VISITED
THE FLOOR OF THE
SENATE?

THIS CHIMP, NAMED **MOE**, HAS UNDERGONE A SURGICAL EXCISION OF CERTAIN REGIONS OF HIS **NUCLEUS ACCUMBENS** THAT HAVE TO DO WITH SEXUAL REWARD.

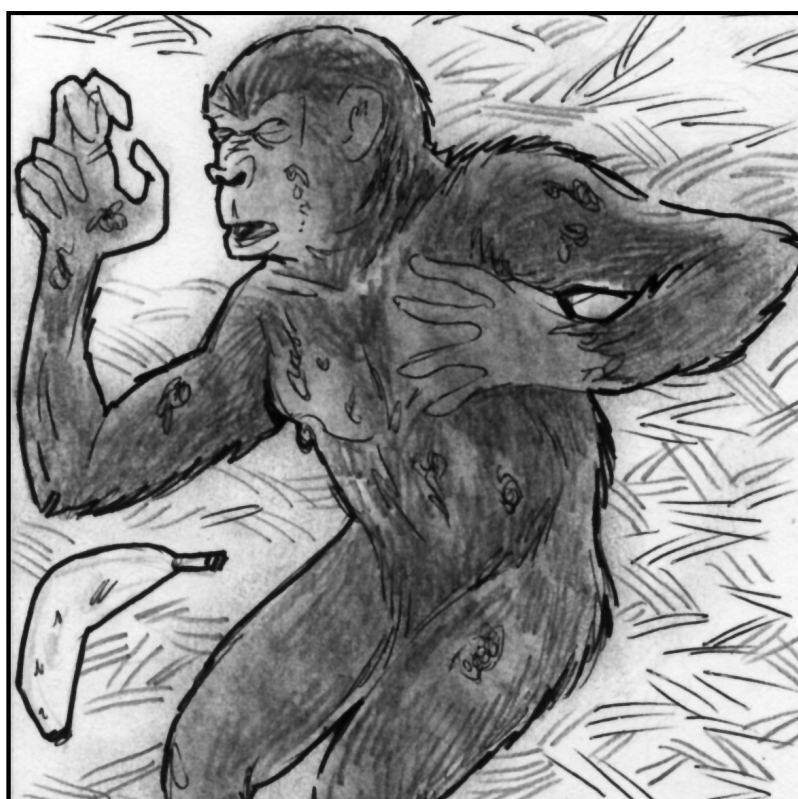
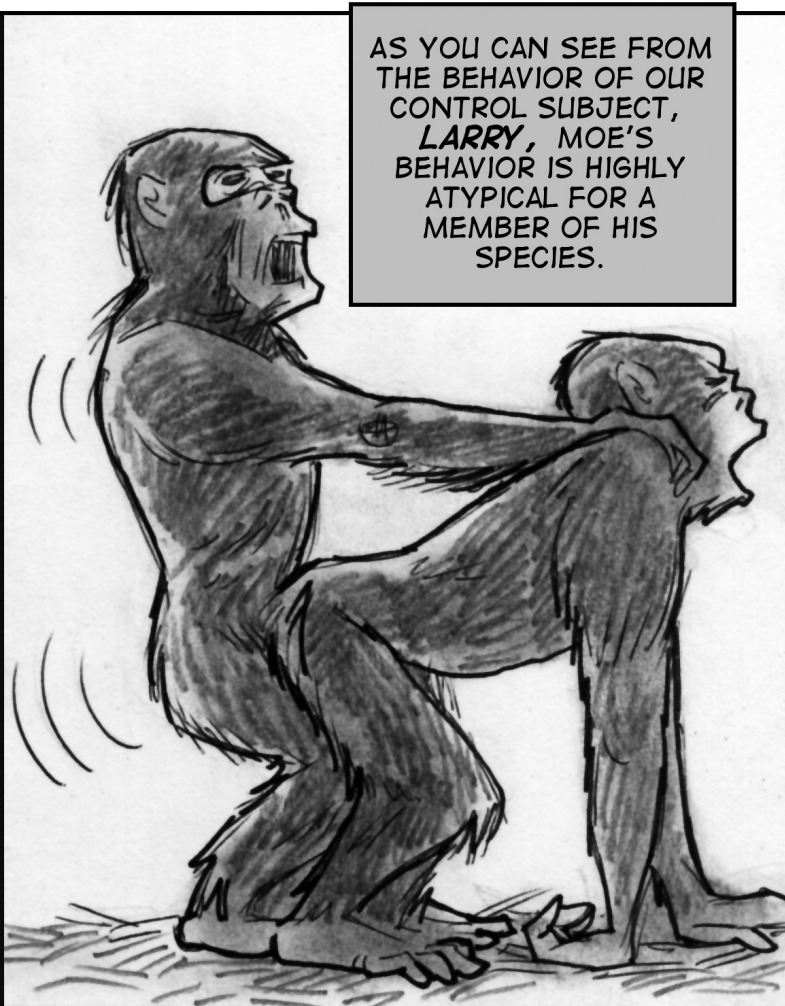


THE OPERATION IS SIMILAR TO THAT WHICH LIEUTENANT SAMSON HAS UNDERGONE.

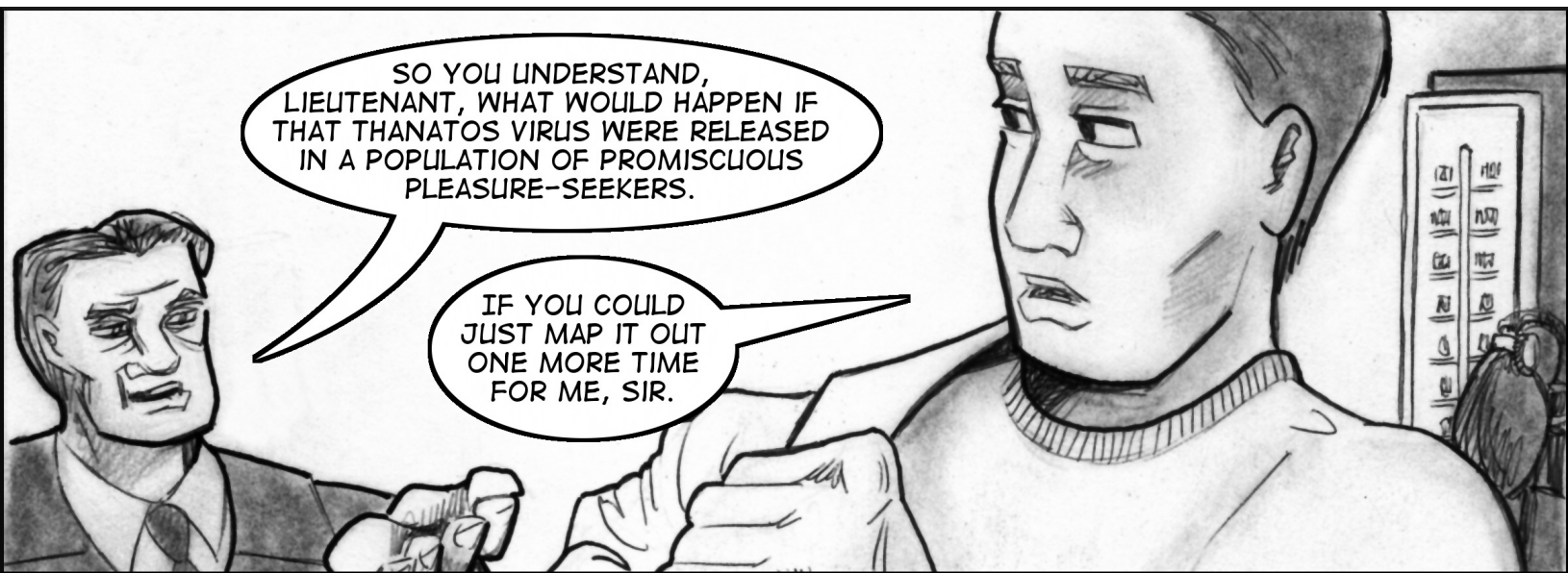
EVEN THOUGH THE FEMALE IS IN A RECEPTIVE PHASE, MOE SHOWS NO INTEREST IN HER.



AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE BEHAVIOR OF OUR CONTROL SUBJECT, **LARRY**, MOE'S BEHAVIOR IS HIGHLY ATYPICAL FOR A MEMBER OF HIS SPECIES.



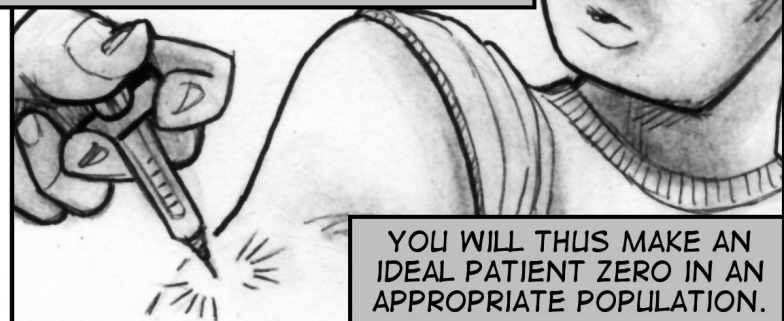
LARRY'S FUN WILL BE SHORT-LIVED, HOWEVER, AS PLEASURE-GENERATING ACTIVITY IN HIS **NUCLEUS ACCUMBENS** WILL TRIGGER THE VIRULENT PHASE OF **THANATOS** VIRUS -- TRANSMITTED TO HIM BY THE FEMALE -- RESULTING IN THE CONDITION YOU SEE HERE.



PLEASURE SEEKERS WILL **POISON** ONE ANOTHER, TRANSMITTING THE VIRUS THAT IS TRIGGERED BY THE VERY PLEASURE THEY SEEK.



YOU CANNOT BE HARMED BY THE THANATOS VIRUS, LIEUTENANT, AS YOU ARE FREED FROM THE BURDEN OF SEXUAL PLEASURE EVEN THOUGH YOUR EQUIPMENT FUNCTIONS BETTER THAN ANY NORMAL MAN'S.



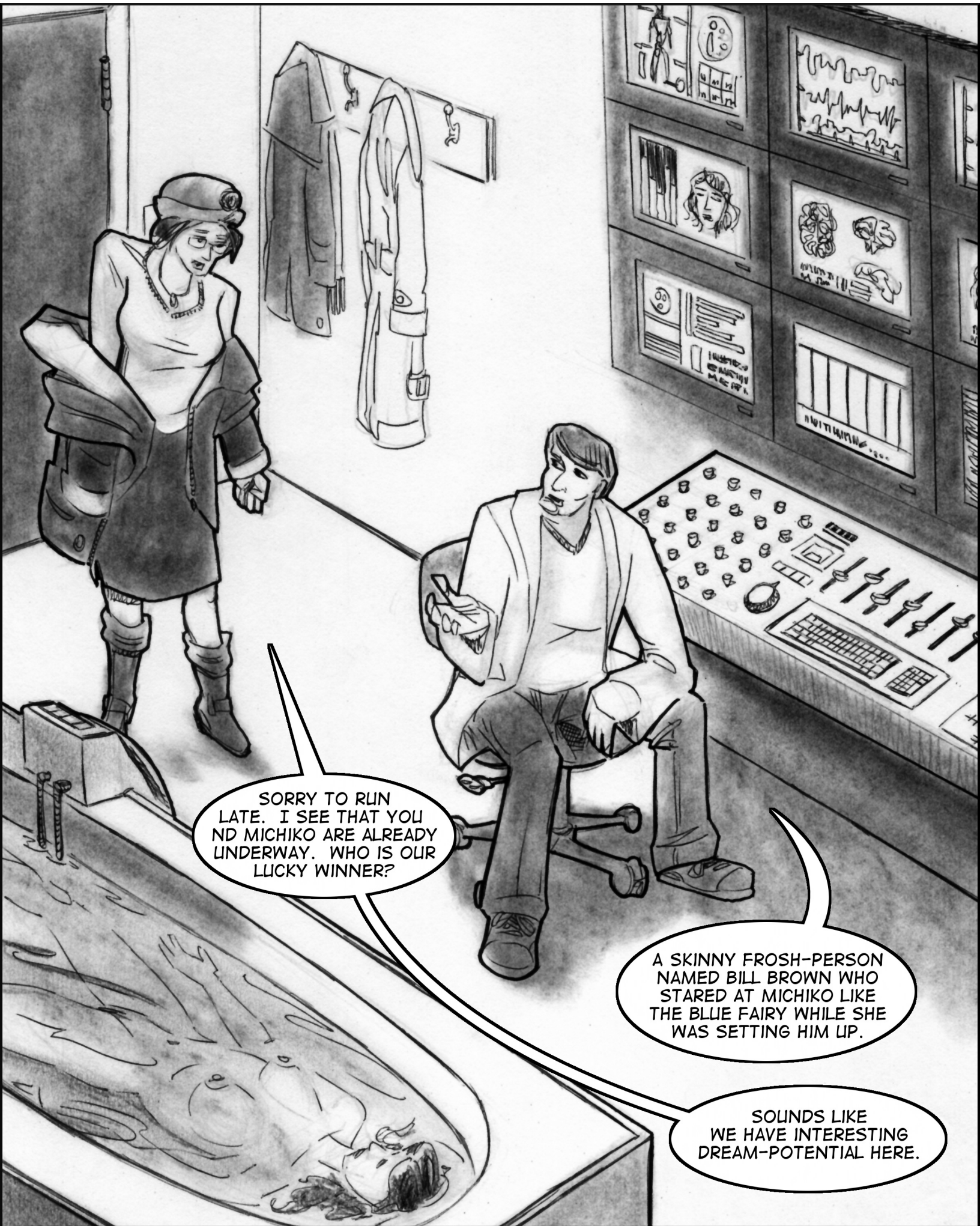


AND I KNOW THE APPROPRIATE
POPULATION... WHICH YOU ARE
TO INFILTRATE AS A *STUDENT*.

BRIGHT COLLEGE
DAYS, SIR?



IN ADDITION TO THE MAIN
PROJECT, LIEUTENANT,
SOME *WET WORK*
WILL BE REQUIRED...



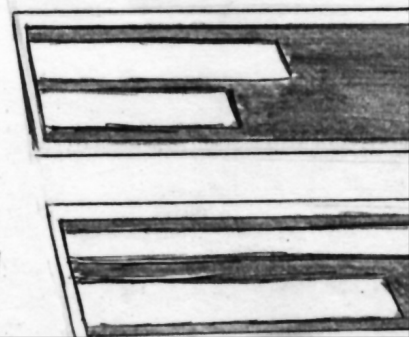
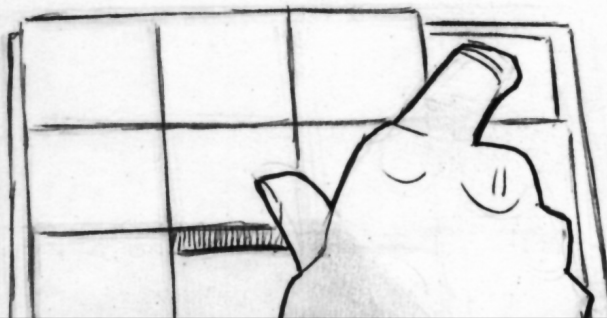
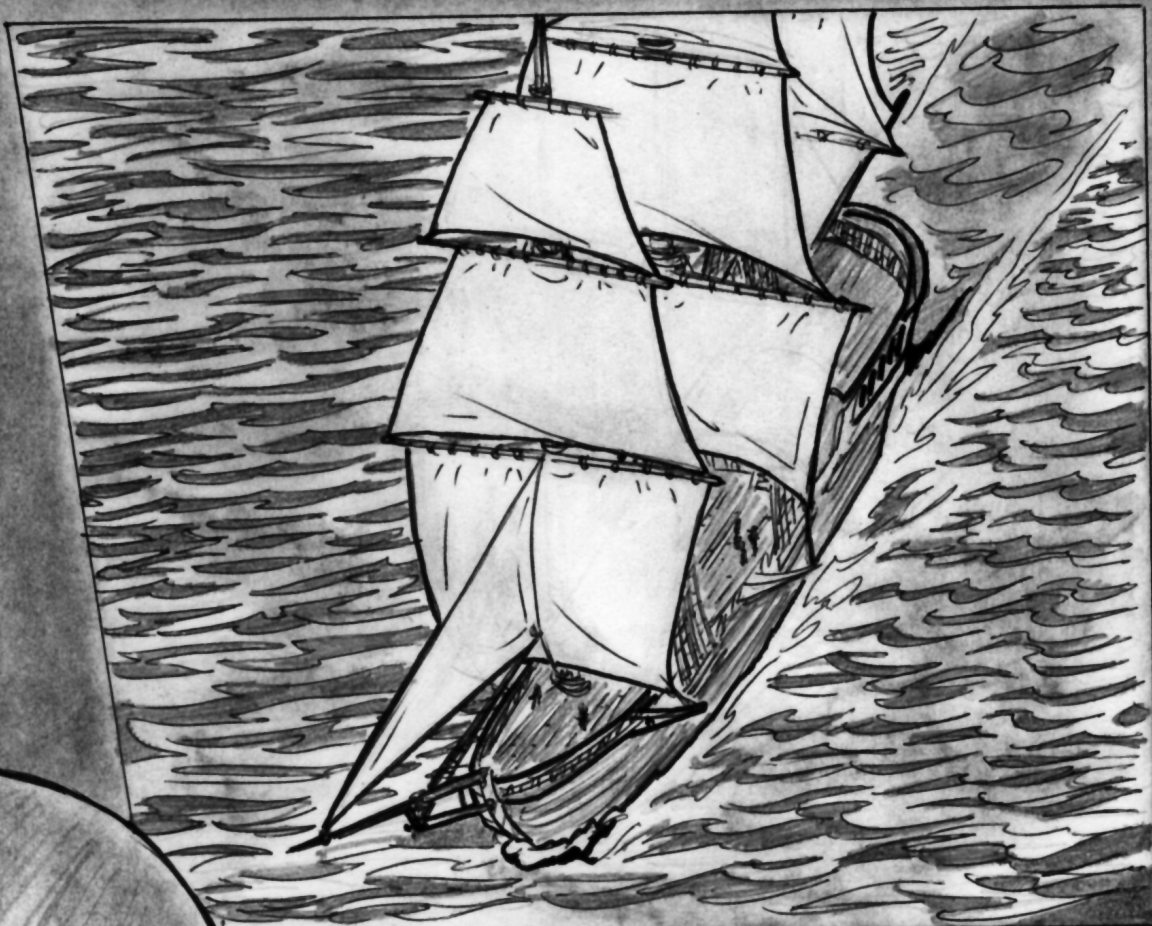
SORRY TO RUN
LATE. I SEE THAT YOU
AND MICHIKO ARE ALREADY
UNDERWAY. WHO IS OUR
LUCKY WINNER?

A SKINNY FROSH-PERSON
NAMED BILL BROWN WHO
STARED AT MICHIKO LIKE
THE BLUE FAIRY WHILE SHE
WAS SETTING HIM UP.

SOUNDS LIKE
WE HAVE INTERESTING
DREAM-POTENTIAL HERE.

THE FIRST PART: ☐

THE SECOND PART: ☐





CAPTAIN, I WOULD
SPEAK WITH YOU.

WHAT IS
YOUR CONCERN,
LADY MICHIKO?



THAT GALLEY
TO PORT...
WORRIES ME.
THEY SAY
THESE WATERS
ARE FULL OF
BARBARY
CORSAIRS.

THOSE MUSSELMAN
SCUM? THEY WOULD
NEVER **DARE** ATTACK
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S
FRIGATES!



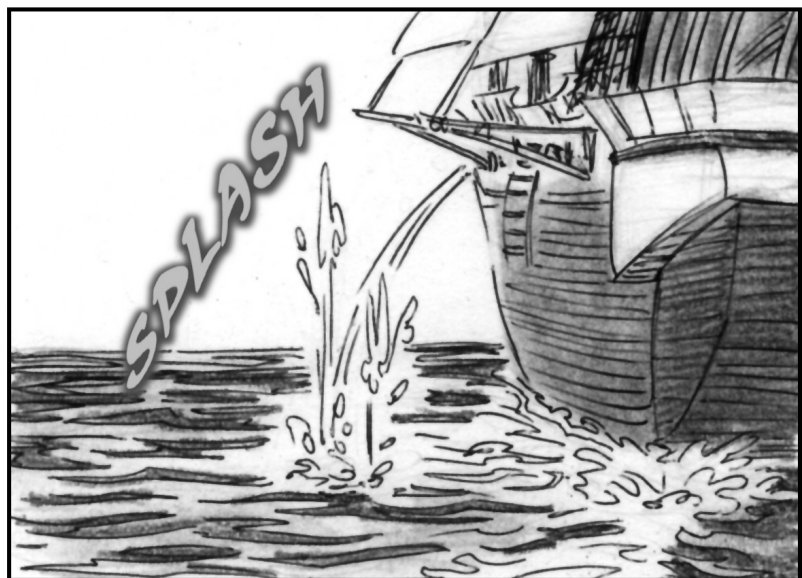
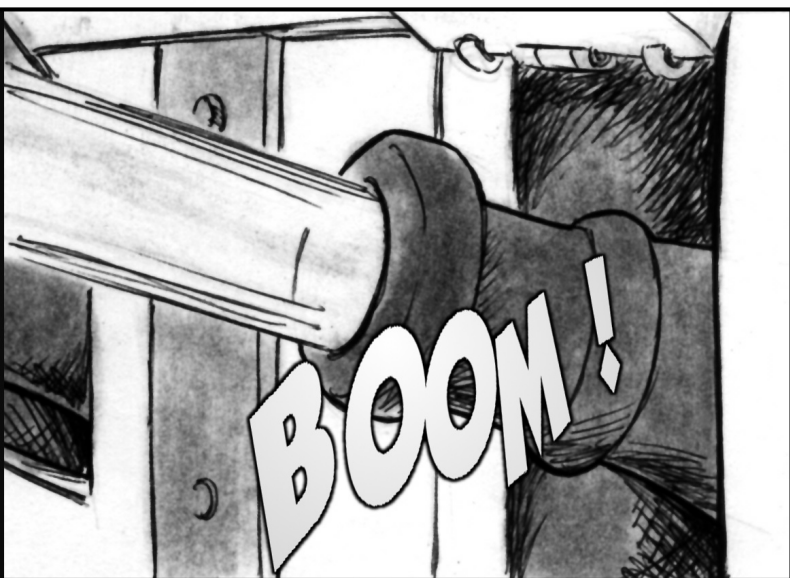
I GAVE
YOUR FATHER
THE DUKE MY
WORD OF HONOR
AS A BRITISH
OFFICER.

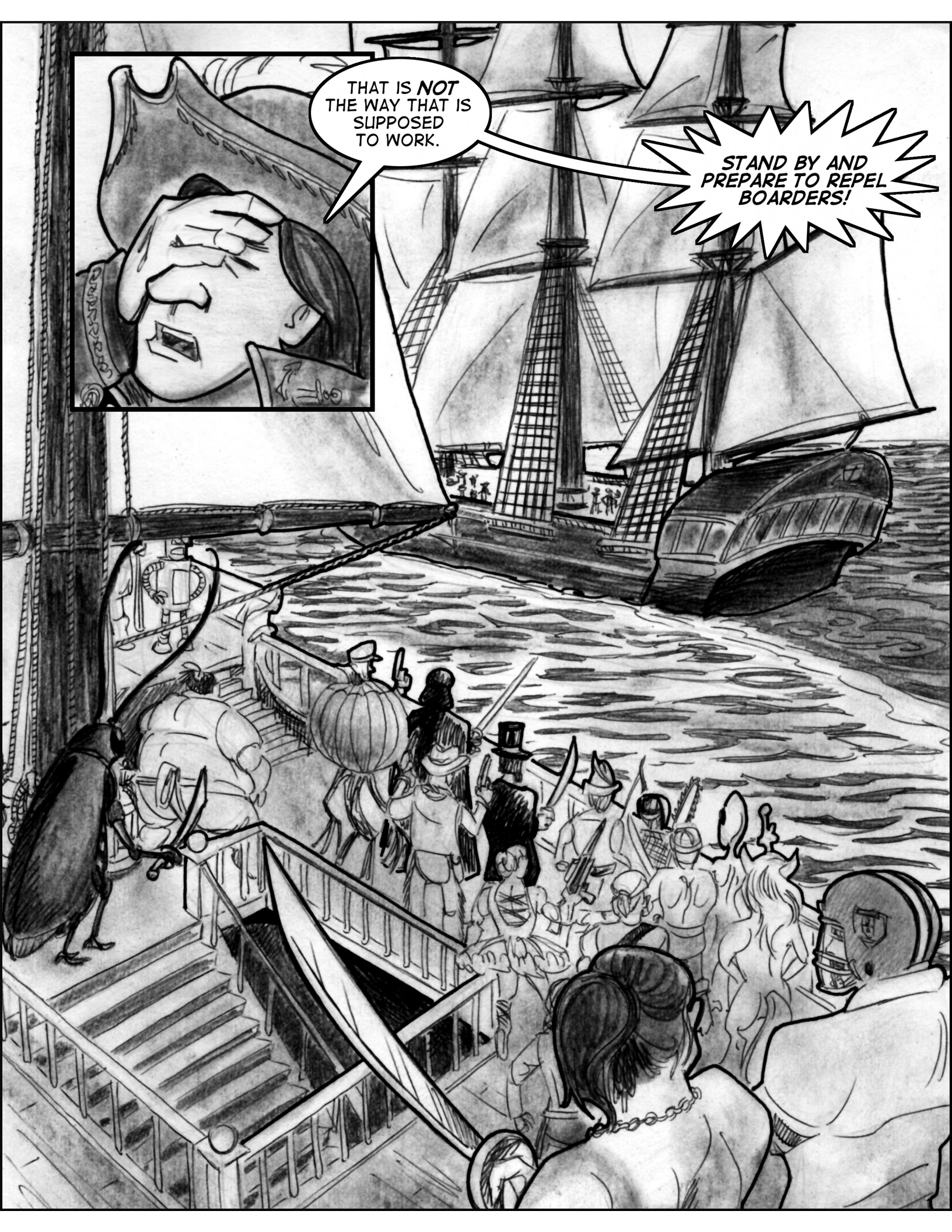
YOU AND
YOUR LADY'S MAID
WILL BE DELIVERED
SAFELY TO THE
CONVENT SCHOOL
AT VALETTA.



SURELY MY
FATHER'S WILL IS NOT
TO BE OPPOSED.

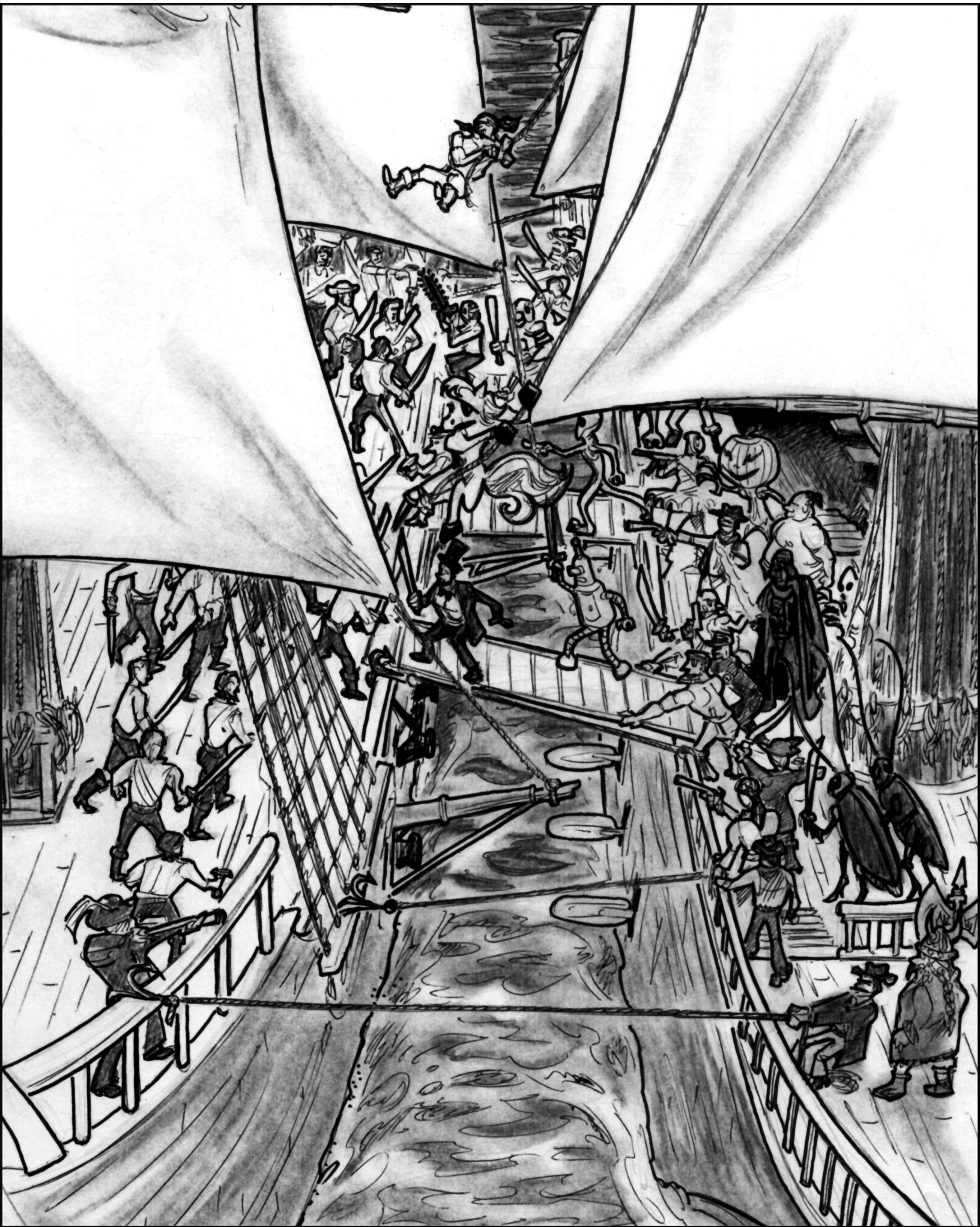
FLASH!
FLASH!

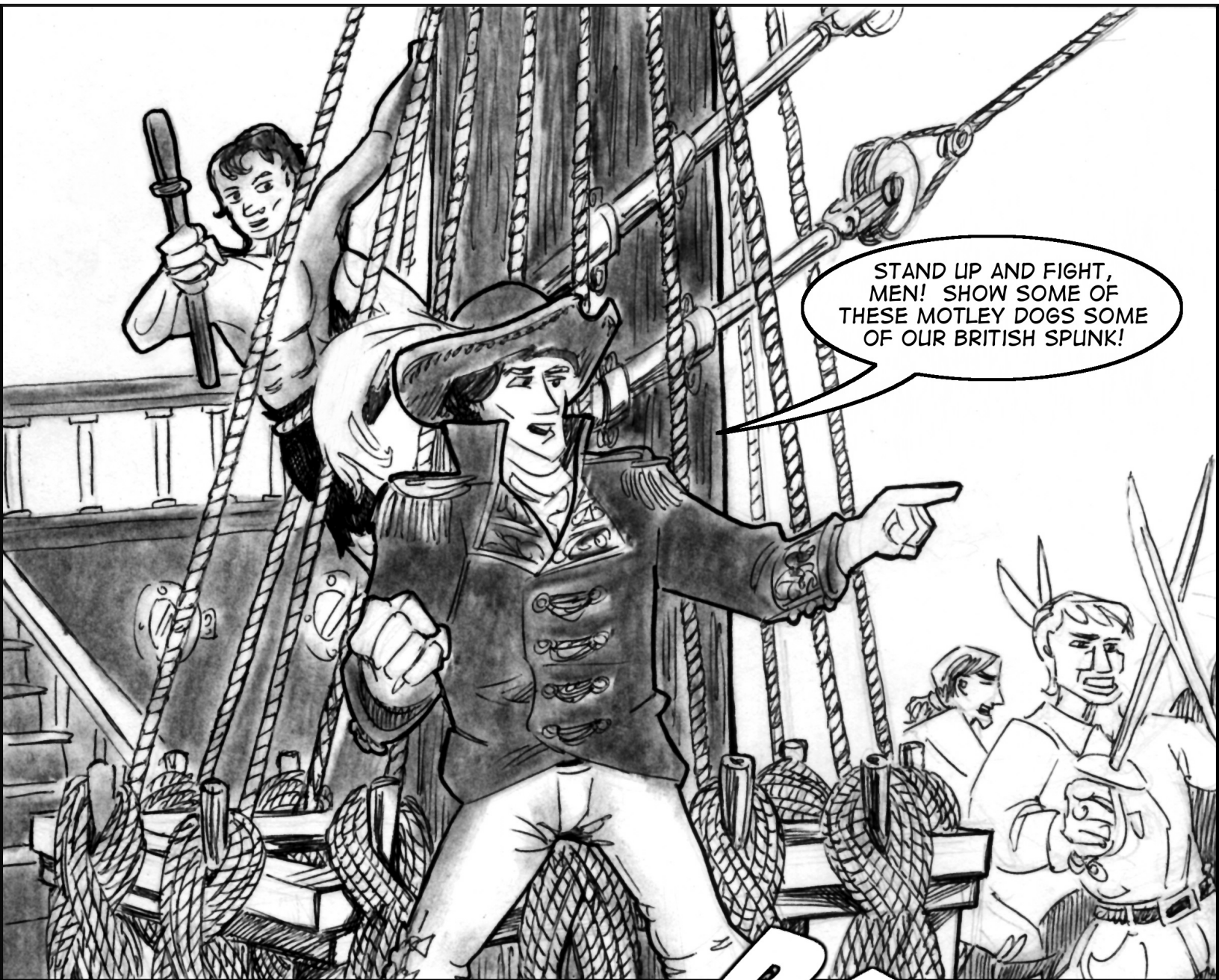




THAT IS *NOT*
THE WAY THAT IS
SUPPOSED
TO WORK.

STAND BY AND
PREPARE TO REPEL
BOARDERS!







WE DID FIND HER SERVANT.

ONCE ABDULLAH
IS DONE WITH
HER SHE WILL
FETCH US A
PRETTY PRICE IN
THE MARKETS
OF ALGIERS.

OH... NO... NO...
AH... PLEASE... AH...

BUT IT IS
LADY MICHIKO
WHO IS THE PRIZE
WE MOST SEEK.

NEVER, VILE CUR!
AS A HOLDER OF HIS
MAJESTY'S COMMISSION,
I WOULD SOONER
DIE THAN...

HEJ, KAPITANO,
RIGARDU KION NI TROVIS!

TIU ĈI MALBENITA SKATOLO
DE LA NEKREDANTOJ ŜAJNIS
TRO PEZA POR VESTOJ, KAJ
TRO MALPEZA POR ORO.

HA! BONEGA LABORO,
KAMARADOJ!



CAPTAIN! YOU ASSURED MY FATHER THE DUKE THAT I WOULD BE SAFE!



BUT SURELY THEY ONLY INTEND TO HOLD ME FOR RANSOM, FOR WHICH I WOULD FETCH...

SLIT



OH...

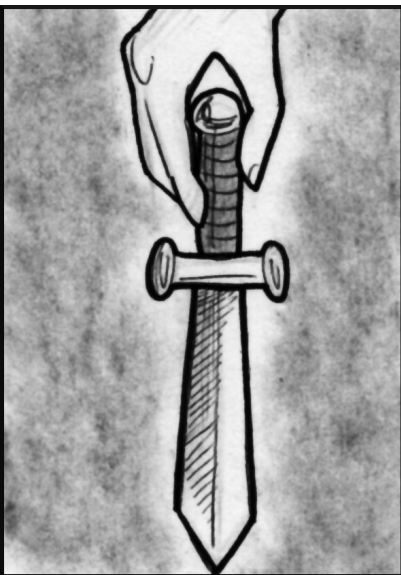


YOU VILE WRETCH! HOW DARE YOU! BY NEPTUNE'S BEARD I SWEAR I SHALL...


SHALL WHAT? WRITE A STRONGLY-WORDED LETTER TO THE TIMES OF LONDON?

KIAM VI FINOS,
LIGU ILIN LAŪ
NORMA PIRATA
PROCEDURO
NUMERO SES.





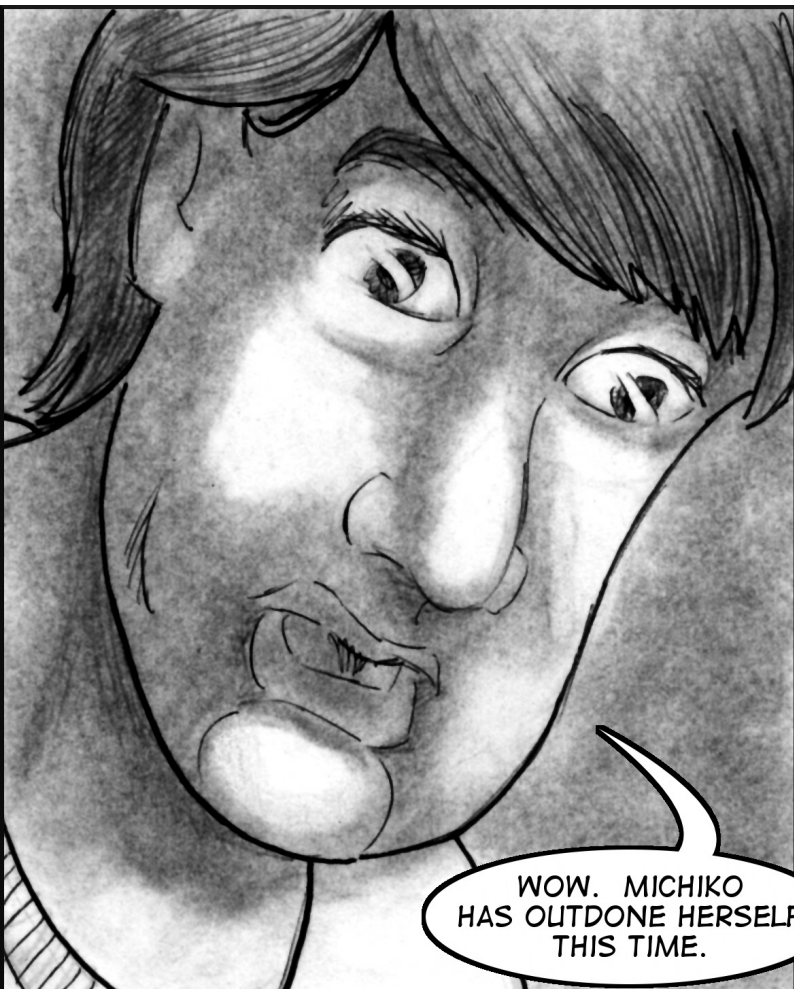




IT WAS *I* WHO
BROUGHT THESE PIRATES
HERE. AND FOR THAT I
HAVE BEEN MADE
PIRATE QUEEN!

DID YOU THINK I
WOULD ACTUALLY **OBEY** THE
WILL MY FATHER THE DUKE
AND GO MEEKLY TO A
CONVENT SCHOOL?





WOW. MICHIKO
HAS OUTDONE HERSELF
THIS TIME.



DON'T YOU EVER
WORRY ABOUT **CONSENT**
ISSUES WITH WORK LIKE
THIS, REBECCA?



THE SUBJECT
IS THE PRIMARY
AUTHOR OF THE
DREAM. MICHIKO'S
ROLE IS ONLY
FACILITATIVE IN
BRINGING OUT THE
SUBJECT'S
DESIRES.



I THINK THAT WE SHALL FIND THE
DREAM EXPERIENCE ON THE WHOLE
TO BE A **POSITIVE** ONE.



WE HOPE
YOU'LL DO WELL
HERE AT GNOSIS,
MR. SIMPSON.

UH, SAMSON.

YES. OF
COURSE.



WHO CAN SUMMARIZE WHAT WAS AT STAKE
IN THE "PRIMITIVE SOCIALIST ACCUMULATION"
DEBATE BETWEEN PREOBRAZHENSKY AND
BUKHARIN...MR. SAMSON, PERHAPS?



(SIGH)



LOOKS LIKE
YOU LOSE
ANOTHER
HAND, GIRL.

OH?





DUDE, I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT BREAKING UP YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT.

BEST TO LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.



SO THOSE GIRLS WERE FRIENDS OF YOURS?

THEY'RE ALL IN MY STATISTICS CLASS, BUT I ONLY TALKED TO THEM FOR THE FIRST TIME YESTERDAY.




SMOOTH TALKER WITH THE LADIES, HUH?

I WASN'T ALWAYS. UNTIL RECENTLY I WAS COMPLETELY TONGUE-TIED.

BUT EVER SINCE I WAS IN THAT STUDY...



STUDY?

A black and white illustration of a woman with long, wavy hair, suspended in the air by ropes. She is nude and has her arms raised, with her hands tied to a rope. Her legs are also tied to a rope, and she is standing on a wooden deck. In the background, there are ropes and a wooden barrel. The scene is set on a ship's deck.

YEAH. PROFESSOR WAITE
IN THE PSYCHOLOGY
DEPARTMENT RUNS THIS
STUDY WHERE THEY
MONITOR YOU WHILE YOU
HAVE THESE REALLY...
LIKE, *VIVID* DREAMS.

IT WAS A LITTLE
SCARY AT TIMES, BUT
EVER SINCE I WENT
THROUGH IT I'VE
BEEN FEELING
REALLY, I DUNNO,
FREE ABOUT
CERTAIN THINGS.

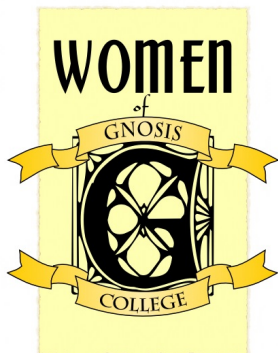
A black and white illustration of a man's face in profile, looking towards the left. He is holding a can to his lips and drinking. A speech bubble is above him.

YOU SHOULD TRY
IT. IT MIGHT CHANGE
YOUR LUCK.

A black and white illustration of a man's face, looking directly at the viewer. He has a thoughtful expression, with his hand resting on his chin. A speech bubble is above him.

WAITE IN
PSYCHOLOGY, EH?

I WILL LOOK INTO
IT. THANKS, BUDDY.



GNOSIS COED
ABIGAIL, WHO IS
FOUND BOTH IN
DREAMS AND
WHAT PASSES FOR
REALITY IN OUR
HUMBLE STORY.
DO YOU THINK,
DEAR READER,
THAT PERHAPS SHE
MEANT FOR HER
BLUFF TO BE
CALLED?



TALES

of

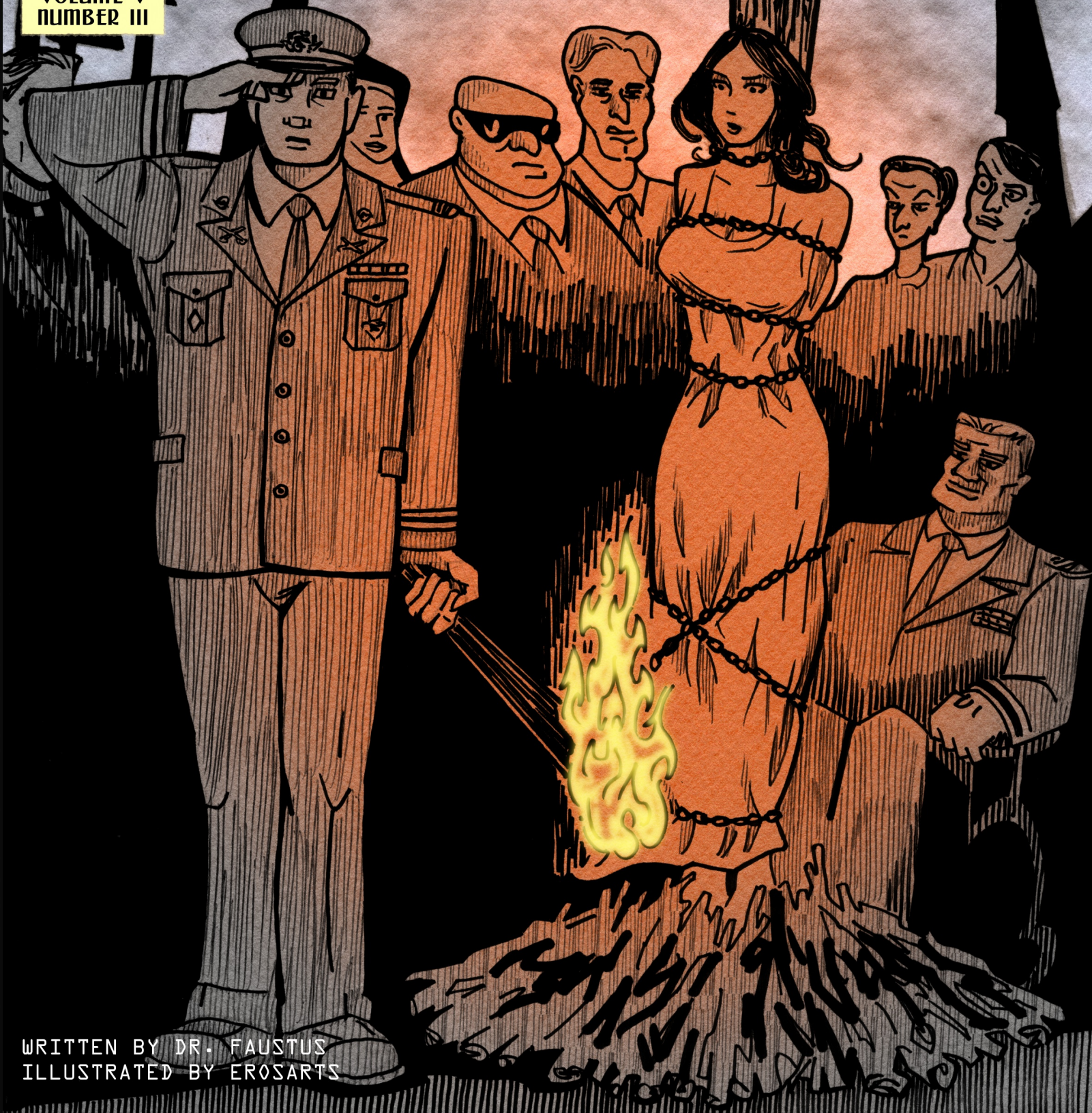
GNOSIS



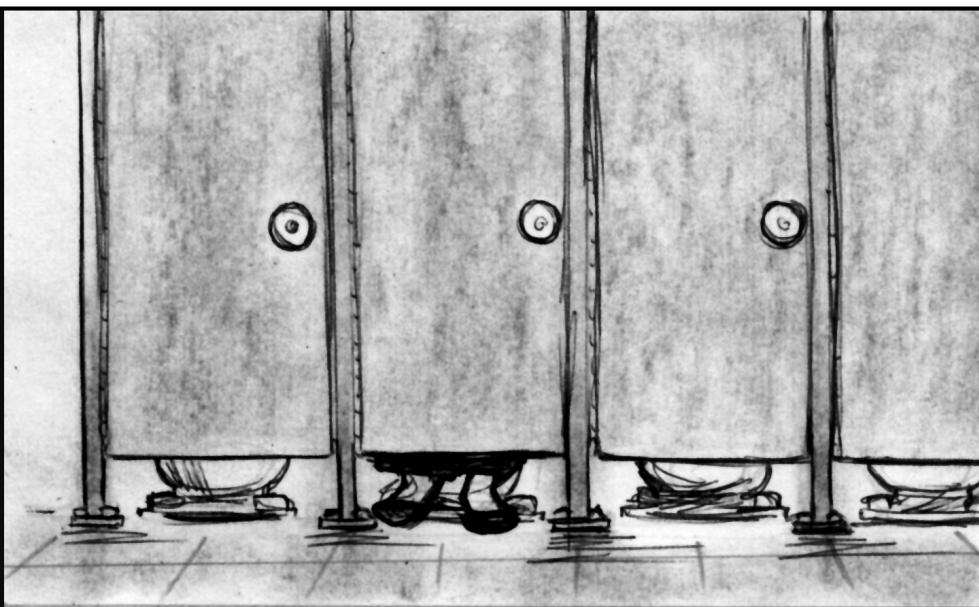
COLLEGE

VOLUME V
NUMBER III

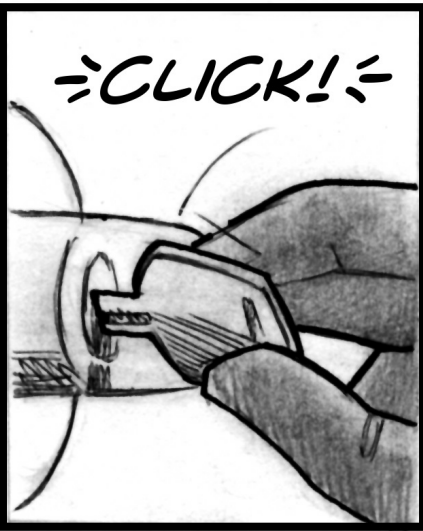
DREAMSCAPES



WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY EROSARTS



≡CLICK!≡



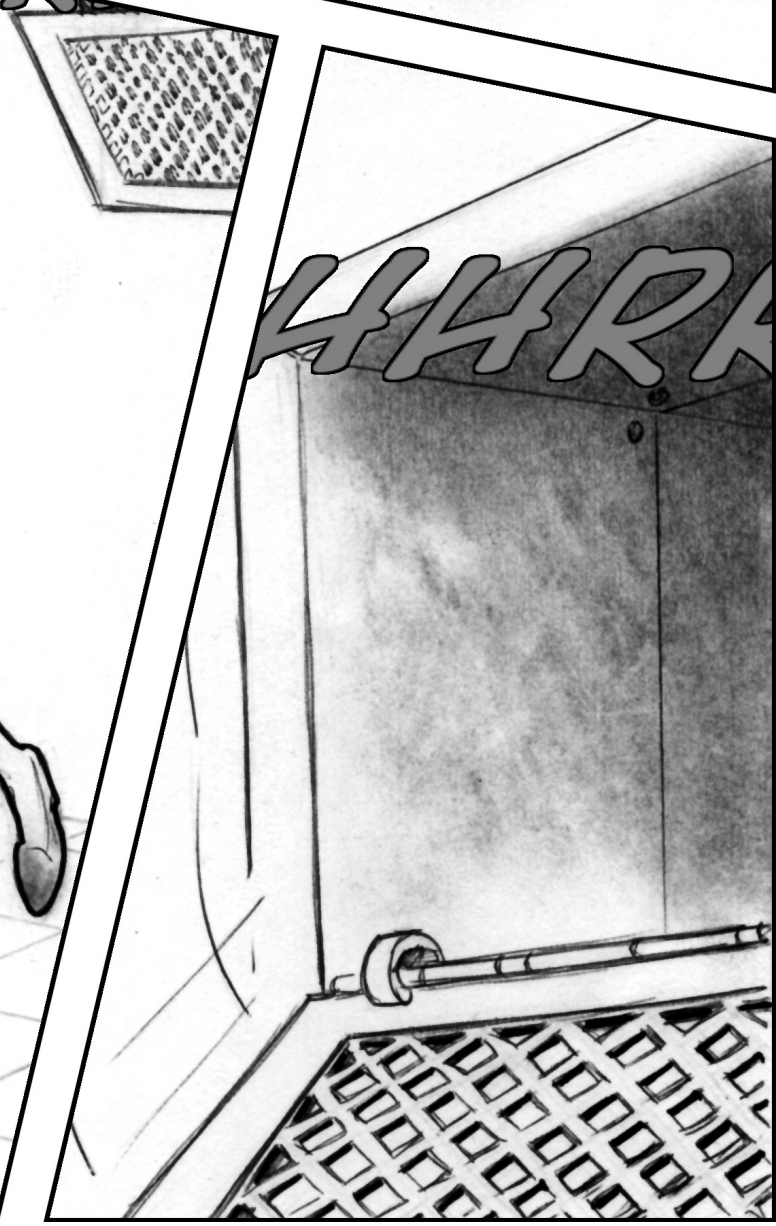
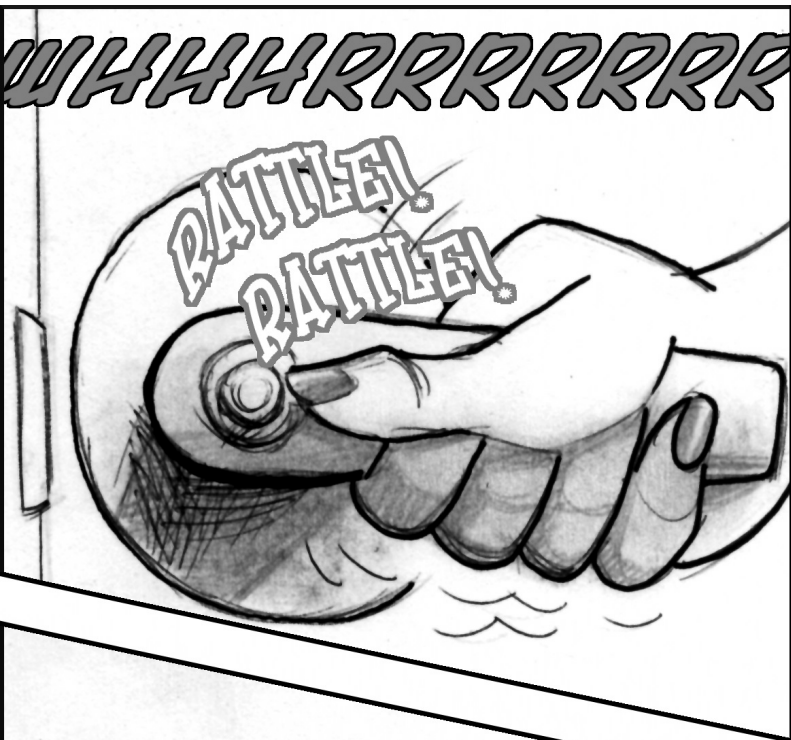
"GNOSIS DREAMSCAPES"
CHAPTER 3

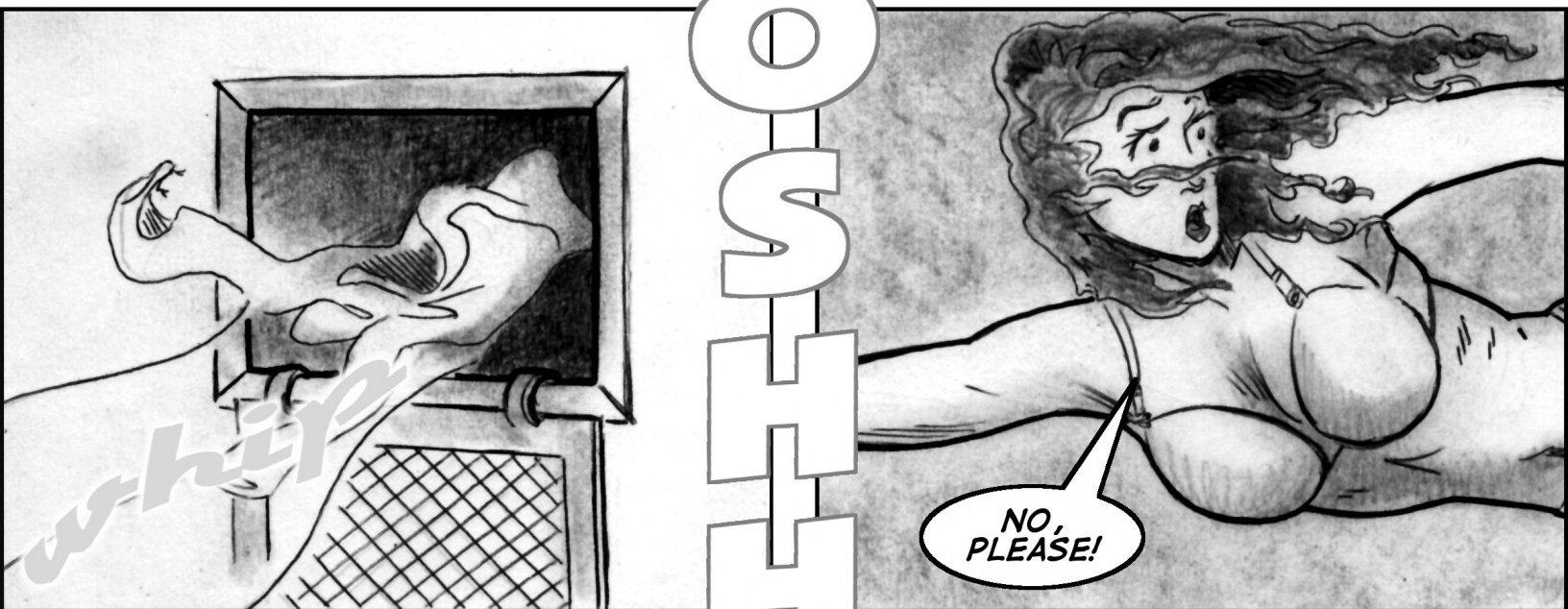
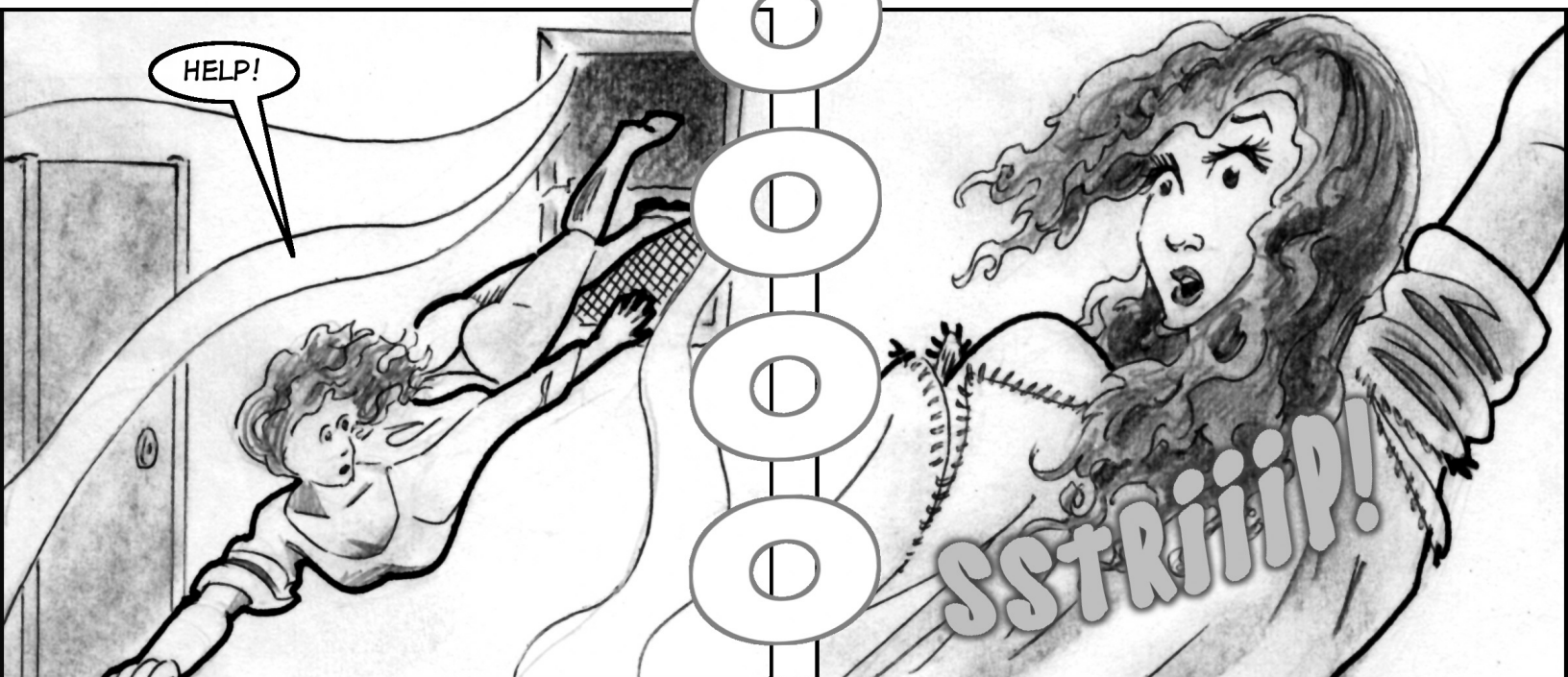
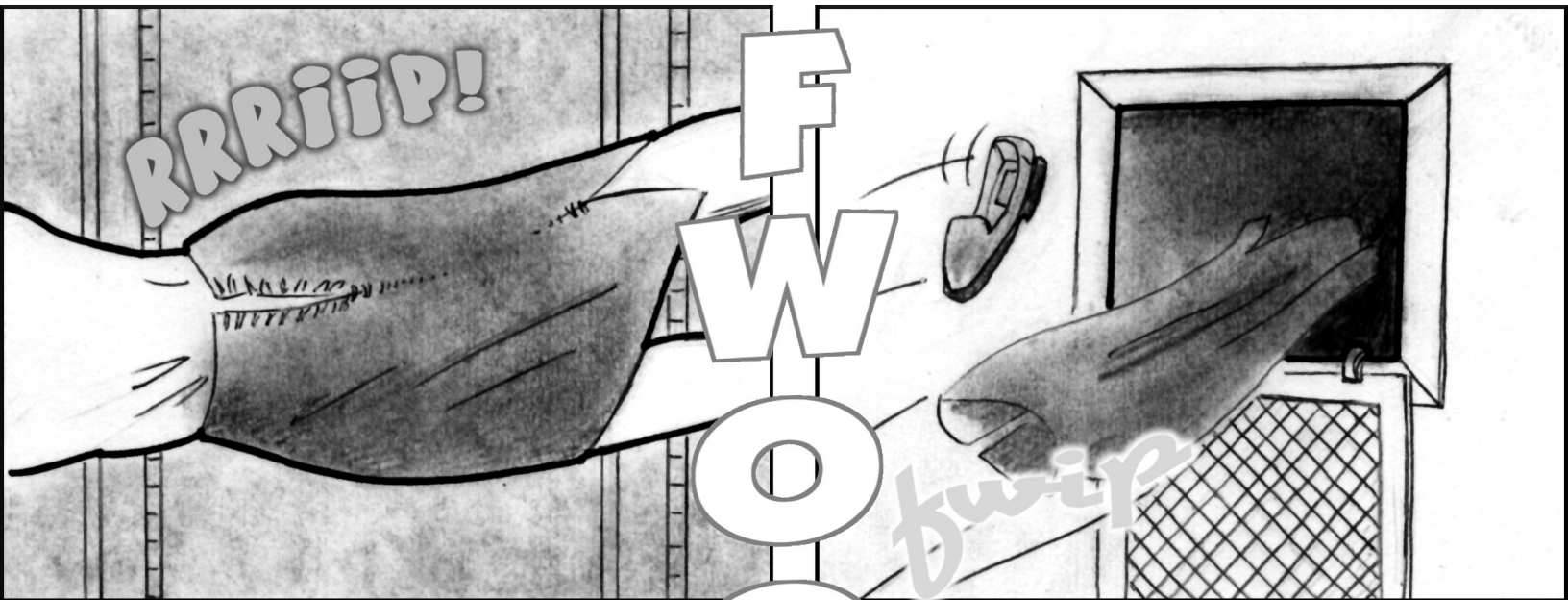
WRITTEN BY: DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY: EROSARTS

WHHH

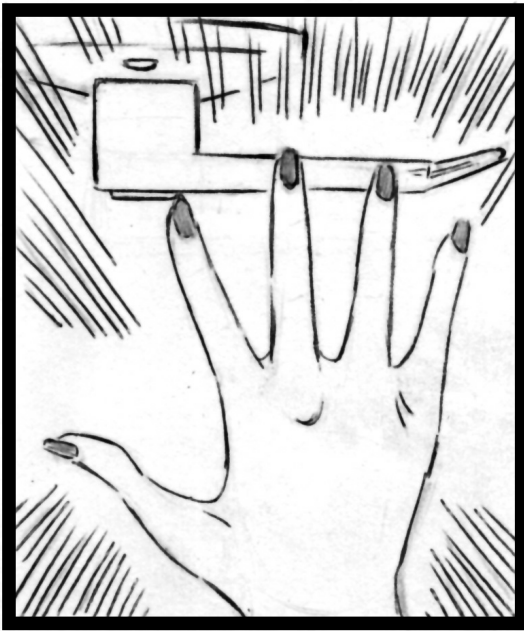
RRRR





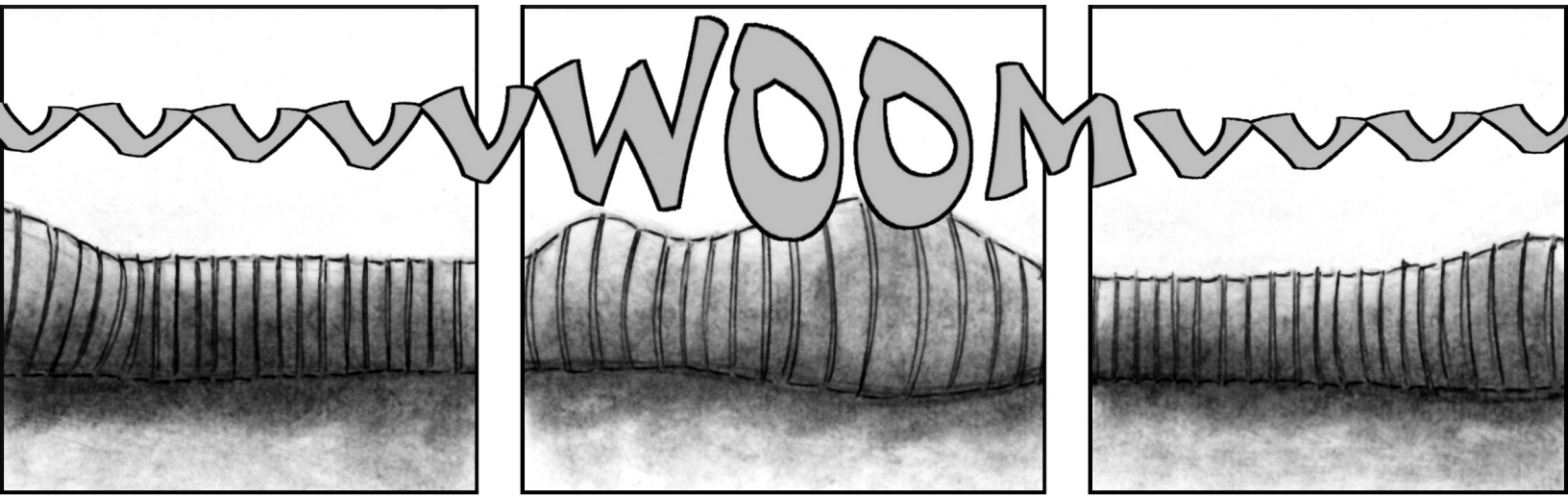


F
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NOOOO!



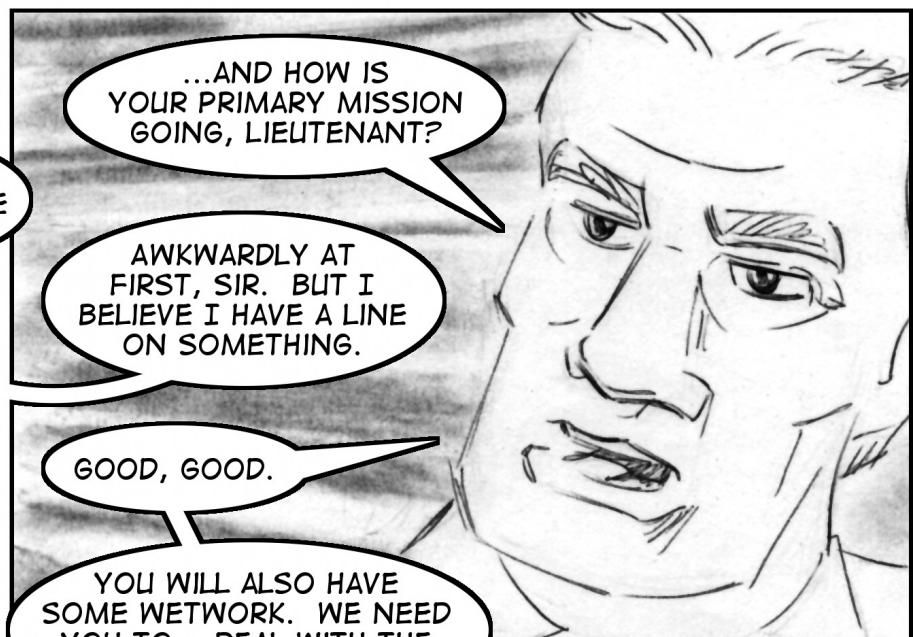




FORGIVE ME
FATHER FOR I HAVE
SINNED.

AND HOW
LONG HAS IT
BEEN SINCE YOU
HAVE LAST BEEN
TO CONFESSION,
MY SON?

BETTER-THAN-SLOW-
DEATH ALBUTEROL
OVERTONES WITH A
CREAMY PARSNIP
ESSENCE.



...AND HOW IS
YOUR PRIMARY MISSION
GOING, LIEUTENANT?


AWKWARDLY AT
FIRST, SIR. BUT I
BELIEVE I HAVE A LINE
ON SOMETHING.

GOOD, GOOD.

YOU WILL ALSO HAVE
SOME WETWORK. WE NEED
YOU TO... DEAL WITH THE
FOLLOWING STUDENT.



STANDARD
TECHNIQUES
APPLY, SIR?



NO. WE NEED THIS OPERATION TO SEND MESSAGES, IN PARTICULAR TO ONE OF HER... RELATIVES WHO HAS GONE ROGUE AND NEEDS TO GET BACK INTO THE FOLD. IT WILL HAVE TO BE RATHER UGLY. WILL YOU BE UP FOR THAT, LIEUTENANT?

OH, YES, SIR.




GOOD. WE ARE GOING TO WANT A SEX CRIME SCENARIO HERE. WE WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH APPROPRIATE DNA-SPOOFING MATERIALS.



ANY PARTICULAR SPOOF?

JUST A LOCAL TWO-TIME LOSER, RECENTLY RELEASED. AN INSTANT SUSPECT AND A SLAM-DUNK CONVICTION FOR LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT. EVERYONE WILL CHEER RIGHTEOUSLY WHEN HE GETS THE NEEDLE.

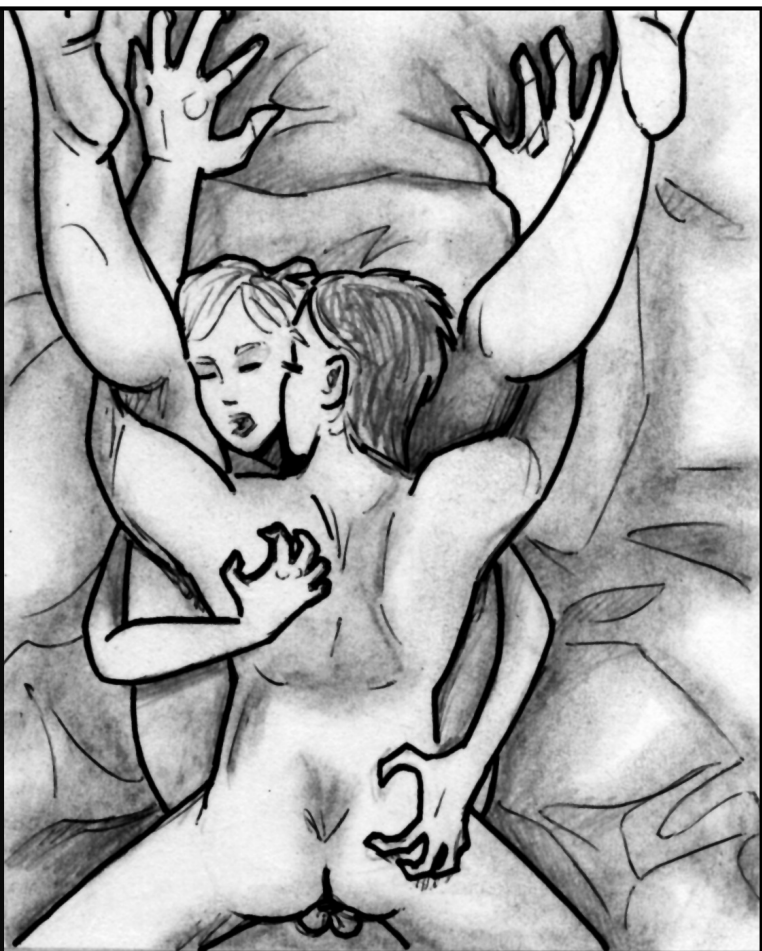


BUT THE METICULOUS INGENUITY OF YOUR WORK WILL ALLOW CERTAIN OTHER PEOPLE TO DRAW APPROPRIATE ALTERNATIVE CONCLUSIONS, WON'T IT, LIEUTENANT SAMSON?

AP-R-RAK!

OH, YES SIR. YES IT WILL.



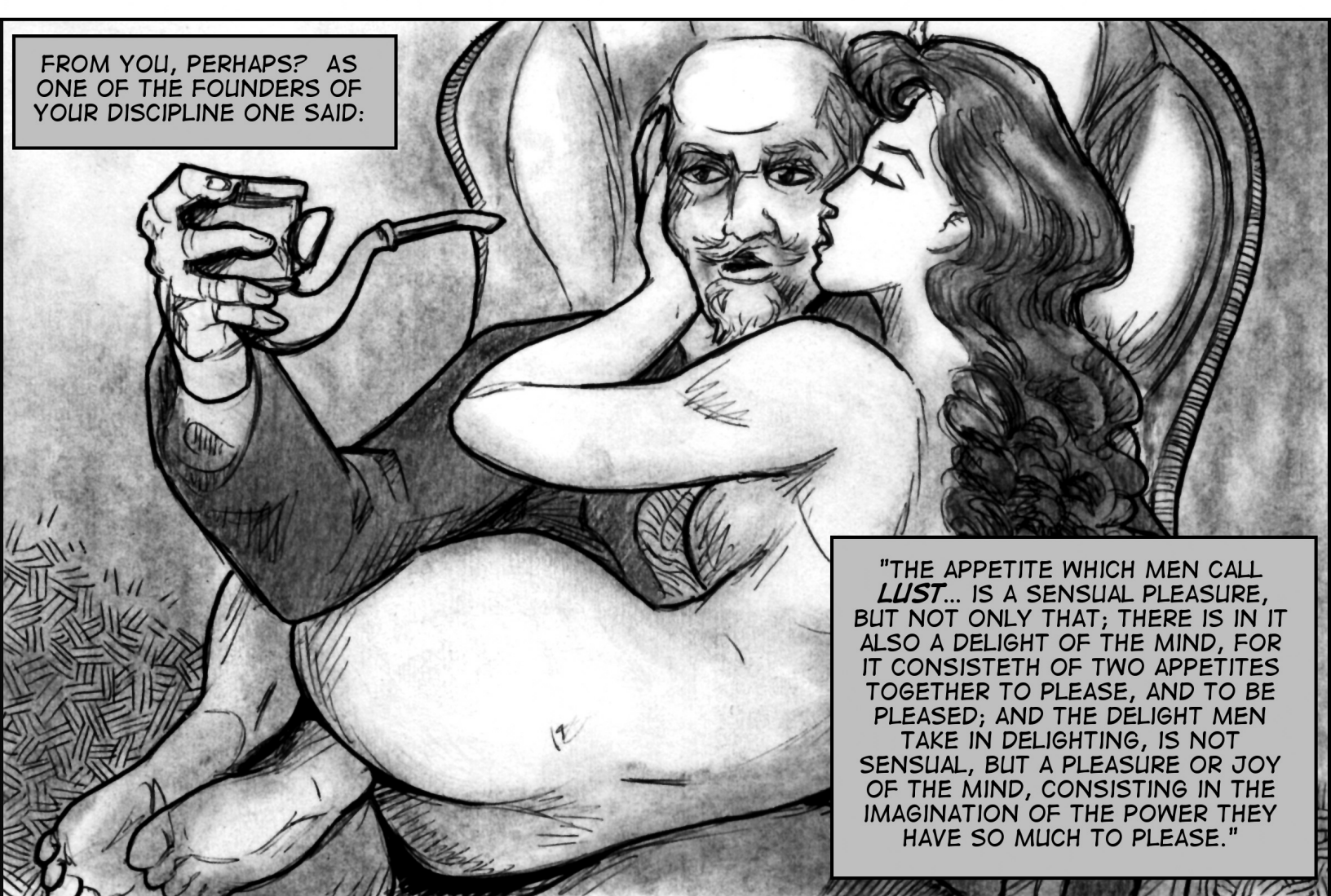


A black and white comic panel showing a man and a woman in bed. The man is on the left, shirtless, looking towards the woman. The woman is on the right, also shirtless, looking back at him. They are both lying on their sides, facing each other. The man's arm is around the woman's shoulder.

WOW. I THINK I
COULD GET USED TO
YOUR GETTING INTO THESE
GIRL MOODS OF YOURS.

YOU SEEM TO HAVE
A LOT OF ENERGY YOURSELF
THESE DAYS. AND WHERE
DOES *THAT* COME FROM?

FROM YOU,
PERHAPS?

A black and white comic panel showing a man and a woman in bed. The man is on the left, shirtless, looking towards the woman. The woman is on the right, also shirtless, looking back at him. They are both lying on their sides, facing each other. The man's arm is around the woman's shoulder.

FROM YOU, PERHAPS? AS
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF
YOUR DISCIPLINE ONE SAID:

"THE APPETITE WHICH MEN CALL
LUST... IS A SENSUAL PLEASURE,
BUT NOT ONLY THAT; THERE IS IN IT
ALSO A DELIGHT OF THE MIND, FOR
IT CONSISTETH OF TWO APPETITES
TOGETHER TO PLEASE, AND TO BE
PLEASED; AND THE DELIGHT MEN
TAKE IN DELIGHTING, IS NOT
SENSUAL, BUT A PLEASURE OR JOY
OF THE MIND, CONSISTING IN THE
IMAGINATION OF THE POWER THEY
HAVE SO MUCH TO PLEASE."



SILLY BOY!

WELL, OKAY,
I GUESS I'VE ALSO
BEEN FEELING A BIT
FIRED UP SINCE THAT
STUDY I WAS IN. IT
WAS WEIRD AT THE
TIME, BUT EVER
SINCE...



STUDY?



OH, UH, YES. NOW
I... REMEMBER. SAY ROB,
COULD I ASK FOR
SOMETHING?

SURE, BABY,
ANYTHING.

COULD I BORROW
BACK THAT SPARE ROOM
KEY I LENT YOU?

YOU KNOW, THE DREAM
STUDY THAT PROFESSOR WAITE
IS RUNNING? THE ONE WITH THAT
JAPANESE RESEARCH ASSISTANT YOU
DIDN'T WANT ME GETTING TOO CLOSE
TO, MICKEY SOMETHING?

I THINK I
LOST MINE.

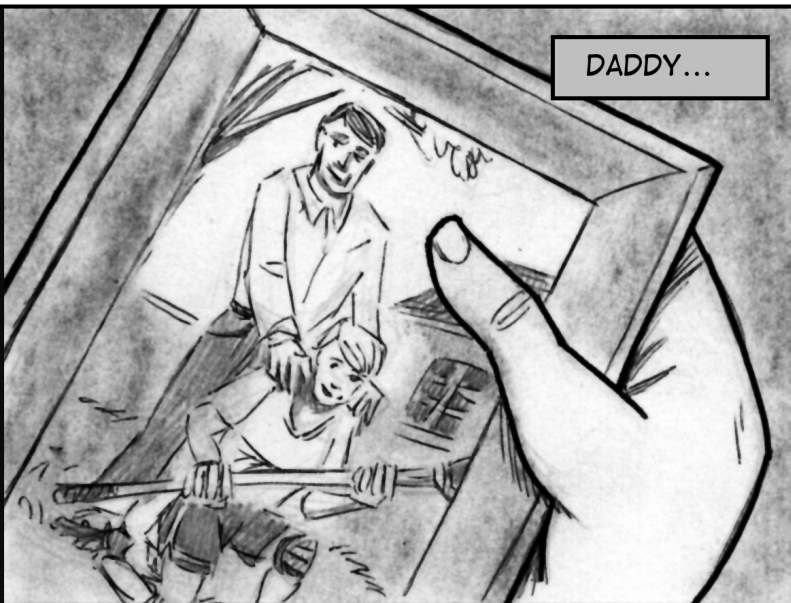


SO THIS IS
HER ROOM.



NO, WRONG. NOT *HER*
ROOM. *MY* ROOM.

EVERYTHING PRETTY
MUCH AS *I* LEFT IT.

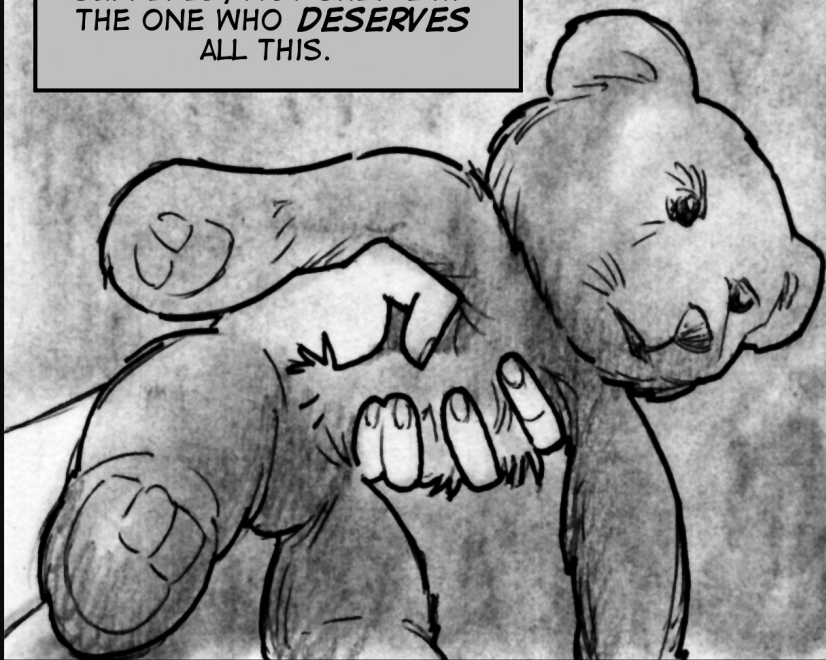


DADDY...



TEDDY...

NOT HERS. *MINE. SHE*
IS THE INTERLOPER. I HAVE
SUFFERED, NOT SHE. I'M
THE ONE WHO *DESERVES*
ALL THIS.



SNIK!



AND SHE'LL
EITHER LISTEN
TO REASON ON
THE POINT OR
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HER JUST
LIKE THE
OTHERS...

SHE SHOULD BE
BACK SOON.



JUST NEED TO FIND A QUIET
PLACE TO WAIT. THIS WILL GO
BEST AS A *SURPRISE...*



BAM!




WELL NOW. LOOK WHO'S AWAKE.

POSED LIKE
A DOLL

BOLD



I'M AFRAID YOU
CAN'T PLEAD YOUR
WAY OUT OF THIS...



AFTER ALL, I WAS
AN EAGLE SCOUT, AND
THE SCOUTS NOT ONLY
TAUGHT ME ALL ABOUT
KNOTS, BUT ALSO
DUTY...



...AND
SELF-CONTROL.



(WHIMPER)



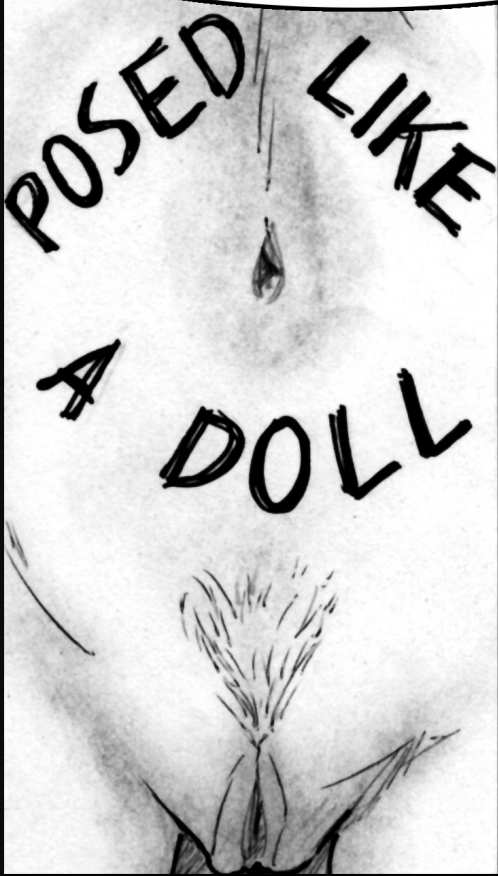
MAGNIFICENT AS I AM IN THAT DEPARTMENT, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE USE OF A DIFFERENT TOOL TONIGHT.

WE MUST HAVE A FORENSICALLY-APPROPRIATE SCENE HERE, AFTER ALL.

AND NOW THAT WE HAVE LEFT THE APPROPRIATE MARKS AND TEARS, JUST A FINAL BIT OF ARTISTRY.

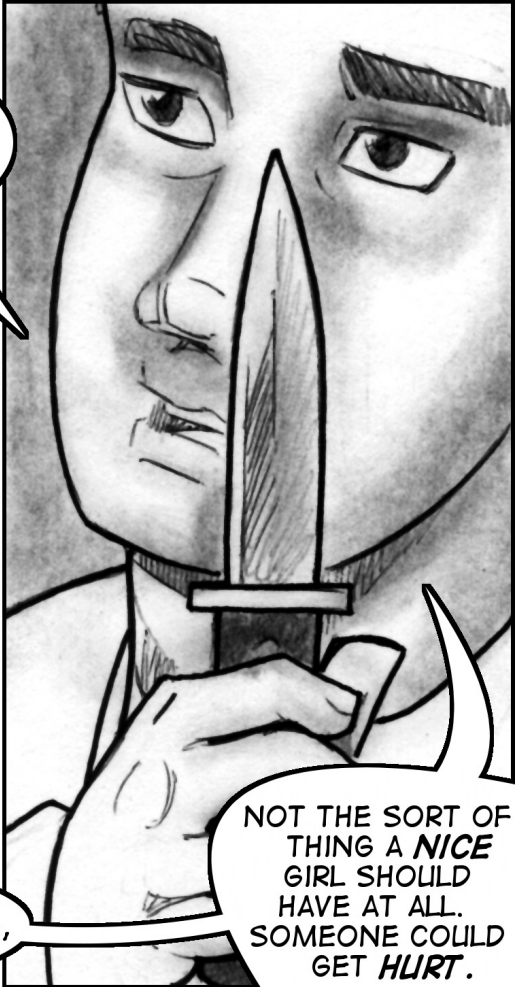


MY INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO LEAVE THESE WORDS WRITTEN ON YOU, BY THE WAY. BUT I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY MEAN. DO YOU?

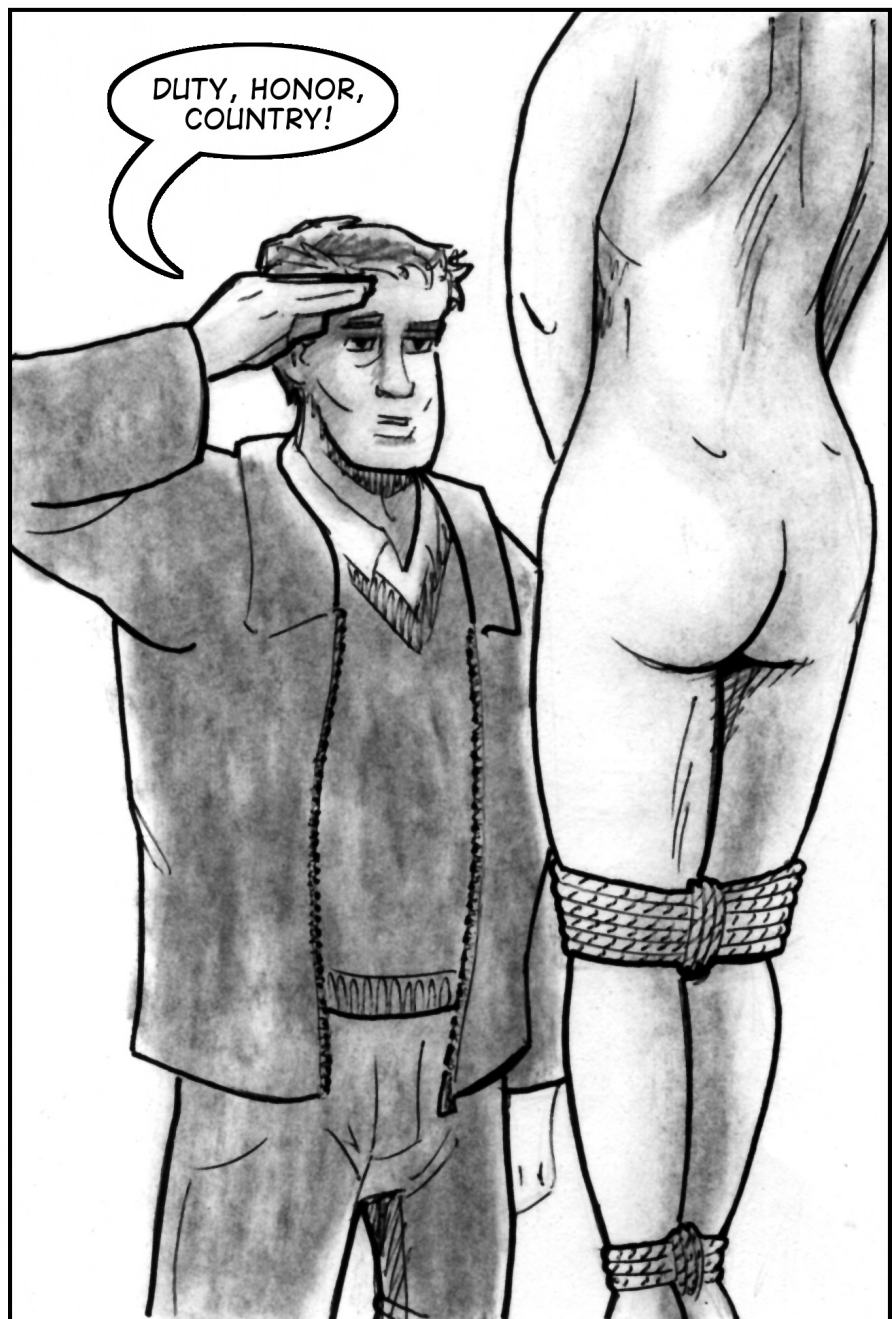
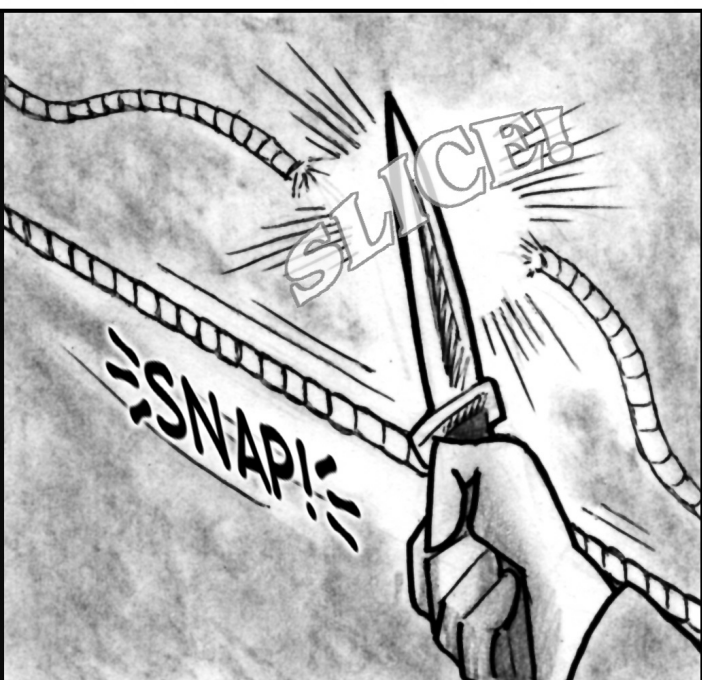


OH, THAT'S RIGHT. I'M AFRAID YOU *CAN'T*. I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO REMAIN CURIOUS, THEN.

QUITE A NASTY KNIFE YOU WERE CARRYING, BY THE WAY.



NOT THE SORT OF THING A *NICE* GIRL SHOULD HAVE AT ALL. SOMEONE COULD GET *HURT*.





YOU'RE RATHER LATE FOR OUR APPOINTMENT MR... JOHN SAMSON, IS IT?

YES, MA'AM... I MEAN, I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR WAITE. I GOT **HUNG UP** IN A ANOTHER MEETING WHICH RAN A LITTLE LONG...



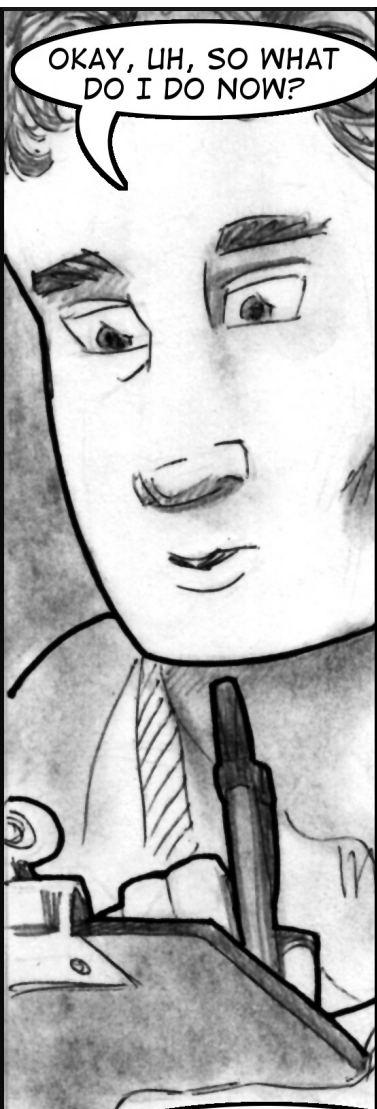
SO, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT I'M UP FOR HERE?

SO MR. SAMSON, IT SAYS HERE THAT YOU'RE A RECENT TRANSFER STUDENT... GOOD PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION...AND YOUR MOST RECENT PHYSICAL SHOWS YOU TO BE IN OUTSTANDING HEALTH AND CONDITION. CONGRATULATIONS, MR. SAMSON. IT APPEARS YOU ARE WELL SUITED FOR THIS STUDY. WE ARE LOOKING AT THE EFFECT OF VARYING SPECIALIZED NEURAL STIMULUS ON QUASI-LUCID DREAMING. WE'RE TESTING A HYPOTHESIS THAT WITH THE RIGHT INPUTS WE CAN INFLUENCE THE CONSISTENCY AND HEDONIC TONE OF QUASIDREAMING IN A GROUP OF CONTROL SUBJECTS. I DON'T WANT TO BE OVERLY TECHNICAL, BUT I KNOW IN ADVANCE WHETHER YOU ARE A TRANSFER STUDENT. ALTHOUGH WE WILL OF COURSE LET YOU ASK QUESTIONS DURING EXPERIMENTAL DEBRIEFING. I CAN TELL YOU THAT OUR PREVIOUS GROUP HAVE REPORTED AN UNUSUAL DEGREE OF INTEREST UP TO NOW. YOU'LL WANT TO READ THE QUESTIONNAIRE...



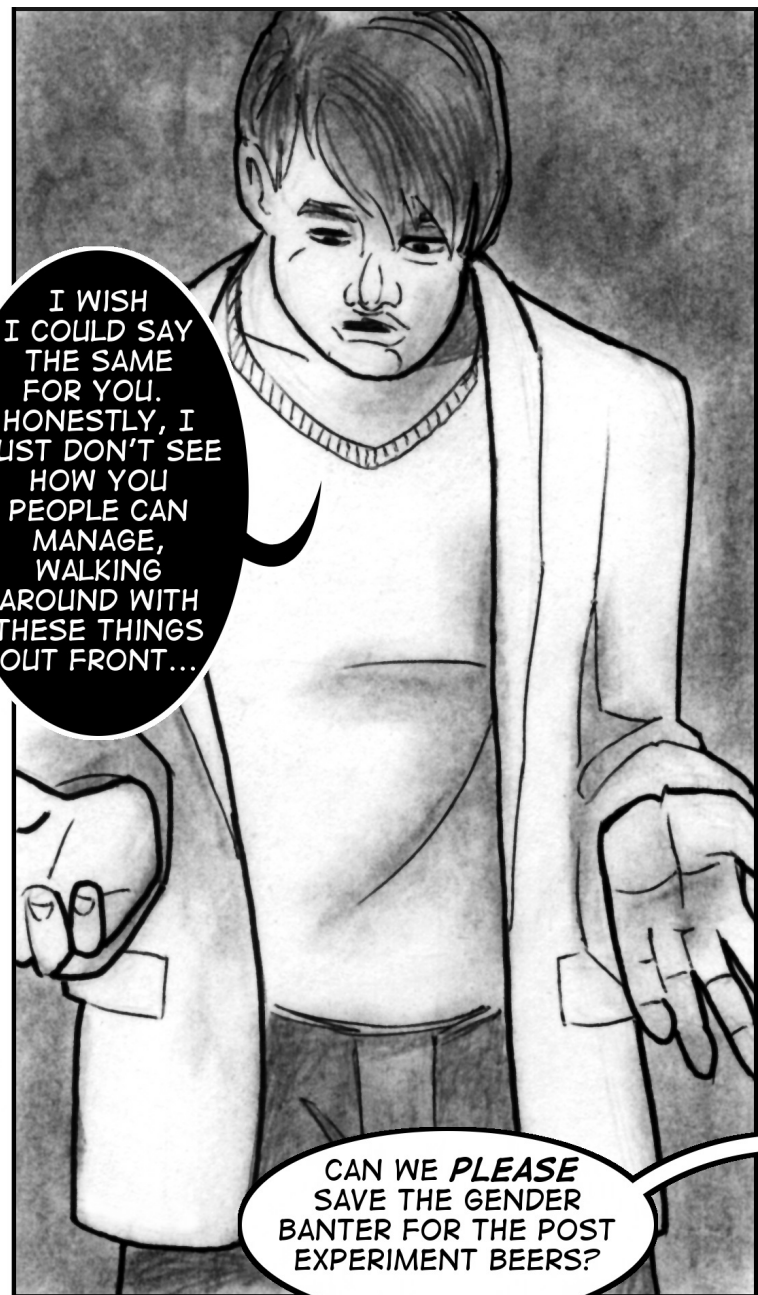
AND OF COURSE THEN THERE WILL BE SOME CONSENT FORMS TO SIGN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ALL THAT?

R. WAITE





...FOLLOWING
THE SOUND OF
MY VOICE...
3,2,1... AND...



I WISH
I COULD SAY
THE SAME
FOR YOU.
HONESTLY, I
JUST DON'T SEE
HOW YOU
PEOPLE CAN
MANAGE,
WALKING
AROUND WITH
THESE THINGS
OUT FRONT...



WOW, MICHIKO.
REBECCA IS RIGHT ABOUT
HOW AWESOMELY YOU
ARE PUT TOGETHER!

CAN WE *PLEASE*
SAVE THE GENDER
BANTER FOR THE POST
EXPERIMENT BEERS?



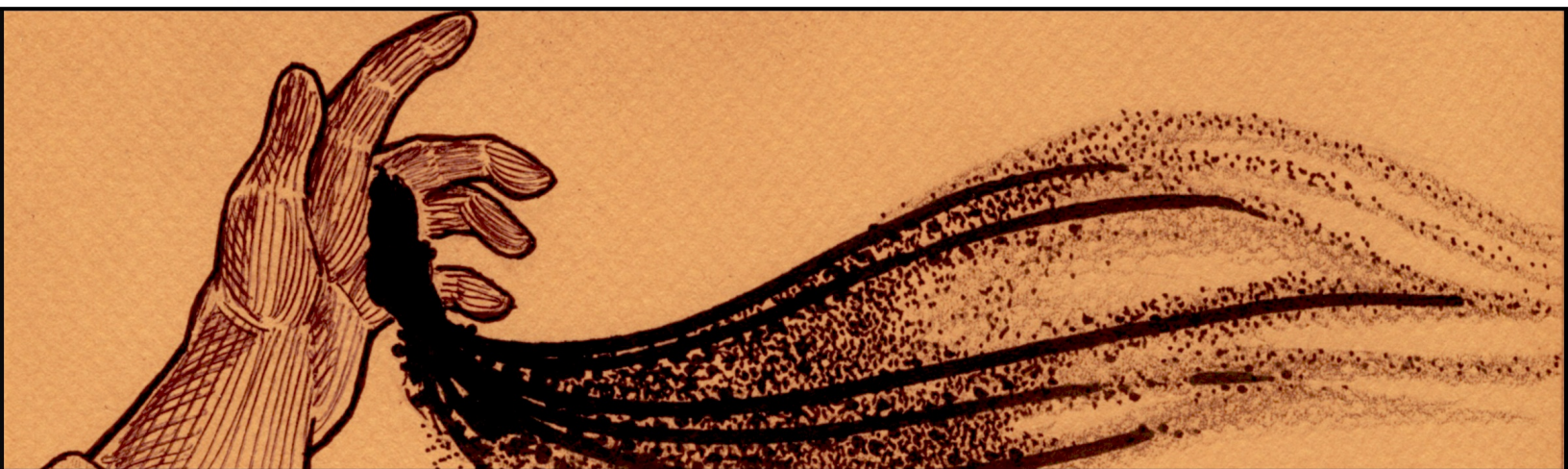
YOU'D BETTER
TAKE CARE OF THAT
THING, BOY. I KNOW
WHERE YOU LIVE!

OH, I'M SURE
CAN MANAGE SOME
CLOSET CASE.













I'M SEEING NEURAL
ACTIVATION PATTERNS
ASSOCIATED WITH
PSYCOPATHY... I'M
STOPPING THIS...

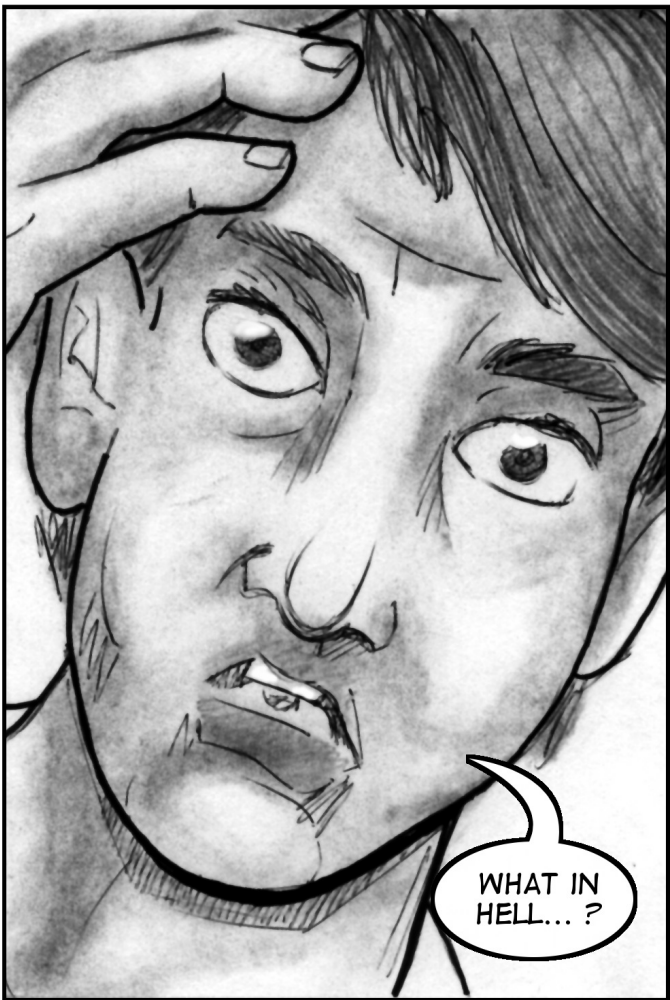
TYPE,
TYPE



YES I THINK
YOU'D... OH...



WILLIE, ARE YOU
WITH US? THAT LOOKED
REALLY UGLY...



WHAT IN
HELL... ?





WHEN COLONEL MADDER AND HIS SINISTER CONSPIRATORS CREATED THE HUMAN DUPLICATE CALLED "JILL-PRIME" THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A CONTROLLABLE ASSASSIN, A VALUABLE ASSET TO BE DEPLOYED IN THE SHADOWY CONFLICTS IN WHICH THEY ENDLESSLY INVOLVE THEMSELVES, A NEW PAWN FOR THEIR CHESSBOARD. BUT THEY DID NOT KNOW FULLY THE DANGEROUS NATURE OF THE WOMAN OUT OF WHOM THEY CREATED HER. SHE SLIPPED HER LEASH. LIKE A REPRESSED EVIL WISH SHE HAS RETURNED, AND NOW THERE WILL BE *TROUBLE...*



TALES

of
GNOSIS

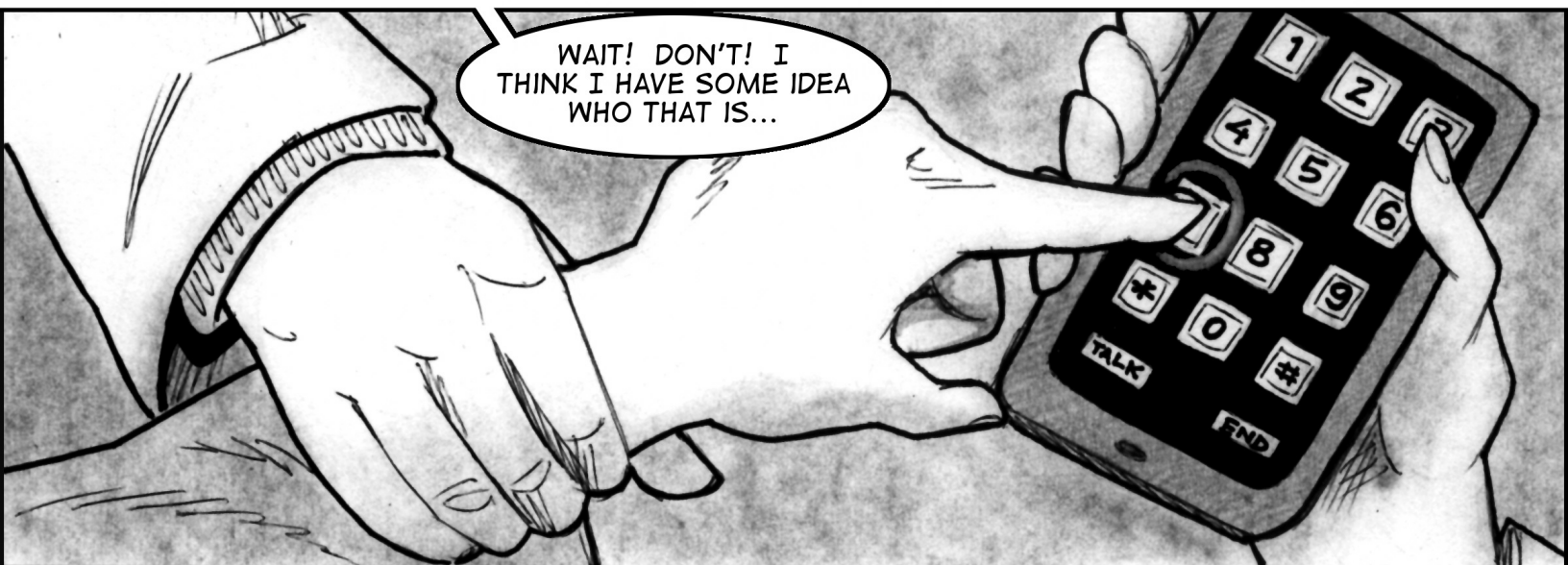
COLLEGE

VOLUME V
NUMBER IV

DREAMSCAPES

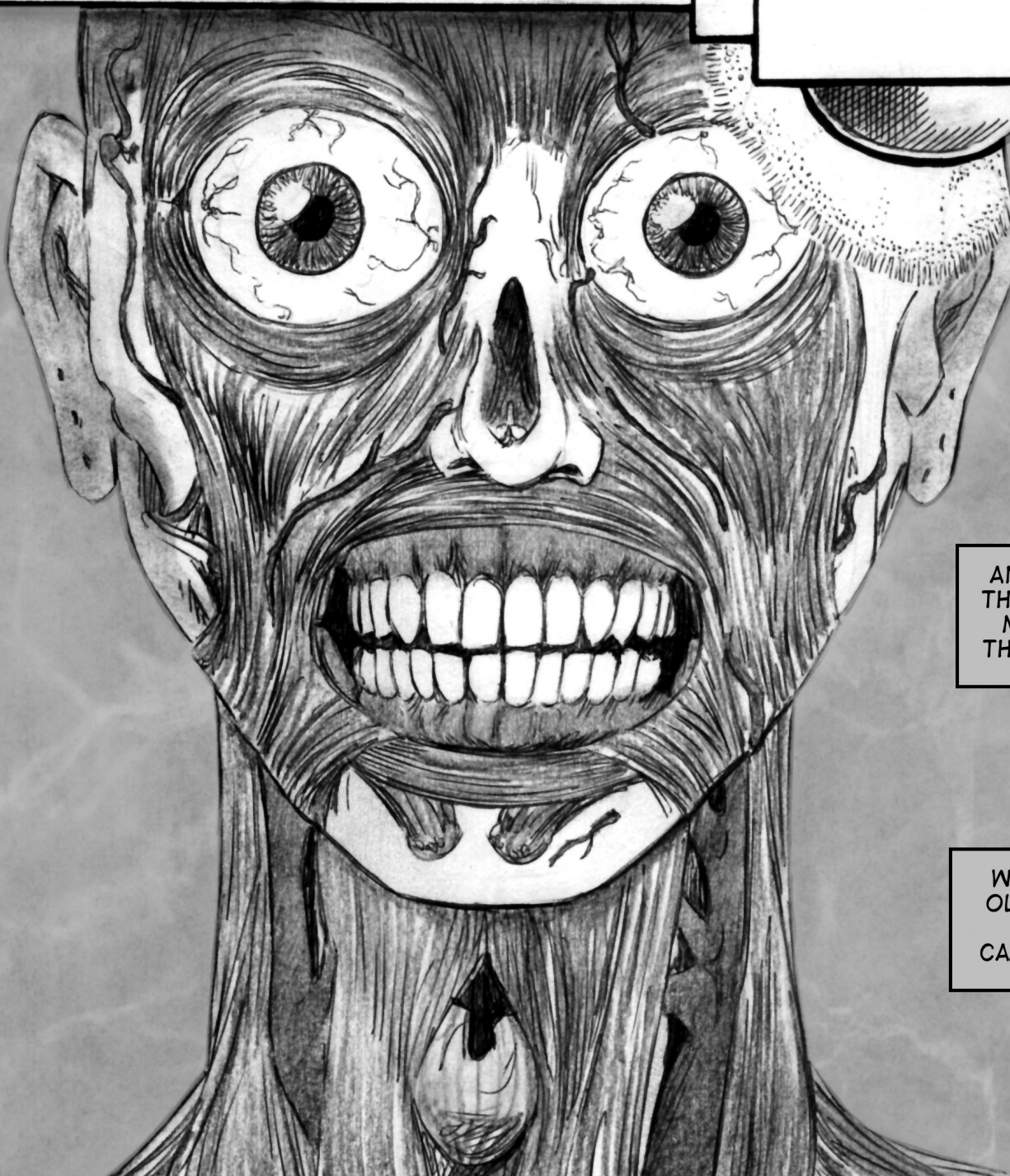
WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY EROSARTS





"GNOSIS DREAMSCAPES"
CHAPTER 4

WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY EROSARTS



AND IF I'M RIGHT,
THE TRUTH IS EVEN
MORE HORRIBLE
THAN YOU REALIZE.

WE NEED TO GET
OUT OF HERE AND
TALK BEFORE
CALLING *ANYONE*.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD
HAVE ANOTHER.

IT MIGHT STOP
YOU FROM TREMBLING
SO MUCH.

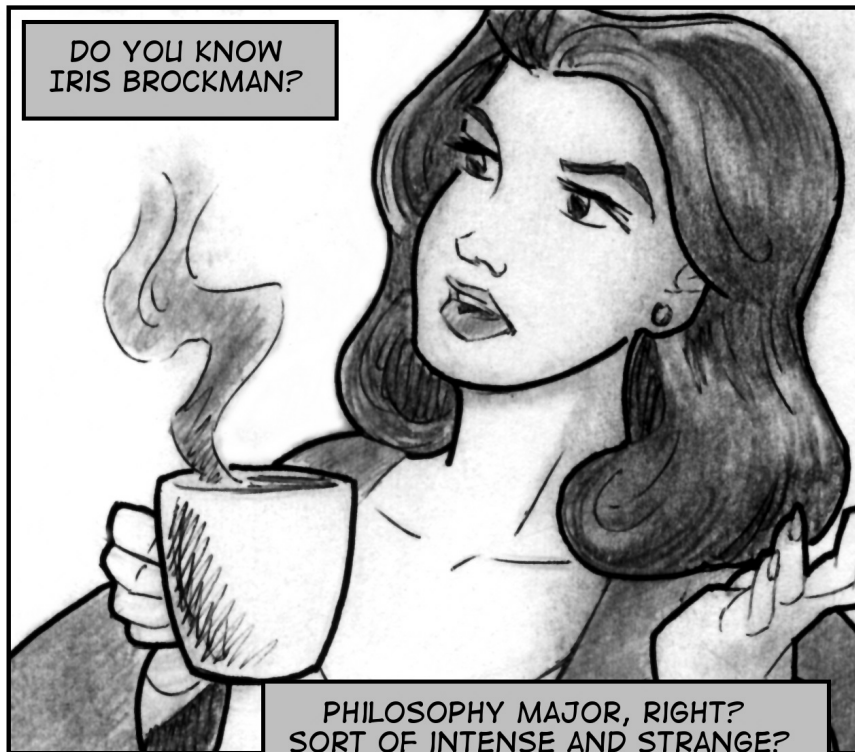
Old Elmo Calkins
BONDED RYE
WHISKEY



SO IF WHAT
YOU'VE BEEN TELLING
ME IS TRUE...

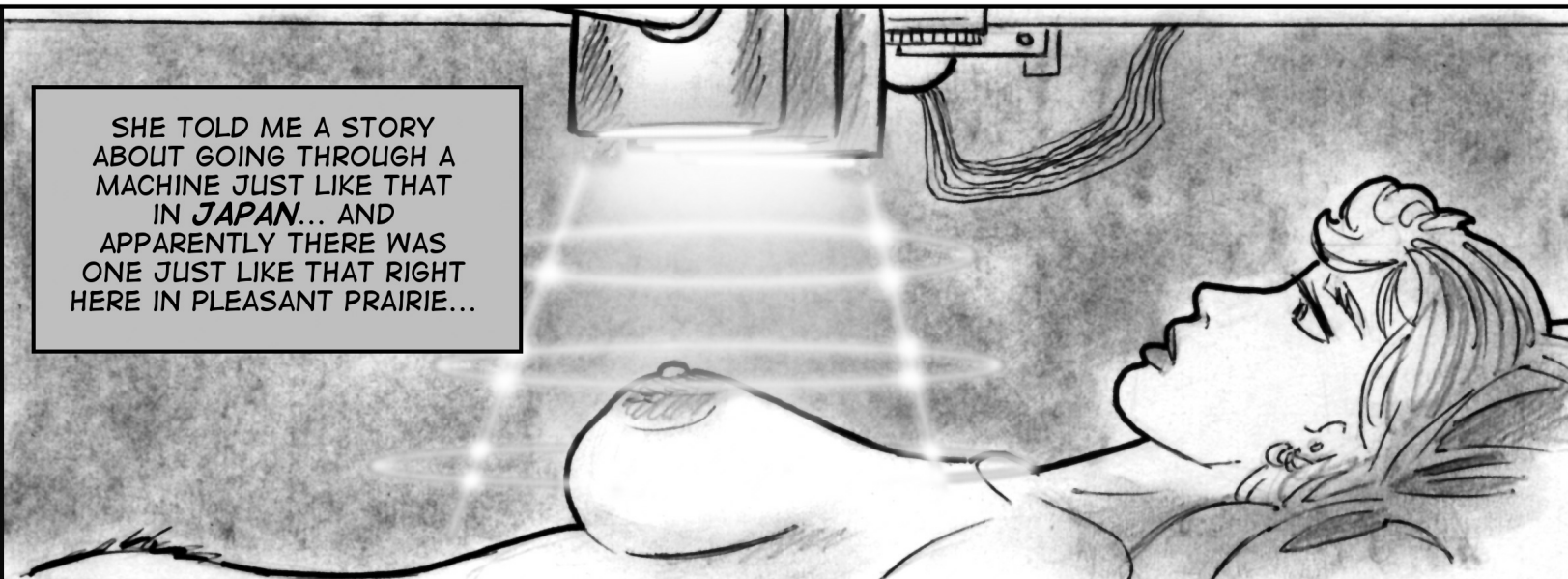
THERE WAS SOME SORT OF
CONSPIRACY INVOLVING
MIND CONTROL AND
PEOPLE DUPLICATORS
OUT AT THE STATE HOME FOR
WAYWARD GIRLS. IT SOUNDS
ABSOLUTELY CRAZY...

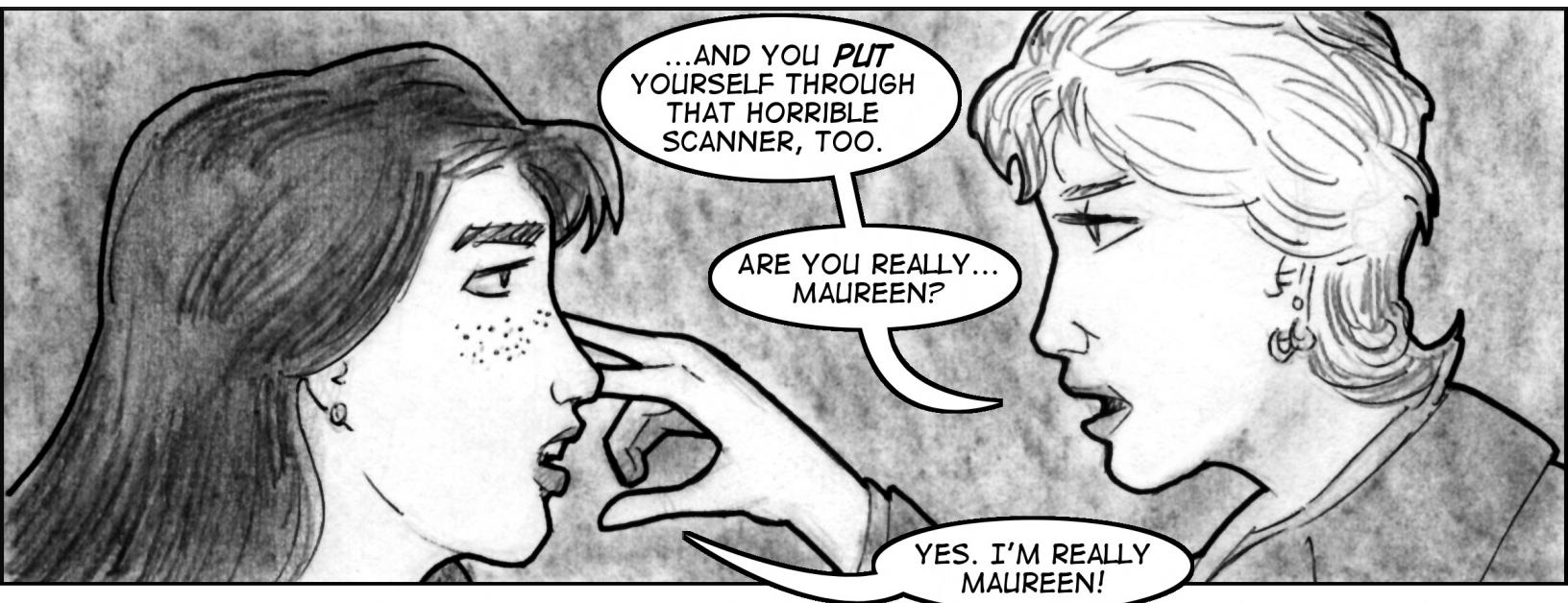
DO YOU KNOW
IRIS BROCKMAN?



PHILOSOPHY MAJOR, RIGHT?
SORT OF INTENSE AND STRANGE?

SHE TOLD ME A STORY
ABOUT GOING THROUGH A
MACHINE JUST LIKE THAT
IN **JAPAN**... AND
APPARENTLY THERE WAS
ONE JUST LIKE THAT RIGHT
HERE IN PLEASANT PRAIRIE...





...AND YOU *PUT*
YOURSELF THROUGH
THAT HORRIBLE
SCANNER, TOO.

ARE YOU REALLY...
MAUREEN?

YES. I'M REALLY
MAUREEN!



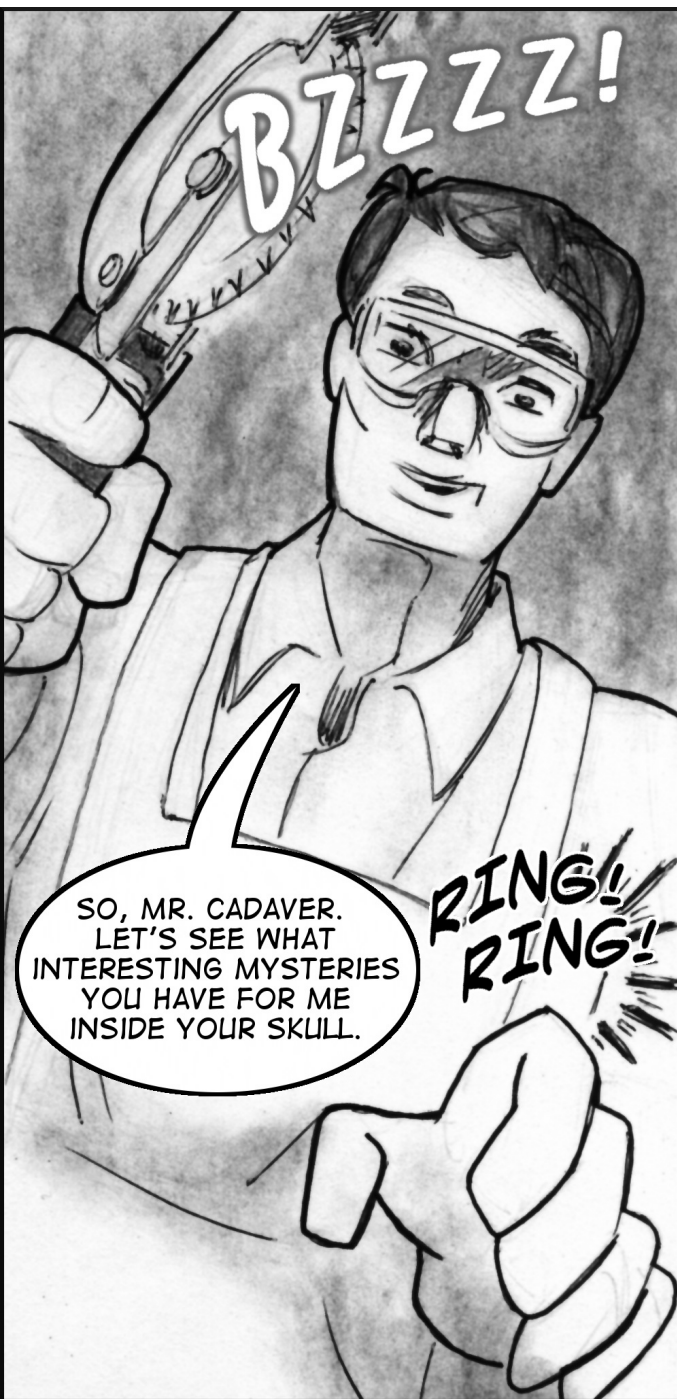
IF WHAT YOU SAY
IS TRUE, THEY'RE STILL OUT
THERE, THIS *CONSPIRACY*.
THEY COULD BE WATCHING
US EVEN RIGHT NOW.

WHAT ARE
WE GOING
TO DO?



I HAVE A MEANS OF
GETTING US BOTH AWAY
FROM HERE UNOBSERVED.
AND AFTER THAT, I KNOW OF
A NUMBER OF VERY GOOD
PLACES WHERE WE CAN HIDE
FOR A WHILE.

BUT FIRST I'M GOING
TO RISK A PHONE CALL TO
ONE PERSON I THINK I
CAN *TRUST*. SOMEONE
WITH THE RESOURCES TO
MAYBE HELP US
FIGHT BACK.





OH, *FLICK*
THIS IS COLD!

SHH!
ALMOST
THERE!



THAT EXPERIENCE
REALLY SUCKED.

BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!

YOU LOOK BEAT.
MICHIKO AND I CAN
HANDLE THE POST-
PROCEDURE DEBRIEFING.
GO HOME AND GET
SOME REST.



HELLO. AL?
HEY, IT'S REALLY
GOOD TO HEAR FROM
YOU AND...

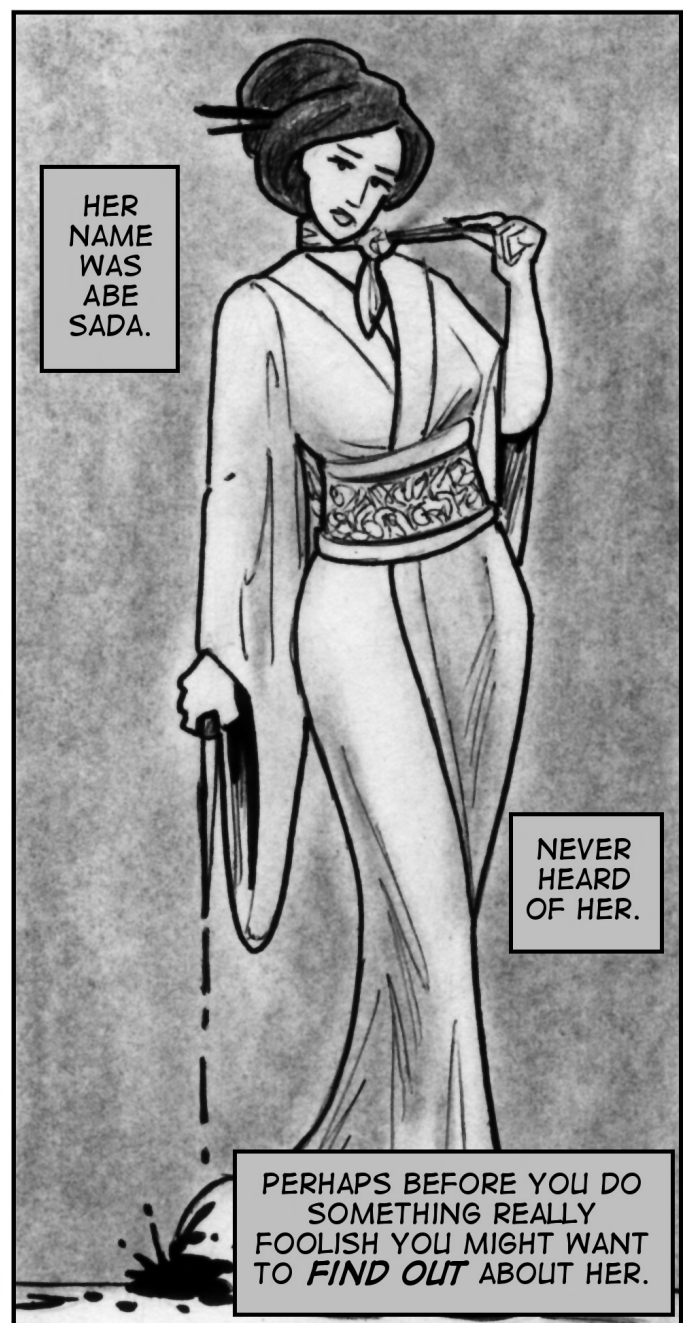
SHIT. YES,
I KNOW JILL
KEENEY. YOU
SAID THAT...



I MIGHT NEED
TO BORROW A COPY
OF TONIGHT'S DATA,
REBECCA.



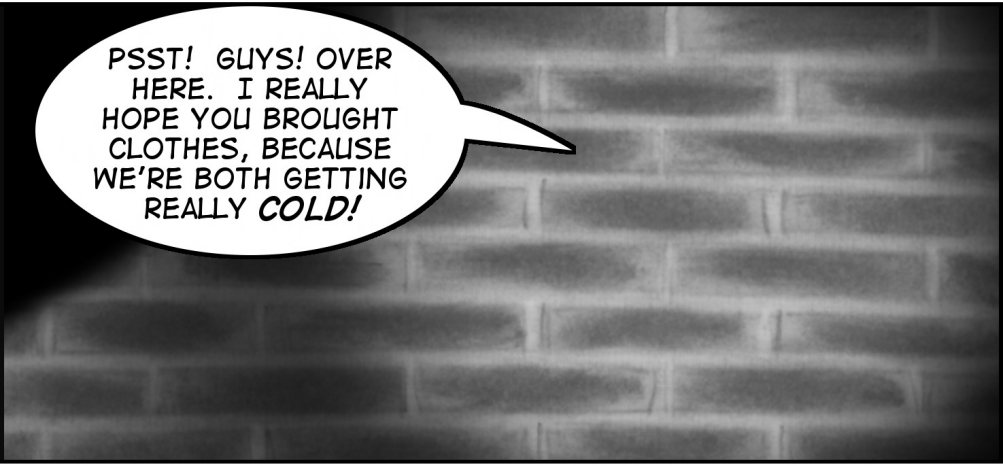
HAVING IT
AVAILABLE MIGHT HELP
ME TO... **PROCESS**
THE EXPERIENCE.





BEING DOWN IN THESE TUNNELS SORT OF BRINGS BACK MEMORIES.

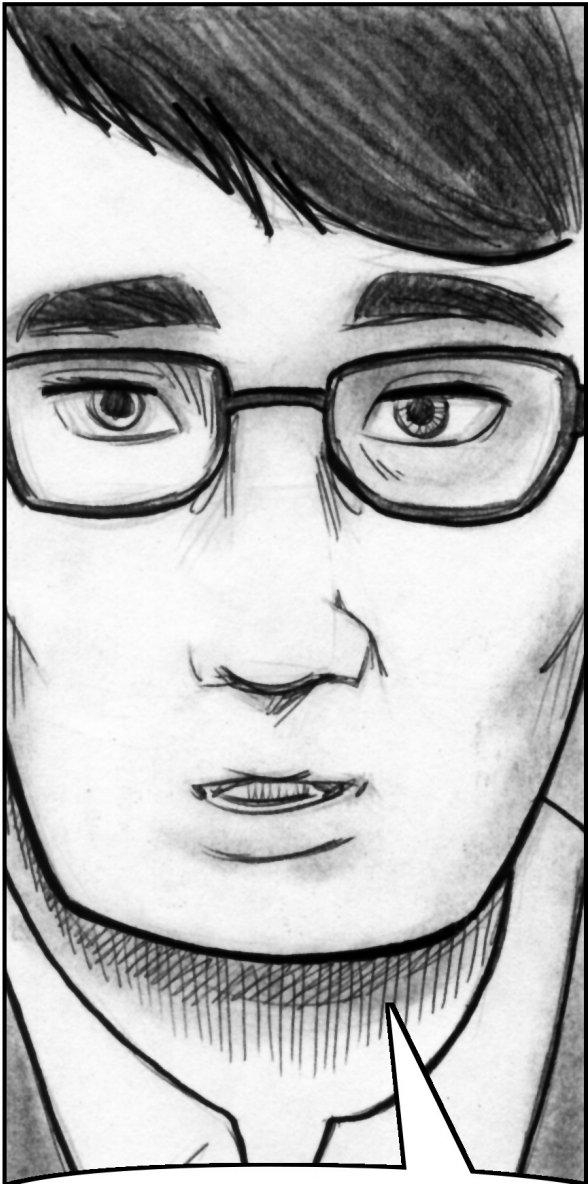
YES. OF HAPPIER DAYS.



PSST! GUYS! OVER HERE. I REALLY HOPE YOU BROUGHT CLOTHES, BECAUSE WE'RE BOTH GETTING REALLY **COLD!**



WE NEED TO HAVE A PLACE TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT.



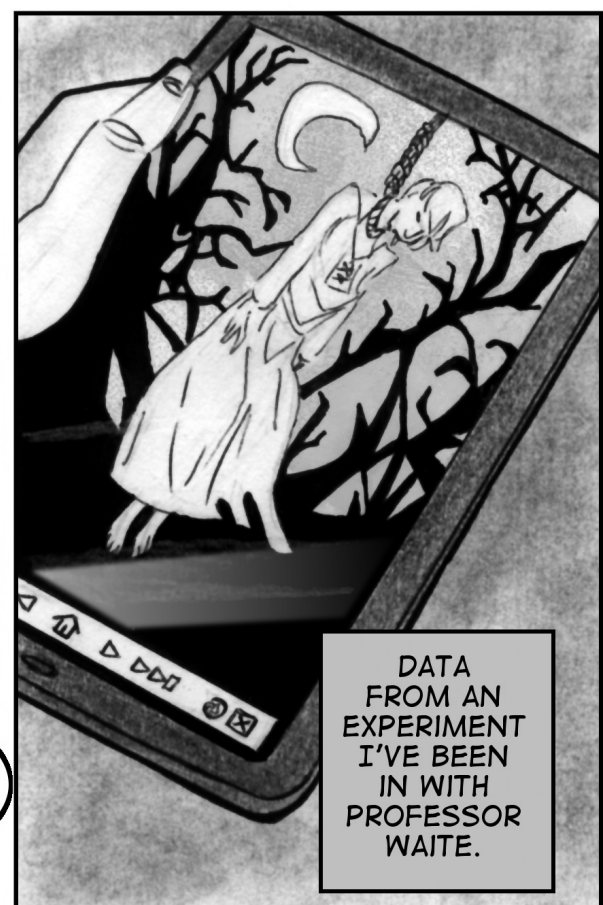
THERE'S A SMALL THEATER IN PHILOSOPHER'S HALL, LOCKED UP AND ABANDONED. SUPPOSEDLY AN ASBESTOS HAZARD. BUT THIS STEAM TUNNEL COMPLEX CAN GET US IN AND OUT OF IT, SO IT MIGHT MAKE A NICE HOLE TO HIDE IN.

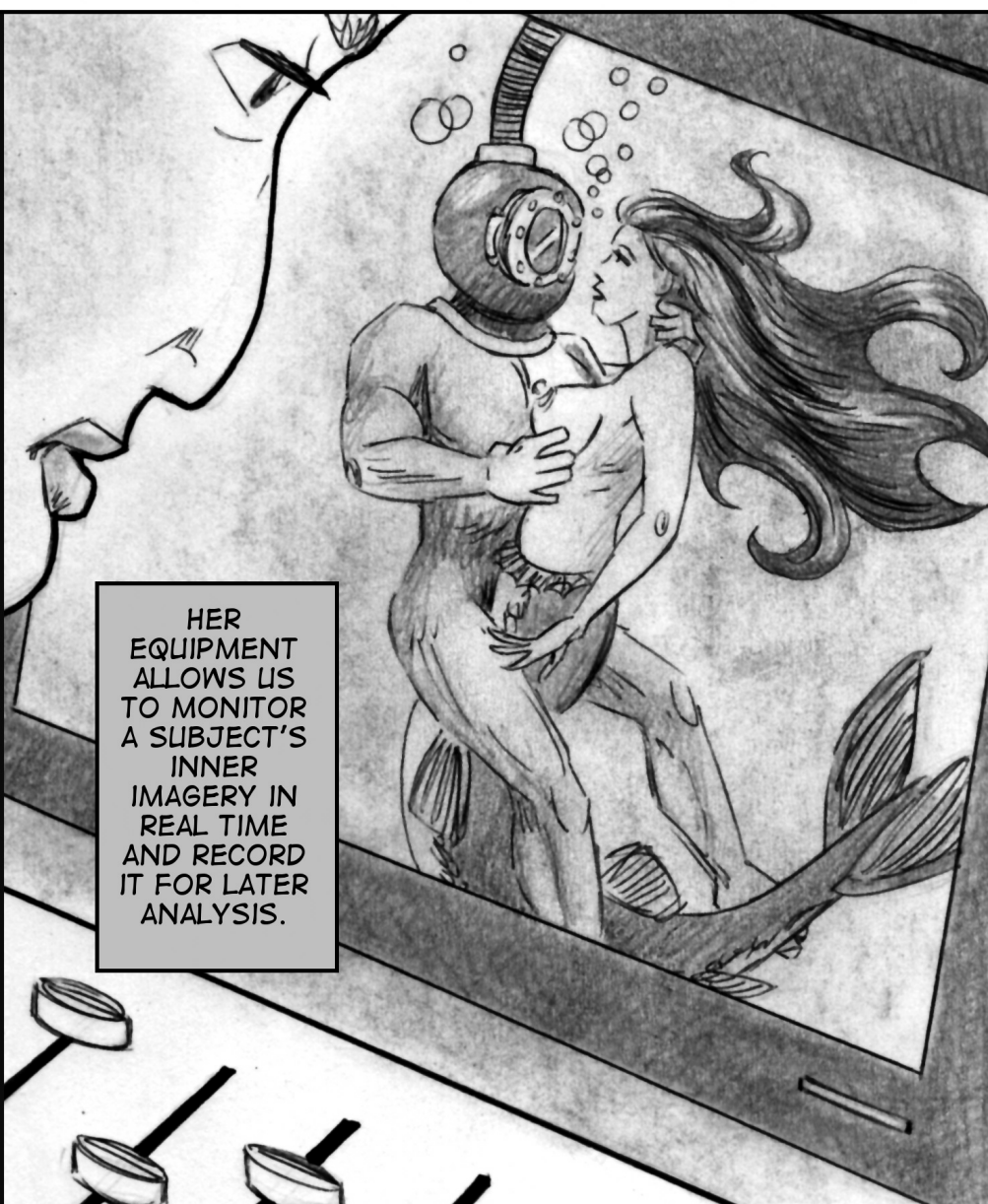


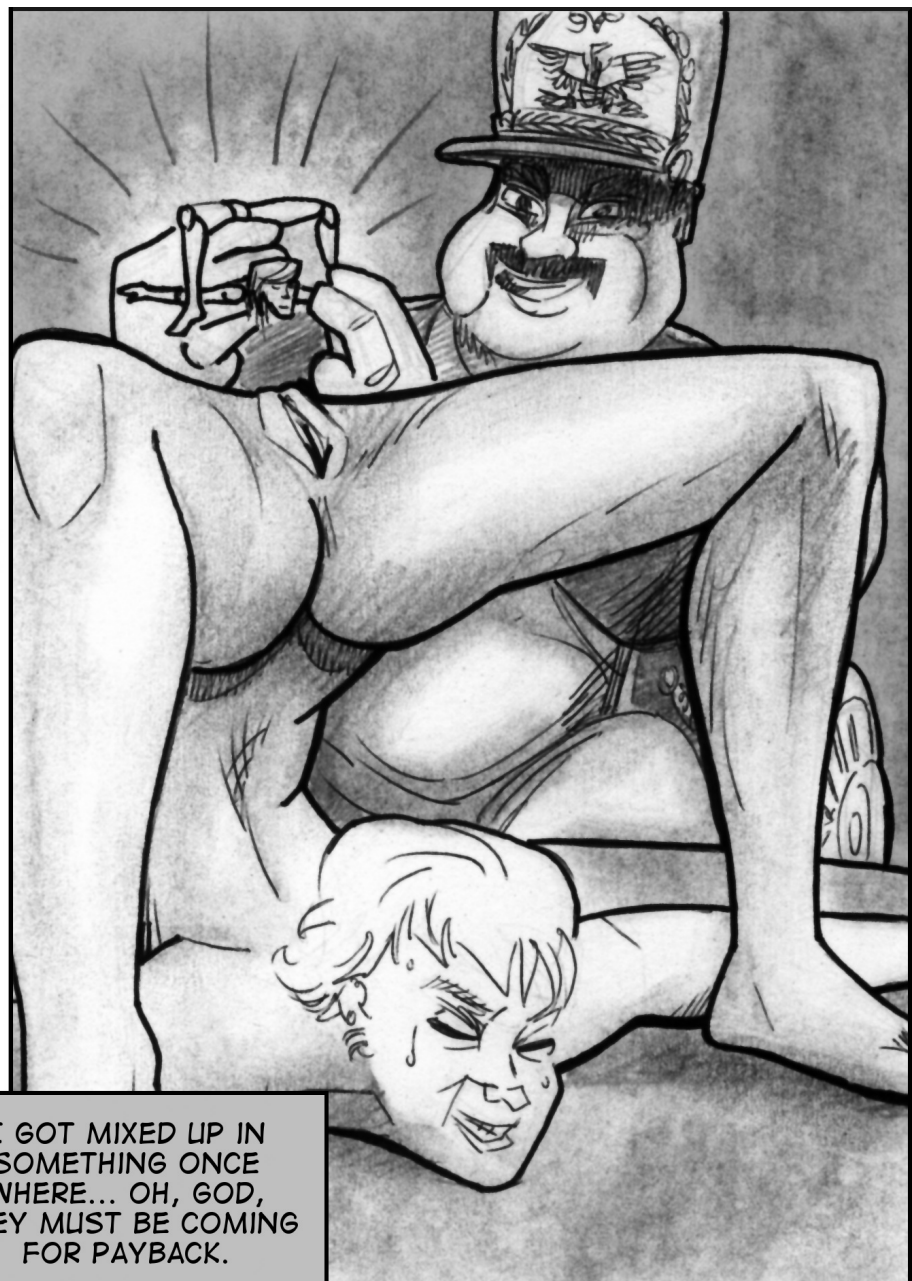
THIS IS A PRETTY
COOL OLD SPACE. ALL
THESE YEARS AT GNOSIS,
AND I NEVER KNEW
IT WAS HERE.

NOR WOULD I IF I HADN'T
BROKEN INTO IT. THE COLLEGE
ACTUALLY WOULD LIKE TO TEAR
THIS DOWN, BUT CAN'T, DUE TO
IT'S BEING A HISTORICAL
LANDMARK.

GROVER CLEVELAND
GAVE A SPEECH HERE ON
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM,
OR SOMETHING.





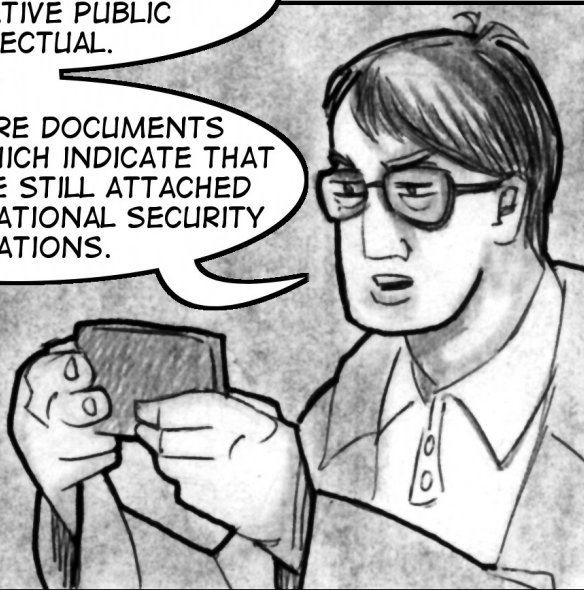




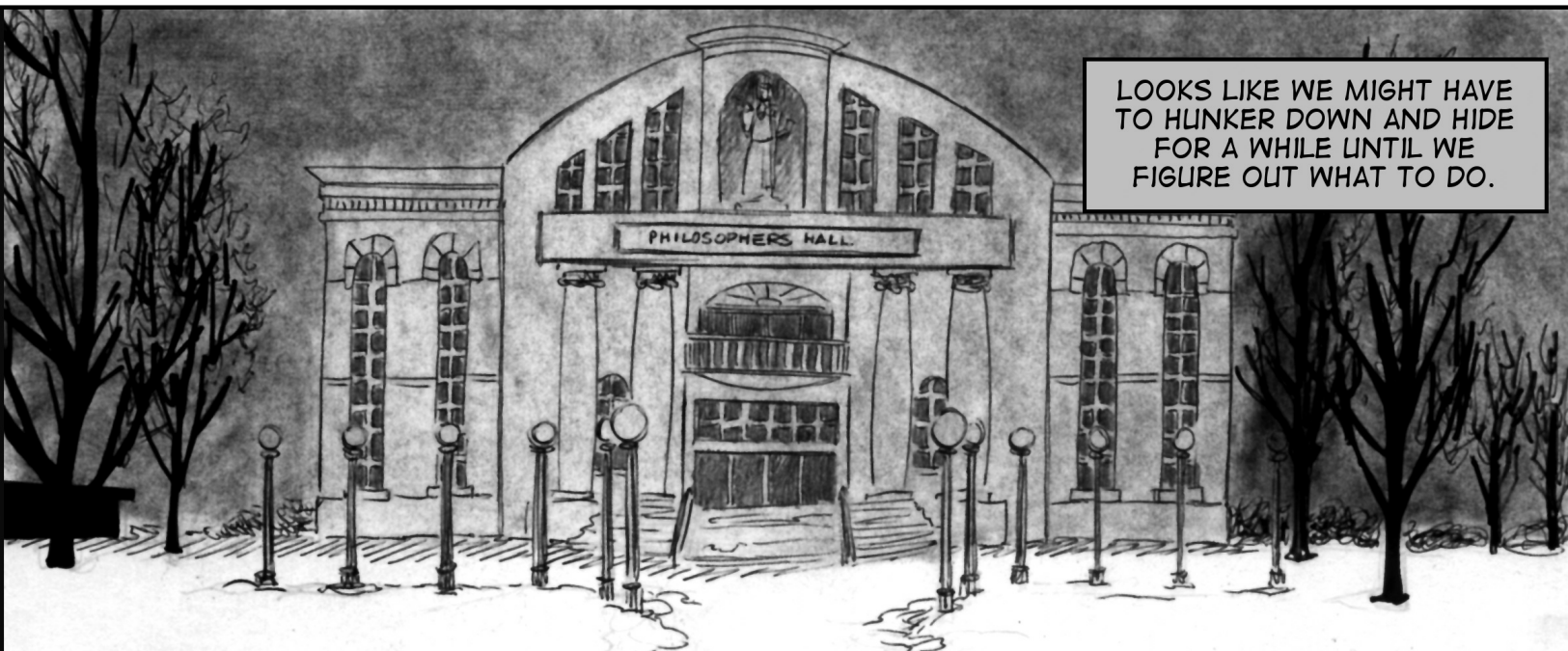
HE GAVE SOME SORT OF BIG RIGHT-WING THINKER LECTURE RIGHT HERE AT GNOSIS LAST YEAR.

HUH. MOST OF THE STUFF ON HIM HAS HIM AS A SOCIAL-CONSERVATIVE PUBLIC INTELLECTUAL.

BUT THERE ARE DOCUMENTS IN *WIKILEAKS* WHICH INDICATE THAT HE'S SOMEONE STILL ATTACHED TO SHADOWY NATIONAL SECURITY OPERATIONS.



IF THAT'S TRUE, WE MIGHT ALL BE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE.



LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT HAVE TO HUNKER DOWN AND HIDE FOR A WHILE UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO.



I SUPPOSE IT GOES
WITHOUT SAYING THAT THIS IS
ANOTHER "CAN'T GO TO THE
AUTHORITIES" SITUATION.

BUT MAYBE
ALOYSIUS AND I
CAN GET OUT, GET
SUPPLIES, PREPARE
TO SOCK IN...

AND TRY
TO DEAL WITH...
WHATEVER THEY
LEFT IN JILL'S
ROOM.

FOR PERHAPS
THE ONLY TIME IN MY
LIFE I WILL BE GLAD TO
JUST STAY BEHIND AND
DO RESEARCH.



OKAY. SO
WE'VE CHECKED UP
ON A FEW PEOPLE JILL
ASKED US TO.

FOUND
EVERYONE EXCEPT
BRIDGET O'BRIAN, BUT
I GUESS SHE'LL
TURN UP.

ALL CLEAR,
HERE.

WILLIE, I GOTTA
ASK: JUST WHAT IS
PROFESSOR WAITE
TRYING TO PROVE BY
SCREWING AROUND IN
PEOPLE'S DREAMS?



SHE HAS A THEORY
THAT... THE EXPERIENCE
WILL BE A FORM OF
EROTIC LIBERATION.

LIBERATION?

I WONDER
WHAT IT IS THAT
YOU JUST LIBERATED
IN JOHN SAMSON?



I CAN'T BELIEVE
YOU ACTUALLY MADE A
BET LIKE THIS.

WELL, HE TALKED SO
BIG I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT. I TOLD HIM THAT HE
COULD TAKE HIS CLOTHES
OFF AND IF HE COULD
DO *IT*, THEN HE
COULD DO *ME*.

AND IF HE LOSES,
WE GET TO KEEP HIS
CLOTHES...

...AND HE HAS
TO WALK BACK **NAKED**
THROUGH THE SNOW.



YOU DON'T
THINK THAT'S KIND OF
SLUTTY, MARIE?

IT'S NOT THE
1950S ANYMORE,
NOREEN.



IT'S THE GLORIOUS
ERA OF THE UNIVERSAL
VACCINATIVE...

AND WE'RE IN
COLLEGE!

AND COLLEGE IS WHERE
WE COME TO **EXPERIMENT**
WITH THINGS WE WOULDN'T
GET TO TRY ELSEWHERE!

KNOCK
KNOCK!



NOT LATE FOR
YOUR APPOINTMENT,
I SEE.



NOT BAD...
WELL MUSCLED...



WELL
HUNG,
TOO!

YEAH, BUT **FLOPPY**.
HE'S GOING TO HAVE
TO TRY HARDER TO
WIN **THIS** BET.



DO OR DO NOT!
THERE IS NO TRY.

SO HARD!

SO FAST!

IT'S NOT...
NATURAL!

OH, DEAR. IT
LOOKS LIKE I LOST THIS
BET RATHER BADLY.









THAT
LOOKED LIKE
SO MUCH FUN
IT MAKES ME
WONDER
ABOUT
JOHN'S...
WHAT DO THEY
CALL IT?...
REFRACTORY
PERIOD?



IT IS
ZERO,
LADIES.



YOU KNOW,
I'VE ALWAYS SORT
OF WANTED AN
AUDIENCE **TOO**.



YOU GUYS
SHOULD GET
A ROOM!

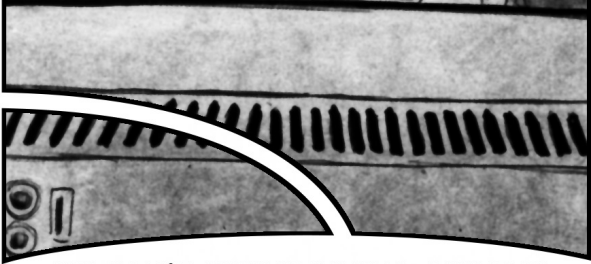
WE'RE **IN**
A ROOM!



THERE IT IS. UP AND RUNNING.



YES. EXPLAIN TO ME AGAIN WHY WE HAVE TO USE THAT GIZMO?



WE CAN'T RISK RUNNING OFF THE CAMPUS NETWORK IN CASE IT'S MONITORED, SO WE'RE PIGGYBACKING OFF OF WI-FI FROM DOWNTOWN BUSINESSES. SPECIFICALLY O'SHEA'S SALOON, WHATEVER THAT IS.



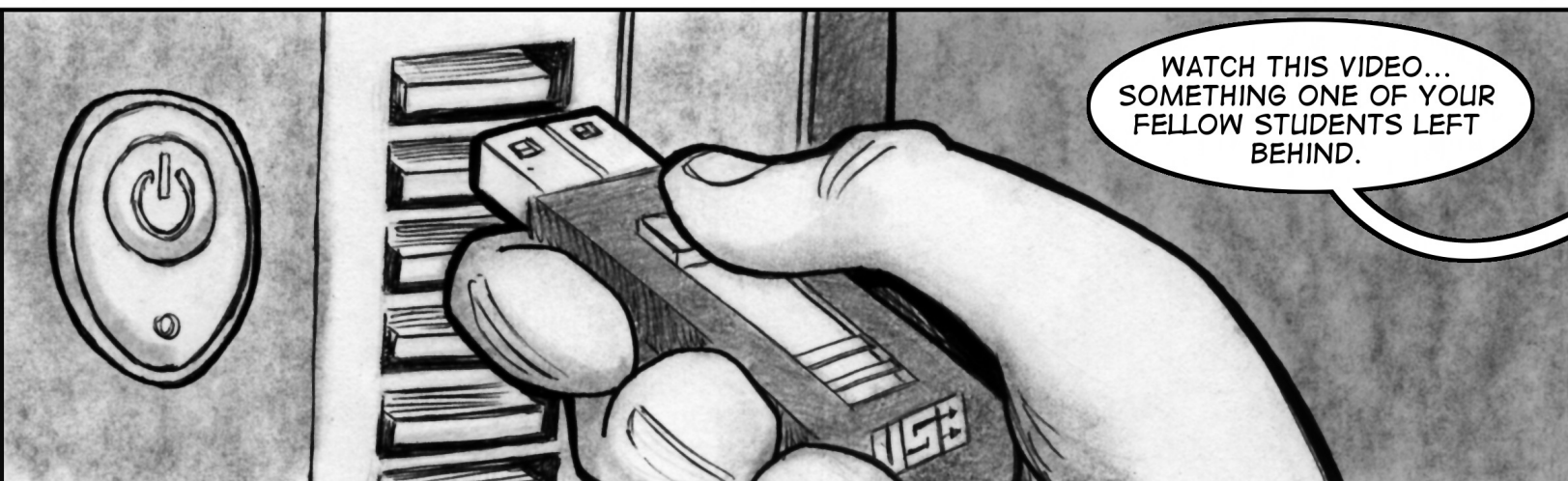
WE'RE BACK. THE GRIM BUSINESS IS DONE.



WE CLEANED UP JILL'S ROOM. MADE IT ALL CLEAN AND TIDY.

WE FIGURE SOMEONE IS TRYING TO SEND US A MESSAGE WITH WHAT THEY DID THERE.

WE'RE SENDING A MESSAGE BACK SAYING WE'RE NOT LISTENING.



HEY, I
RECOGNIZE
THAT GIRL!
THAT'S
NANETTA
RECTOR!
ONE OF THE
GIRLS WHO
DISAPPEARED
LAST YEAR.



YES. I BELIEVE
THIS VIDEO WAS
TAKEN AS A
SORT OF
MEMENTO BY
MOIRA WEIR,
WHO **ALSO**
DISAPPEARED
LAST YEAR.

OH MY GOD! WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO HER?

SHE SEEMS TO
BE ENJOYING IT,
WHATEVER "IT" IS.

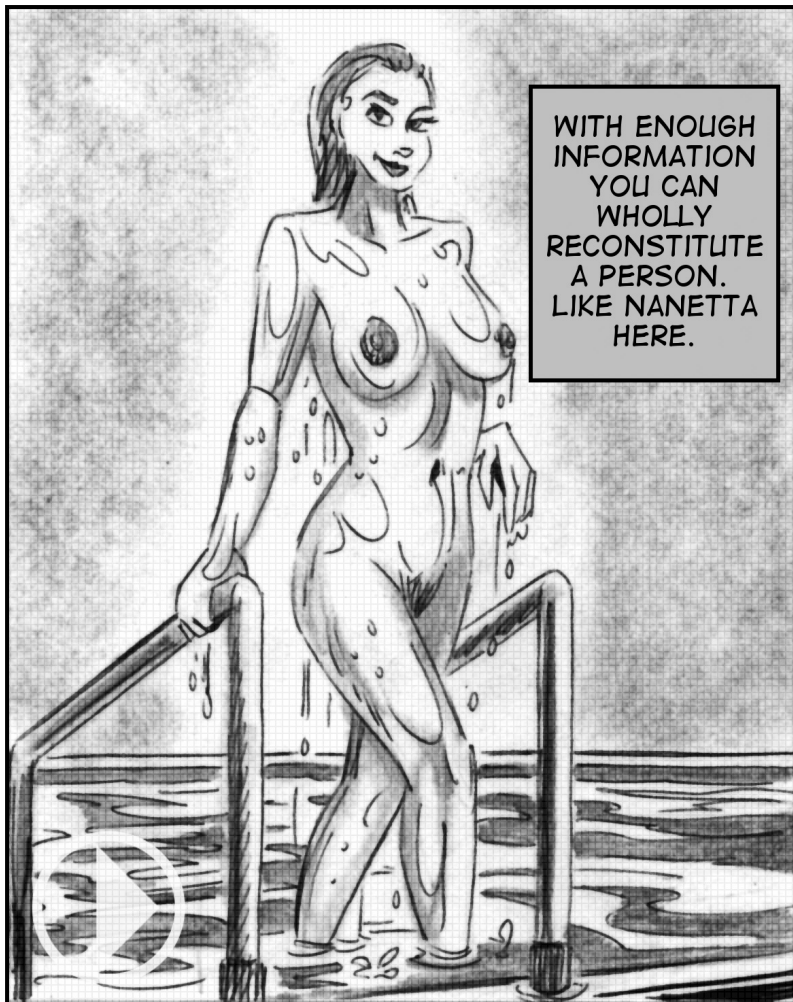


"IT" IS SOMETHING
CALLED BY IT'S CREATOR THE
APSINTHION PROTOCOL.

FLESH AND BRAINS ARE EXTRACTED AND REDUCED
TO A SMALL AMOUNT OF FLUID WHICH CONTAINS ALL
THE INFORMATION ABOUT A PERSON...I'LL FAST-
FORWARD A BIT TO THE RESULT.



WITH ENOUGH
INFORMATION
YOU CAN
WHOLLY
RECONSTITUTE
A PERSON.
LIKE NANETTA
HERE.

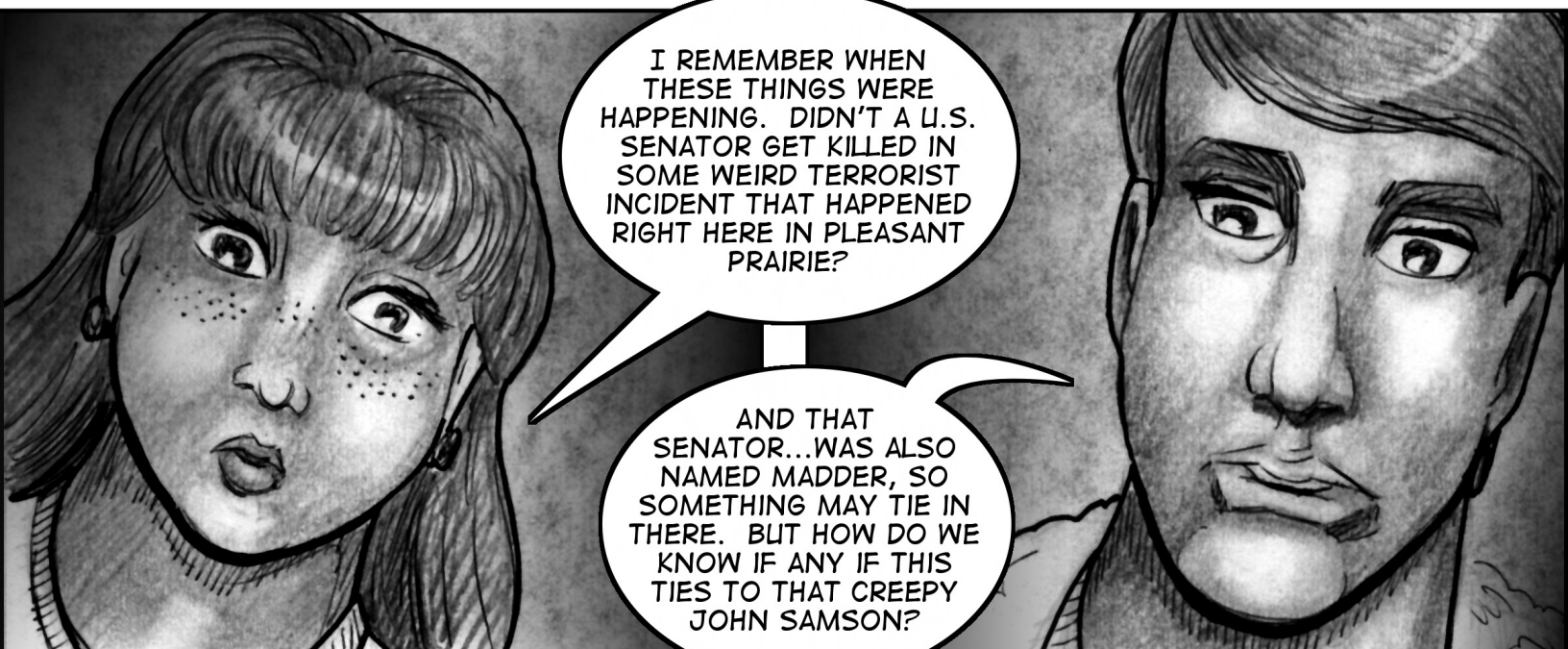


WITH THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO THE SAME FOR THE GIRL WE FOUND. ALTHOUGH HER HAVING BEEN DEAD FOR MANY HOURS BEFORE WE GOT TO HER MIGHT POSE *COMPLICATIONS...*



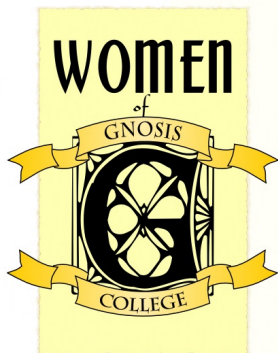
I REMEMBER WHEN THESE THINGS WERE HAPPENING. DIDN'T A U.S. SENATOR GET KILLED IN SOME WEIRD TERRORIST INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED RIGHT HERE IN PLEASANT PRAIRIE?

AND THAT SENATOR...WAS ALSO NAMED MADDER, SO SOMETHING MAY TIE IN THERE. BUT HOW DO WE KNOW IF ANY IF THIS TIES TO THAT CREEPY JOHN SAMSON?



WE DON'T KNOW, BUT I JUST THOUGHT OF A WAY WE CAN *FIND OUT.*





WHEN MARIE MARTIN
ARRIVED AT GNOSIS
COLLEGE AND
ENROLLED IN
FRESHMAN
PSYCHOLOGY, SHE
TOOK ONE OF THOSE
"BIG 5" PERSONALITY
ASSESSMENTS. SHE
SCORED VERY HIGH
ON BOTH "OPENNESS
TO EXPERIENCE" AND
"EXTRAVERSION."
NOT ONLY DOES SHE
WANT THE
EXPERIENCE, SHE
WANTS IT IN FRONT
OF AN AUDIENCE!
(YOU'RE WELCOME.)

TALES

of
GNOSIS

COLLEGE

VOLUME V
NUMBER V

DREAMSCAPES

WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY EROSARTS





YOU CAN'T GO UP THERE, JILL. THAT'S NUTS! THERE ARE **DEADLY** PEOPLE AFTER YOU UP THERE.



WE'LL SEE HOW DEADLY HE IS WHEN HE'S SEEN A GHOST. IF HE THINKS I'M **DEAD** AND SEES ME **ALIVE** HE'LL HAVE LITTLE CHOICE BUT TO TRY TO INVESTIGATE.



AND THEN MAYBE WE TRAP HIM AND TURN THE TABLES.



WE SHOULD SHADOW YOU THOUGH.



I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THIS PLAN AT ALL.

WE'VE BEEN IN TOUGHER SPOTS BEFORE, MAUREEN. I'M SURE THAT BETWEEN THE THREE OF US WE CAN DEAL WITH JUST ONE GUY.



SO I BET IF
YOU'D STOP BY,
WE COULD HAVE AN
AWESOME TIME.

WELL...

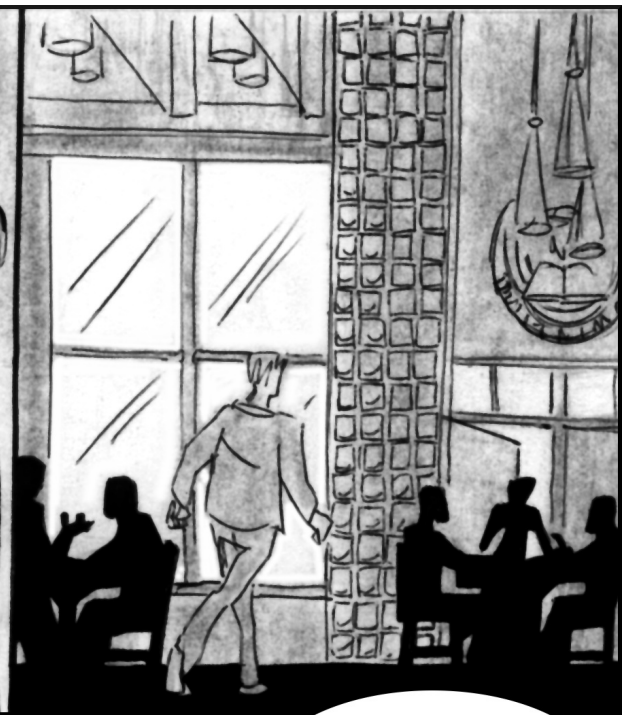
"GNOSIS DREAMSCAPES"
CHAPTER 5

WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY EROSARTS

HE TOOK THE BAIT AND
HE'S FOLLOWING HER.
LET'S SHADOW.

BUT NOT
TOO CLOSE.

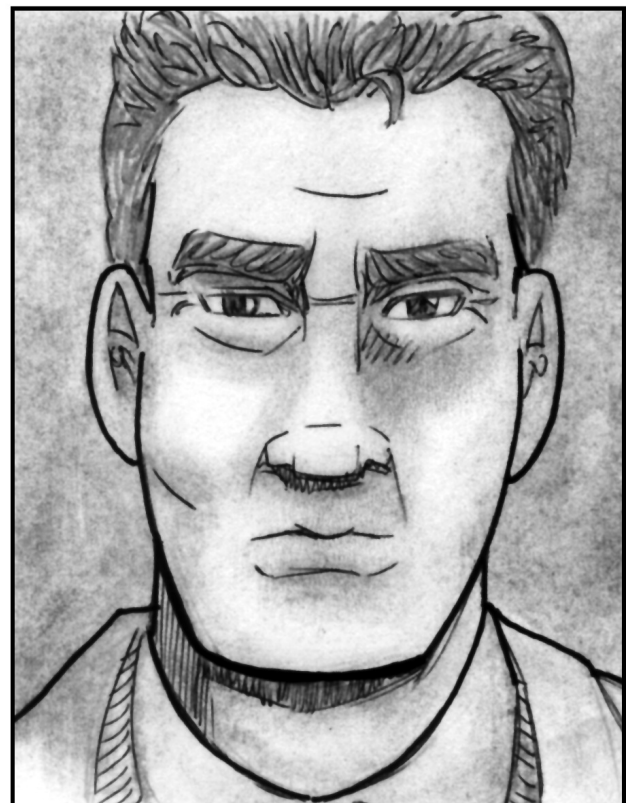
RIGHT, WE
NEED TO KNOW
WHAT HE'S
UP TO.

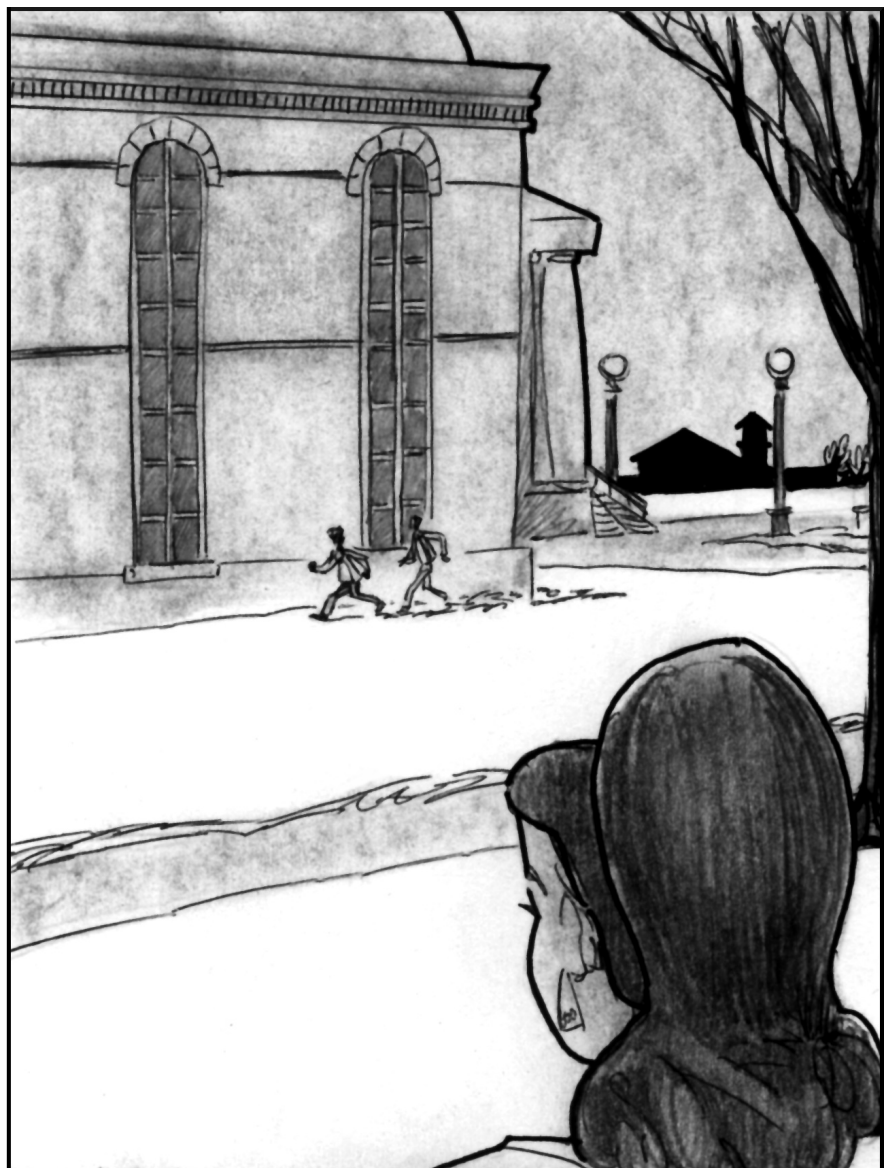


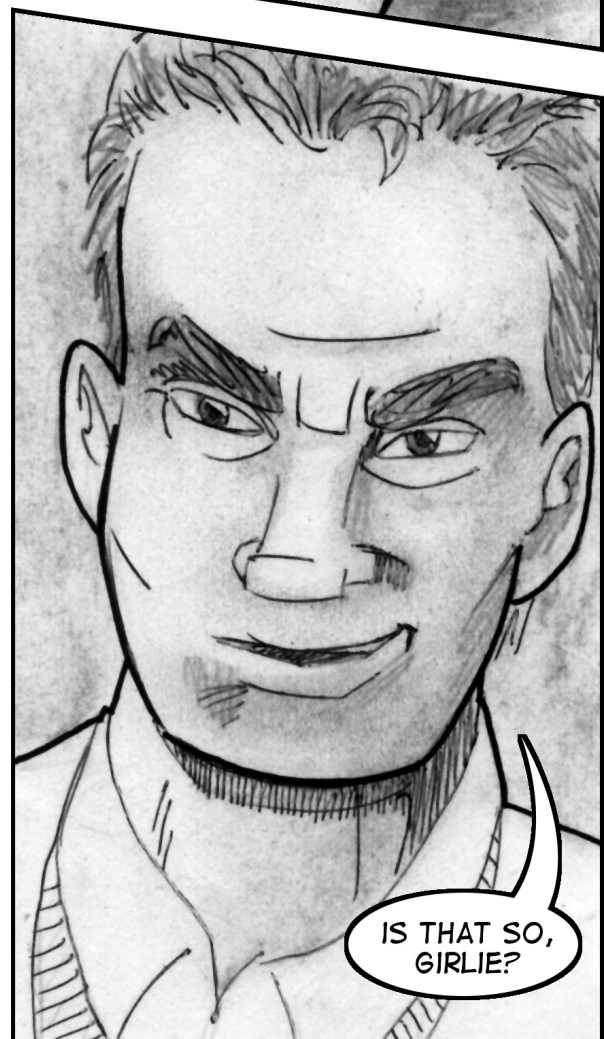
SHE'S LEADING
HIM RIGHT BACK INTO
PHILOSOPHER'S HALL.

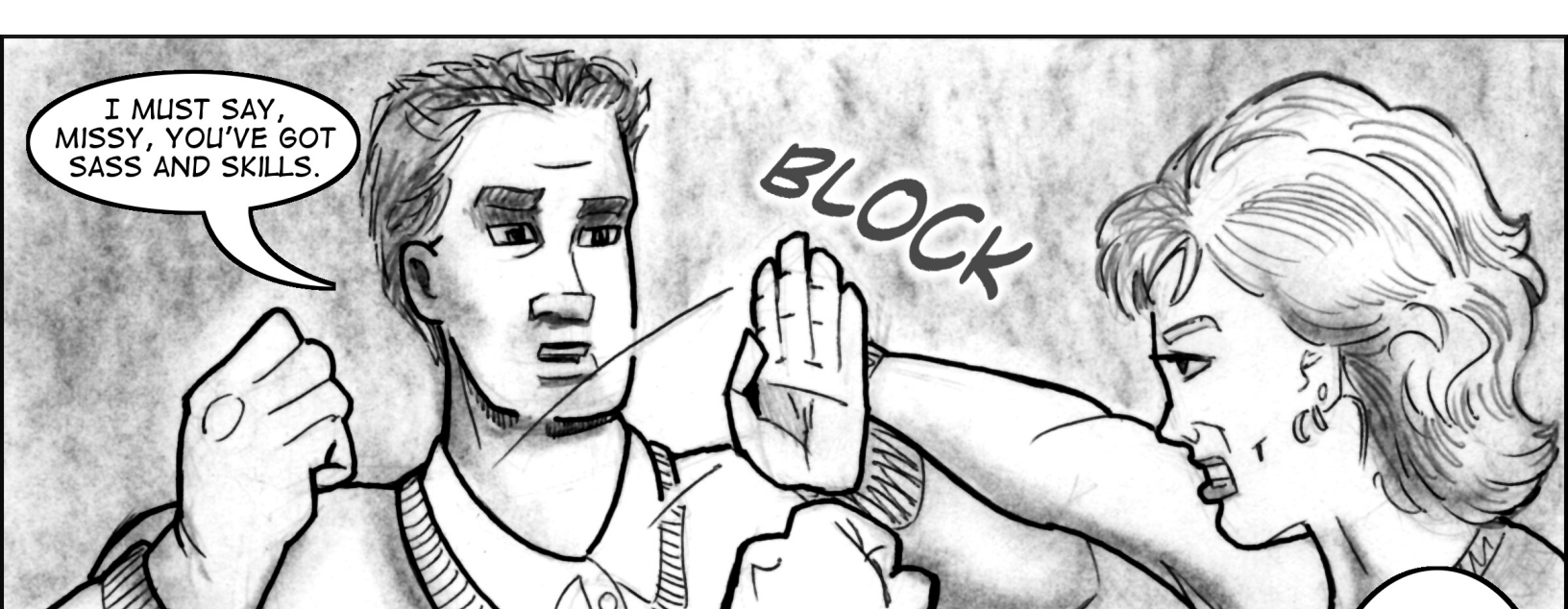


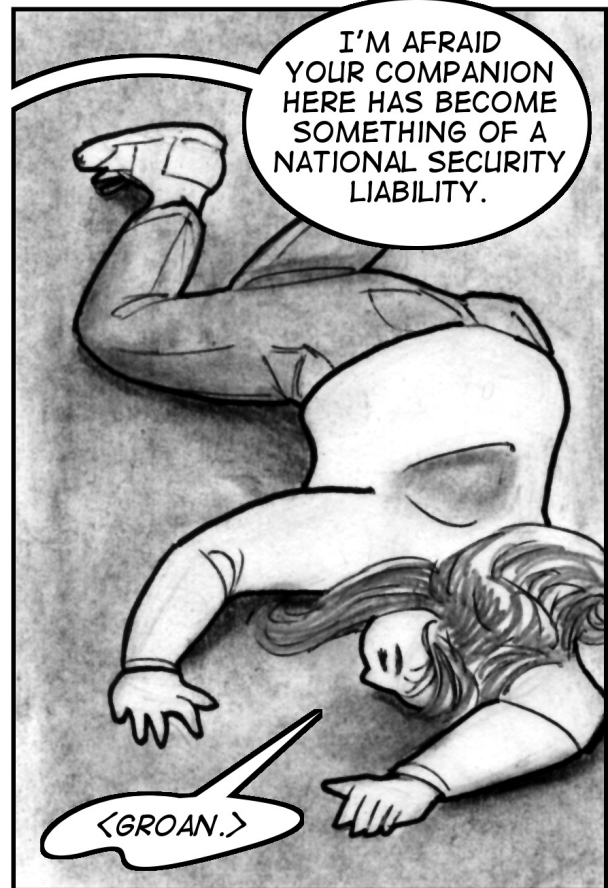
ALOYSIUS, DO YOU
THINK THAT MAYBE
WE'RE A LITTLE TOO
FAR BEHIND?













FORTUNATELY
THERE ARE MEANS FOR
DEALING WITH THAT.

SHHZZZ!





JESUS! LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE JUST IN TIME!

<MOAN.>

MMMPPH!





DUDE, YOU
DIDN'T ACTUALLY
DO **ANYTHING**
TO THE GUY.

I KNOW. AND I DON'T KNOW
WHO... OR **WHAT** DID. BUT I AM
AT MY UPPER LIMIT FOR WEIRD
RIGHT NOW, AND WE HAVE MORE
PRESSING THINGS TO HAVE TO
DEAL WITH NOW.

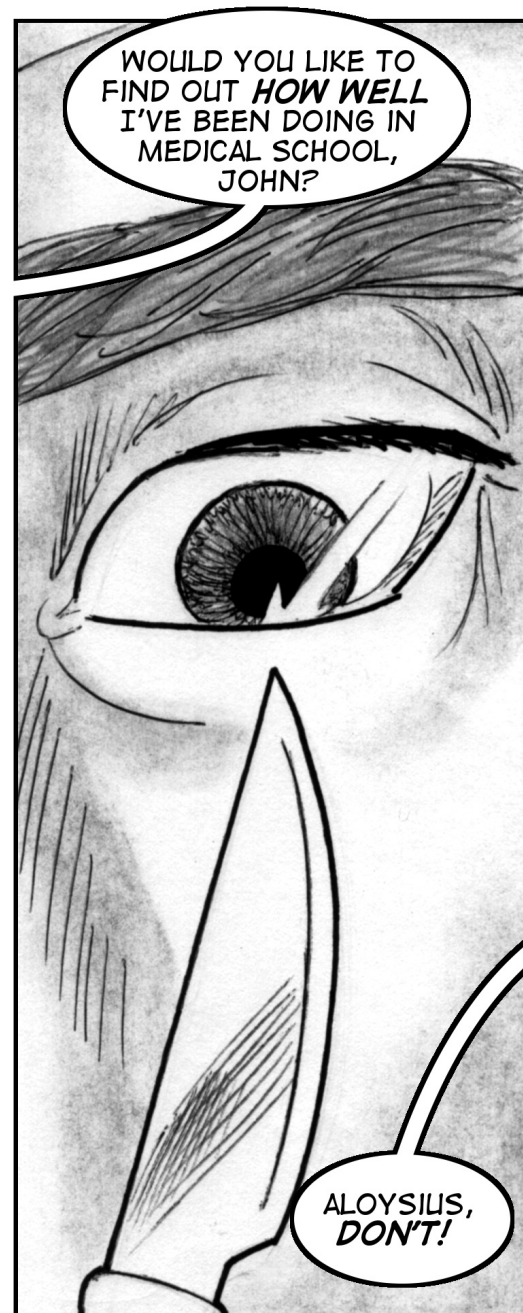



LOOK ON THE
BRIGHT SIDE.

MAYBE WE
ACTUALLY HAVE AN
ALLY OUT THERE
FOR A CHANGE.



YOU KNOW, RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY DOES REMARKABLE THINGS THESE DAYS REBUILDING DAMAGED FACES.




A black and white comic panel showing a woman with long hair and freckles (Maureen) looking at a man with glasses (Aloysius). Aloysius is holding a knife in his right hand.

YOU DON'T
NEED TO
DO THIS,
ALOYSIUS.
YOU'RE
BETTER THAN
THIS. YOU'RE
BETTER
THAN HIM.


BESIDES, WILLIE
JUST CAME UP WITH
AN IDEA.

A black and white comic panel showing Maureen and Aloysius. Aloysius is holding the knife and looking at Maureen.

I THINK, MAUREEN,
THAT YOU'RE CERTAINLY
BETTER THAN ME...

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of Aloysius's face. He has a shocked expression with wide eyes and an open mouth.

"OH, NO,
ALOYSIUS, DON'T
DO THAT! YOU'RE
SO MUCH **BETTER**
THAN HIM!"

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of Aloysius's face. He has a smug expression, looking slightly to the side.

WHATEVER
IDEA WILLIE
HAS COME UP
WITH, I HOPE IT'S
A REAL DOOZY.

OH, IT MOST CERTAINLY IS.

WHATEVER YOU PATHETIC LITTLE PUNKS THINK YOU'RE DOING, IT IS **NOT** GOING TO WORK. I HAVE HAD FUCKING **SERE** TRAINING...

WHEN SHE HEARD, SHE WAS MORE THAN WILLING TO WORK HIM **REMOTELY**.

WILLIE EXPLAINED WHO THIS P.O.S. IS TO MICHIKO.

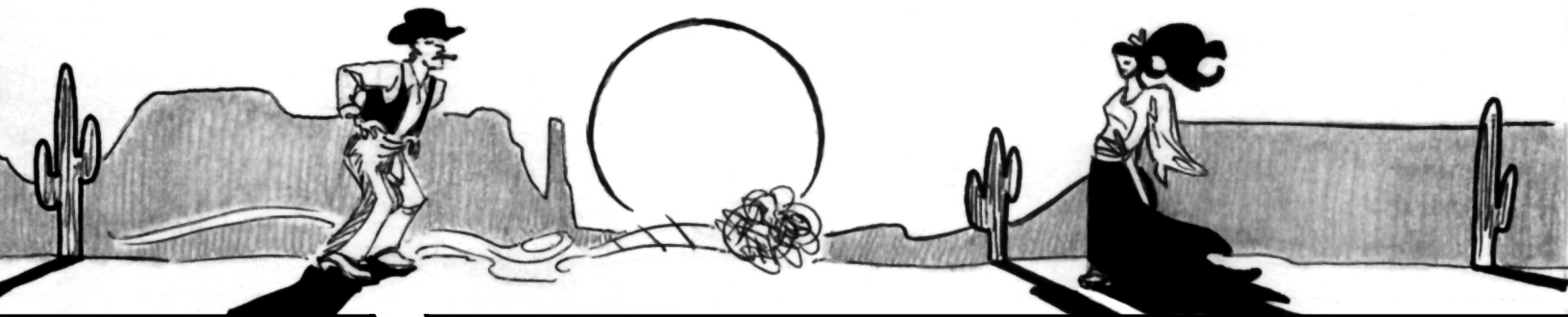
NIGHTY-NIGHT, **LIEUTENANT**.

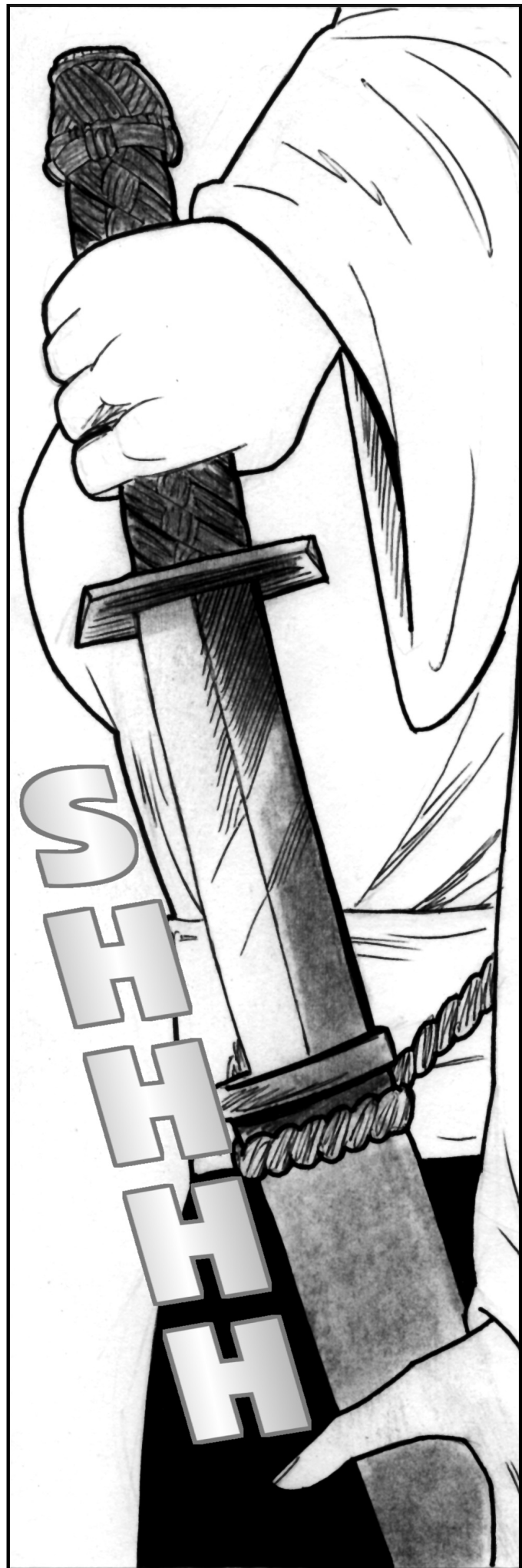
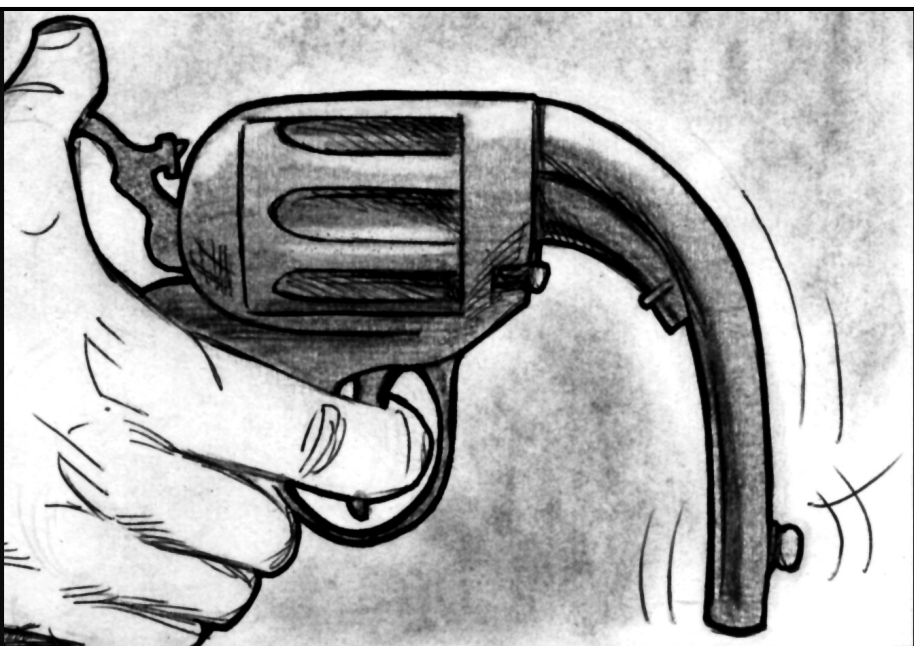
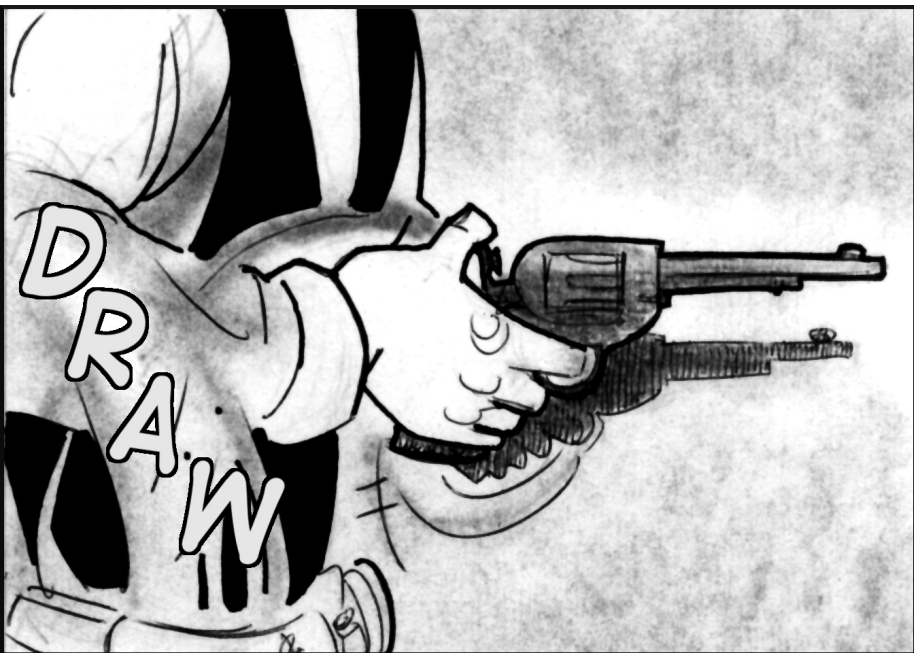
OH...

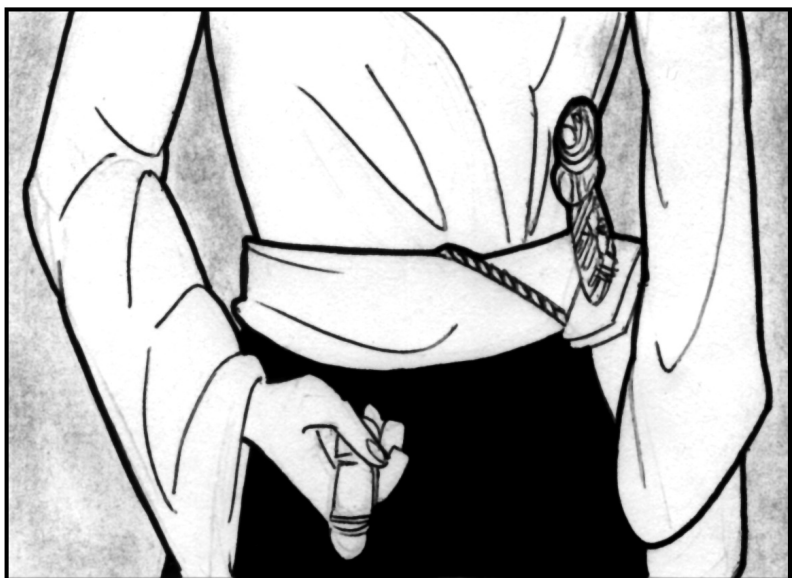
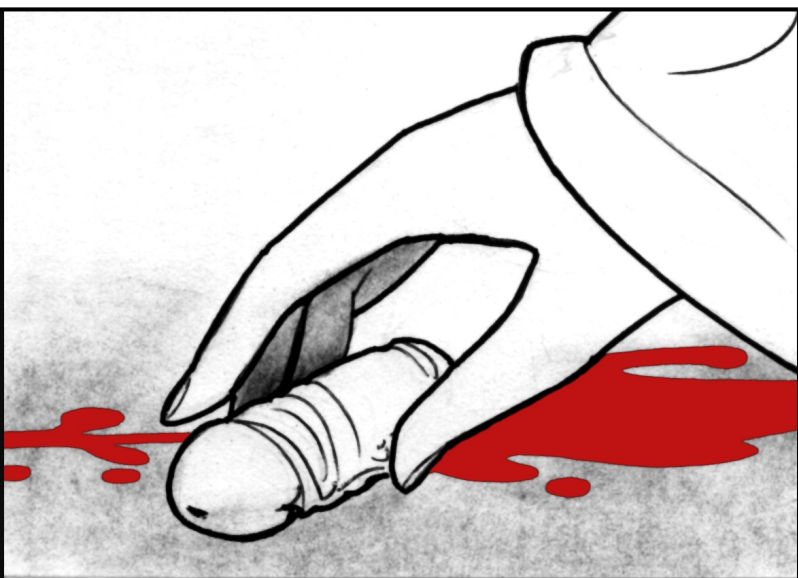
OUR WIRELESS LINK SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO LET HER MAKE HER **DIVE**.

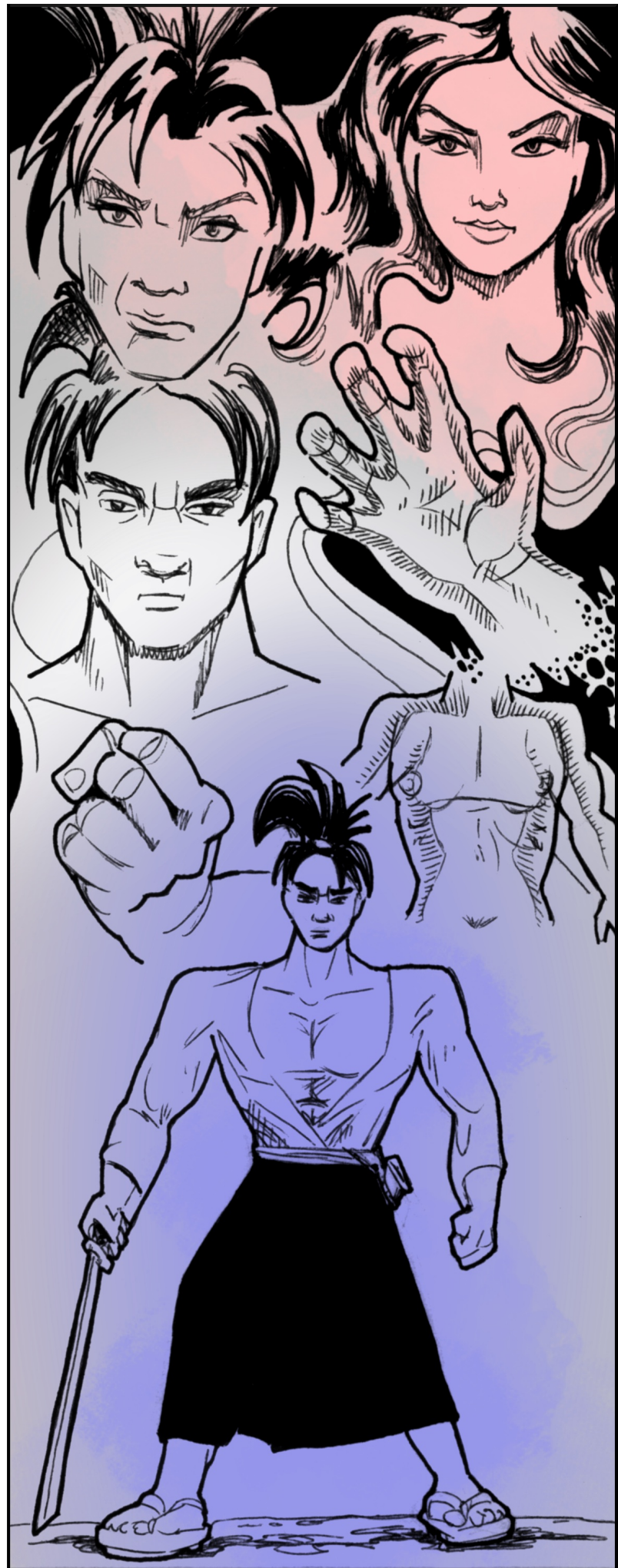
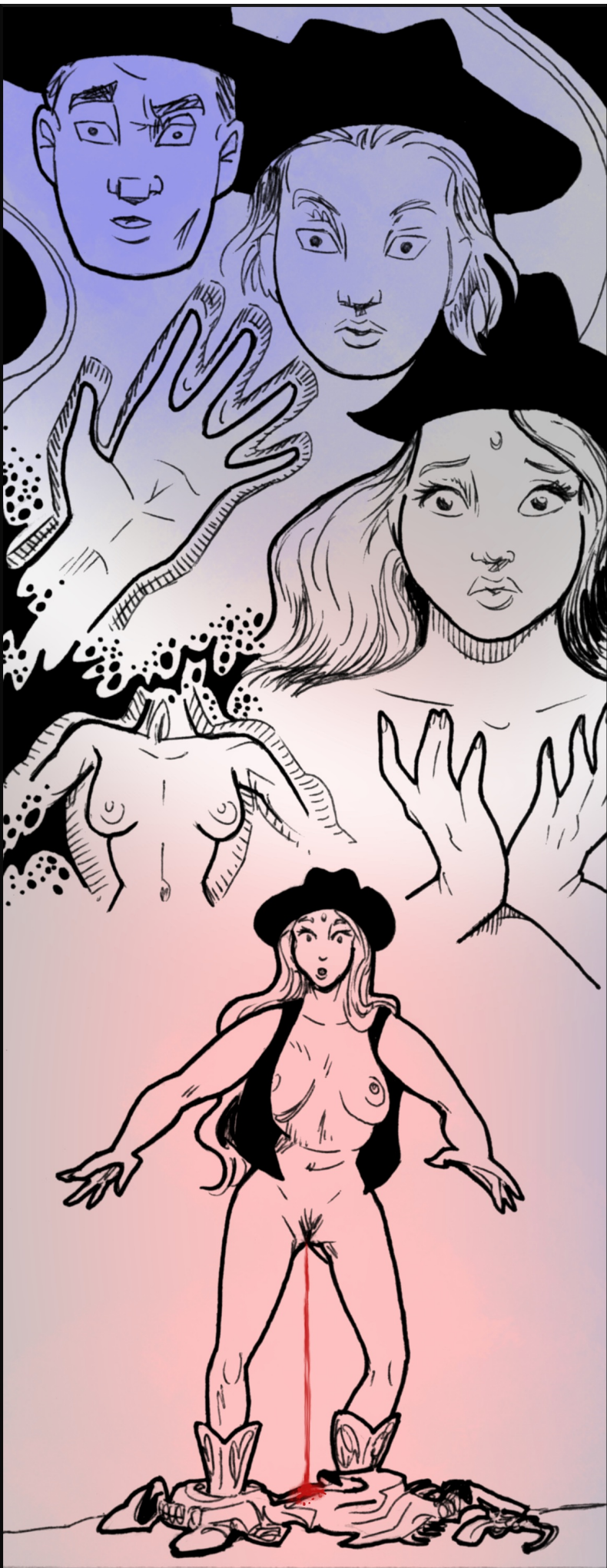
DO YOU REALLY THINK...

WE HAVE DISCOVERED THAT MICHIKO IS NOT SOMEONE TO BE FUCKED WITH WHEN SHE IS MOTIVATED.



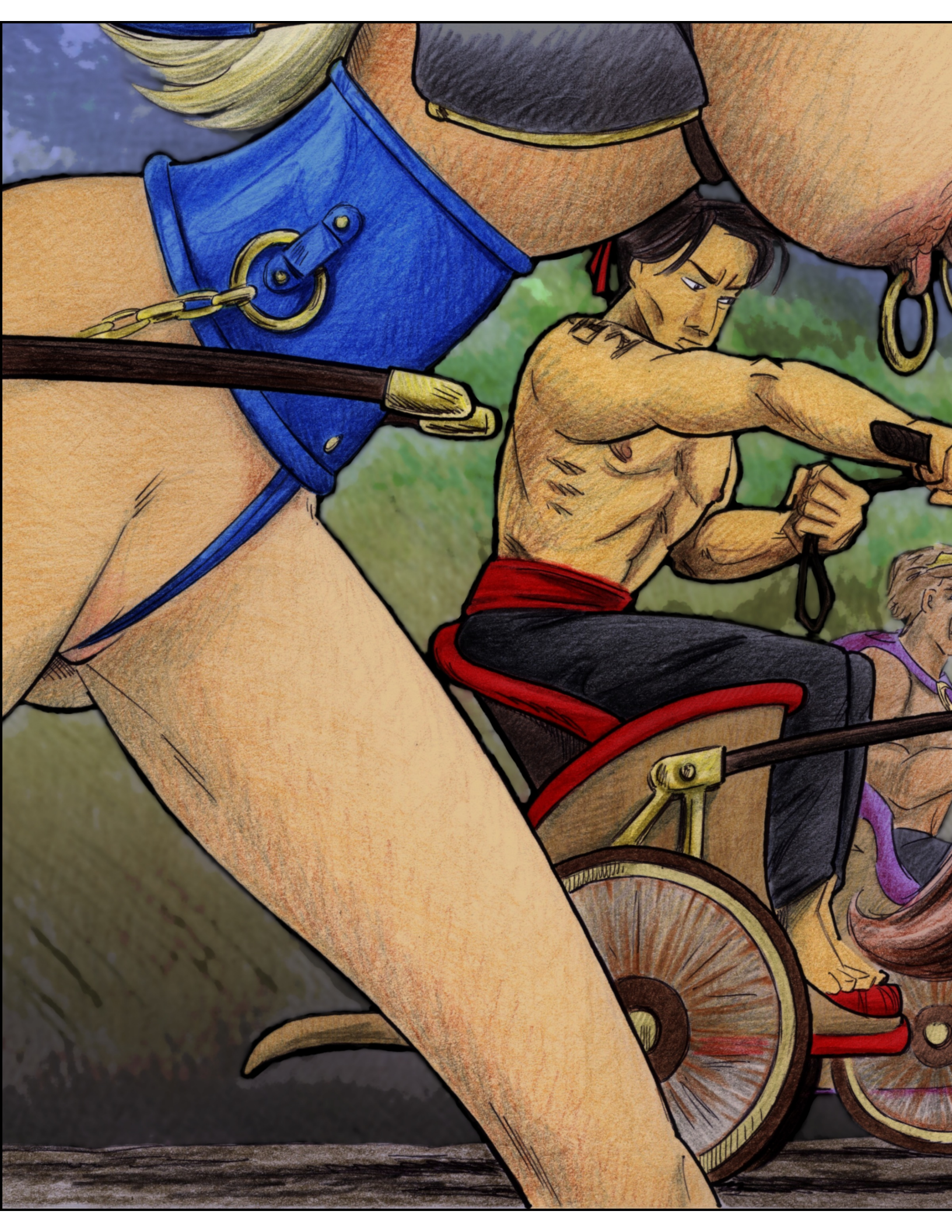






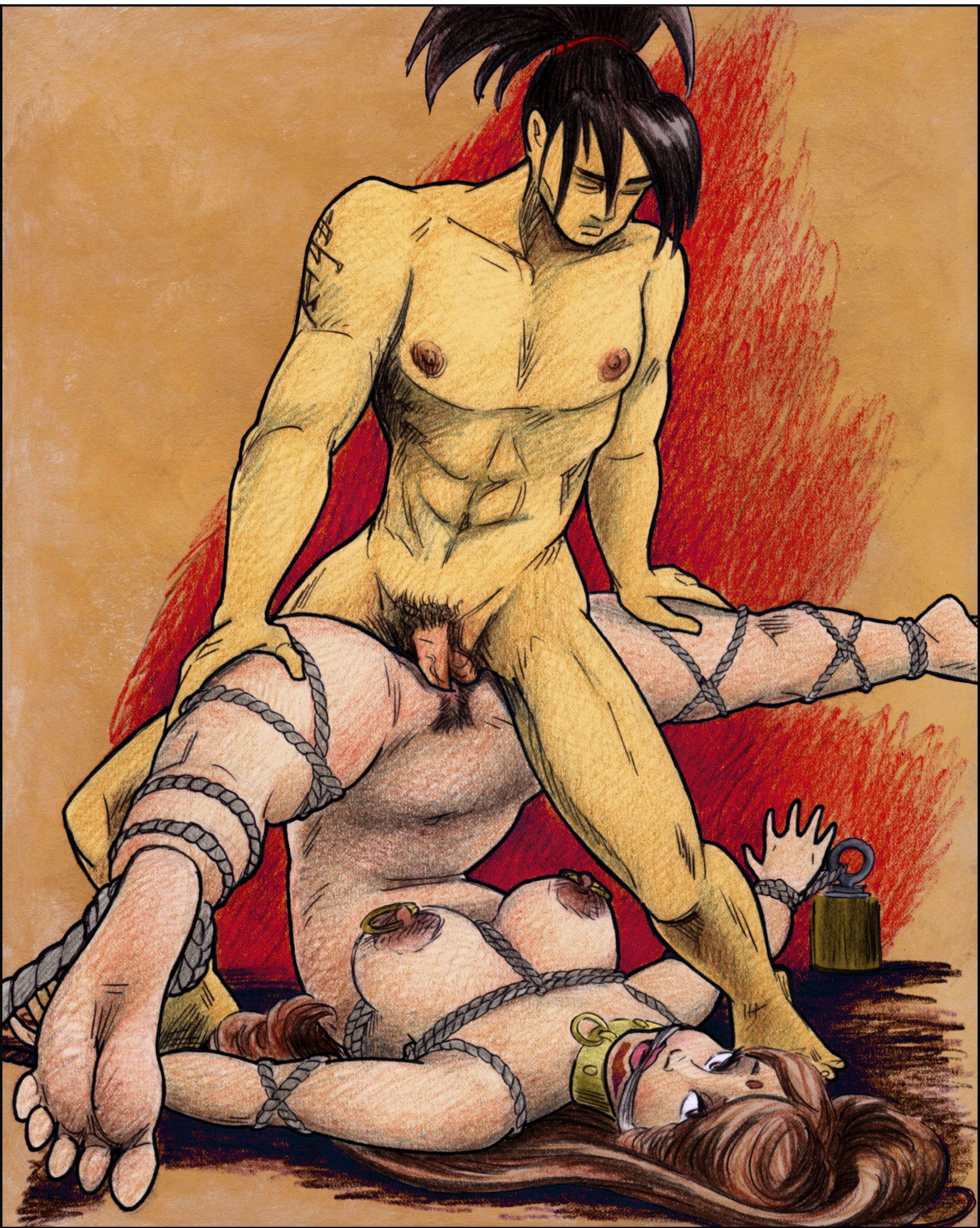














AND SO NOW, SLAVE
GIRL, YOU HAVE ACCEPTED
YOUR CONDITION?

HENCEFORTH I
LIVE ONLY TO SERVE
AND PLEASE YOU,
MY LORD.

GOOD, THEN SERVE
ME THUS. DO YOU
SEE THE SCRIBE ACROSS
FROM YOU?

YES, MY
LORD.

I WISH THAT THE STORY OF WHAT YOU WERE AND HOW YOU CAME TO BE WHAT YOU ARE SHOULD BE RECORDED. TELL IT TO THE SCRIBE.



ONCE, I WAS A SOLDIER.



A VERY **SPECIAL** SOLDIER...

AND I WAS SELECTED FOR VERY **SPECIAL** DUTIES...



HOLY CRAP! THAT'S THE STORY? A NEW PLAGUE?





IT'S AMAZING
THAT MICHIKO MADE HIM
CRUMPLE SO COMPLETELY
AND QUICKLY.

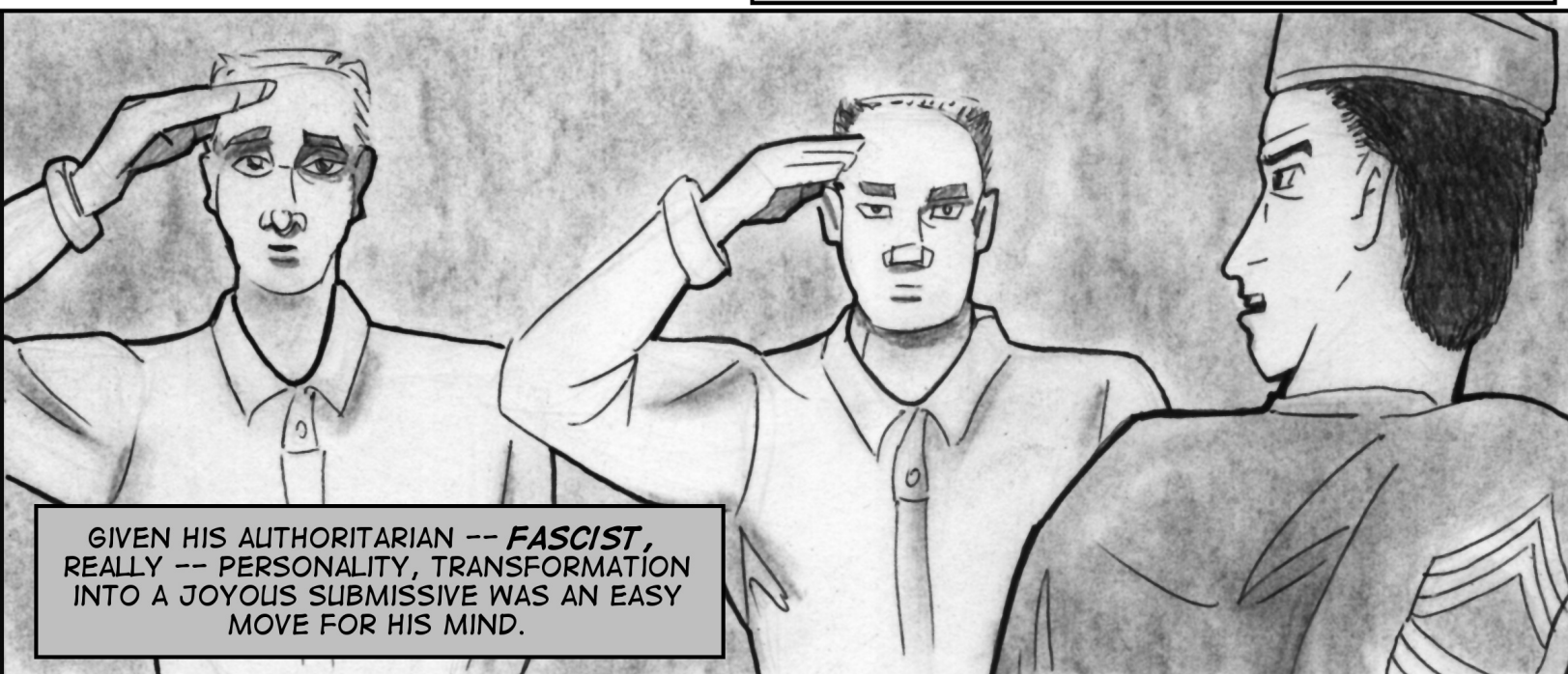


NOT
NECESSARILY. THE
MILITARY MANAGED
TO EXCISE MOST
OF HIS EXPLICIT
PLEASURE
CIRCUITRY.

BUT WHAT THEY FORGOT IS THAT IN
ONTOGENY, WE ALL START OUT **FEMALE**.
MALENESS IS LATER DEFORMATION.



THE DREAM-STATE MUST HAVE ACTIVATED NEURAL
SYSTEMS THAT ARE ONLY LATENT. BY BECOMING
FEMALE AGAIN, MACHO MAN HERE COULD EXPERIENCE
PLEASURE THAT HE OTHERWISE COULD NOT.



GIVEN HIS AUTHORITARIAN -- **FASCIST**,
REALLY -- PERSONALITY, TRANSFORMATION
INTO A JOYOUS SUBMISSIVE WAS AN EASY
MOVE FOR HIS MIND.

ALL VERY INTERESTING, ALOYSIUS, BUT WE
NEED TO DO... **SOMETHING** FOR THOSE
GIRLS HE TALKED ABOUT, OR THERE IS
GOING TO BE TRULY **UNHOLY** TROUBLE.



I HAVE AN
IDEA...



MAD SCIENCE
REACHED DEEP
INTO THE MIND OF
ENHANCED MACHO
SOLDIER JOHN
SAMSON AND
PULLED OUT HIS
ALTER-EGO "S."
WHO KNEW WHAT
LURKED IN HIS
DEPTHS...OR
ANYONE ELSE'S?



TALES

of
GNOSIS



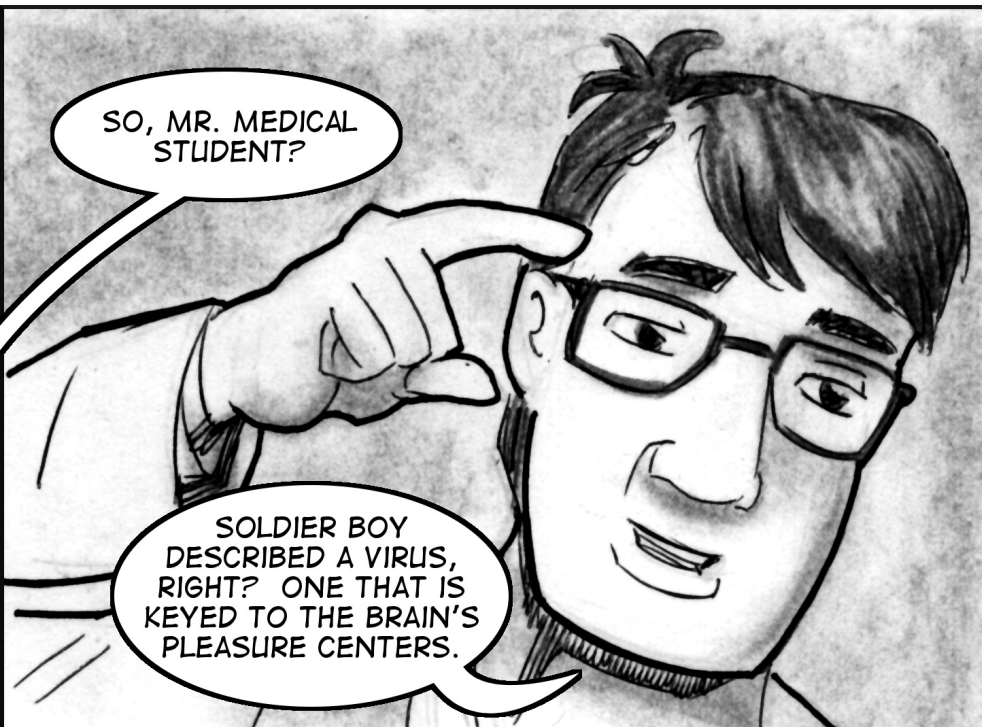
COLLEGE

VOLUME V
NUMBER VI

DREAMSCAPES



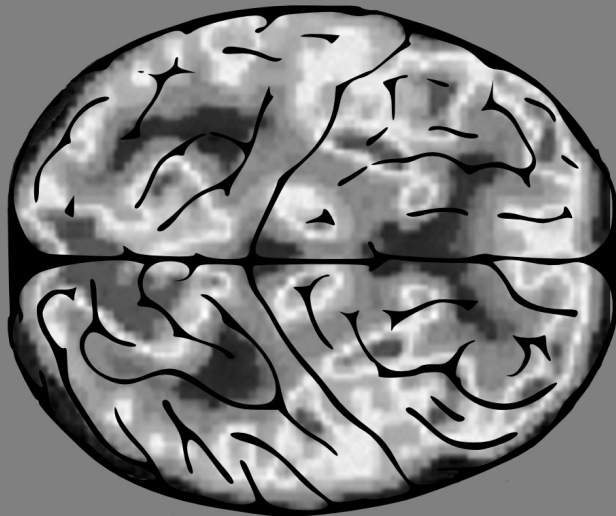
WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY EROSARTS



SO, MR. MEDICAL STUDENT?

SOLDIER BOY DESCRIBED A VIRUS, RIGHT? ONE THAT IS KEYED TO THE BRAIN'S PLEASURE CENTERS.

MOST VIRUSES HAVE A LATENCY PERIOD, BUT IF WE COULD STIMULATE IT INTO ACTIVITY AND FIND THOSE REGIONS WE COULD KILL IT DIRECTLY.



THERE ARE SOME STANDARD AGENTS, TOO TOXIC FOR GENERAL ADMINISTRATION, BUT WITH A TARGETED MICRO-PROBE...



SO YOU WANT TO GRAB FOUR FRESHMAN GIRLS AND ASK THEM TO GET OFF FOR YOU WHILE YOU STICK NEEDLES IN THEIR BRAINS?

SOUNDS LIKE A HARD SELL, ALOYSIUS.

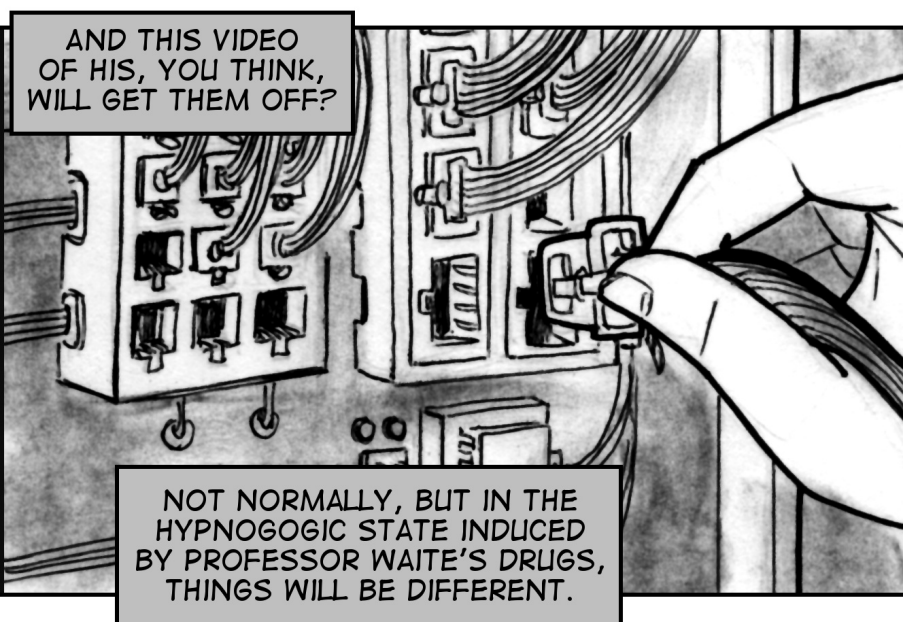
I AGREE THAT A
DIRECT APPROACH IS
UNLIKELY TO SUCCEED.

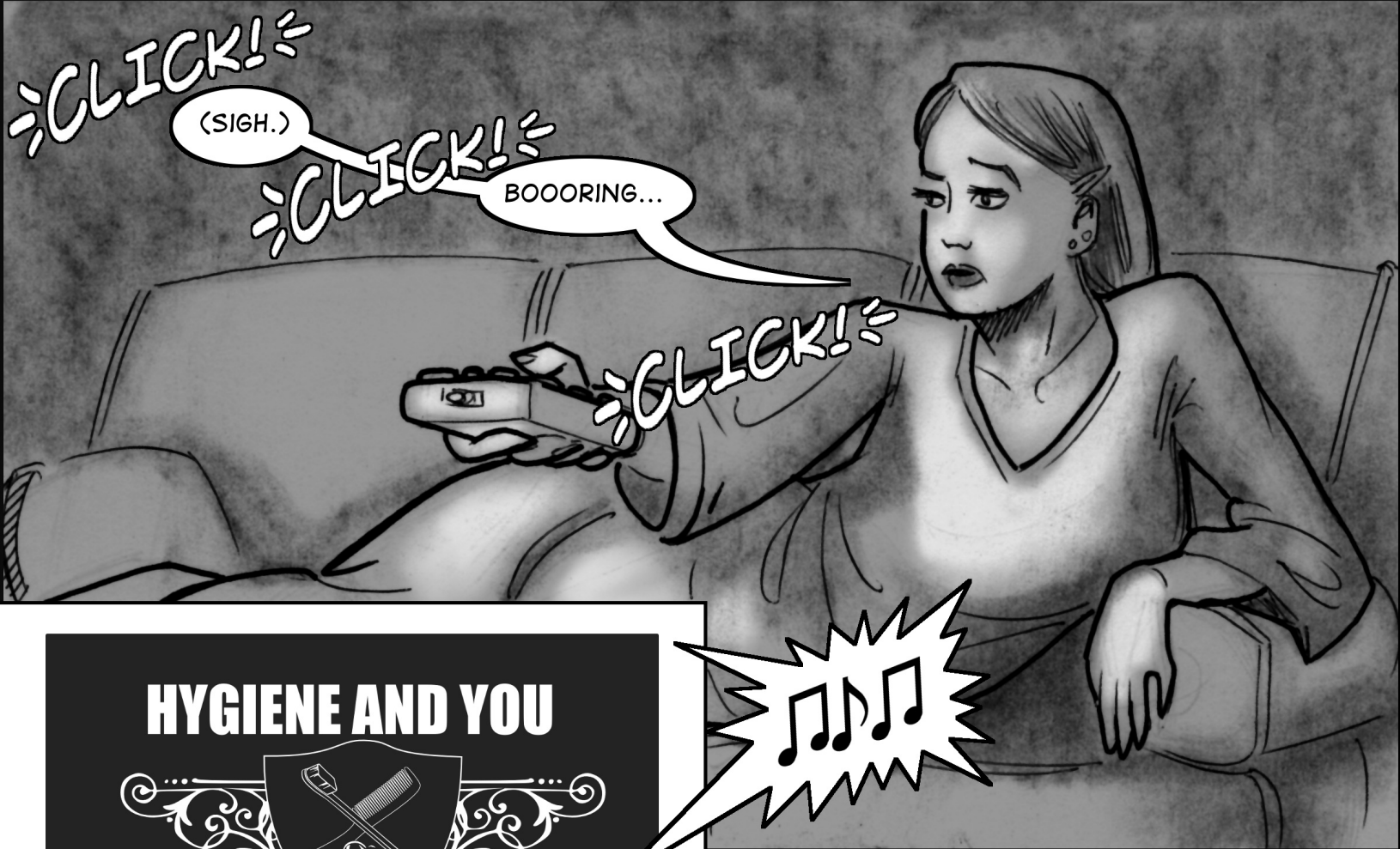
BUT WE HAVE
TECHNOLOGY
TO HELP US OUT.

"GNOSIS DREAMSCAPES"
CHAPTER 6
WRITTEN BY: DR. FAUSTUS
ILLUSTRATED BY: EROSARTS

WE CAN MAKE USE OF
THE ***STUFF*** THAT DREAMS
ARE MADE OF.







HYGIENE AND YOU



An Enlightenment Educational Film



With Professor Quincy
Wagstaff of Gnosis College



HEY, DOES THAT SAY WHAT I THINK IT DOES? MAYBE WE SHOULD GET THE OTHERS.

BRIGHT COLLEGE DAYS.
A TIME FOR LEARNING.



FOR FRIENDSHIP.



AND EVEN
ROMANCE.



THIS IS KINDA
CHEESY.

DOES
ANYONE ELSE SMELL
SOMETHING FUNNY?

SHH!

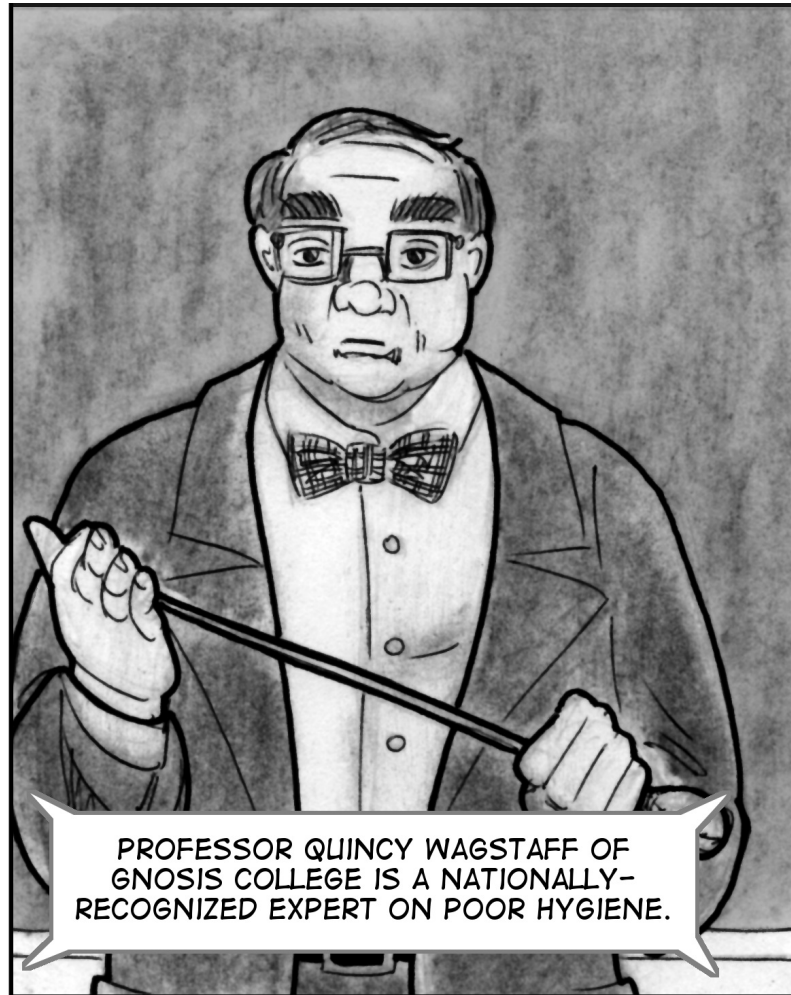


POOR HYGIENE!

YES, POOR HYGIENE.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH
HAS CONCLUSIVELY LINKED
POOR HYGIENE TO MANY
OF THE KEY SOCIAL EVILS
OF OUR DAY.

COMMUNISM
RACE MIXING
BEATNIK LIFESTYLE
ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC



PROFESSOR QUINCY WAGSTAFF OF
GNOSIS COLLEGE IS A NATIONALLY-
RECOGNIZED EXPERT ON POOR HYGIENE.



AS YOU CAN
SEE, MARCIA HERE
IS A PRETTY THING,
BUT SUFFERS FROM
POOR HYGIENE,
AND IS THUS
VULNERABLE.

BUT PROFESSOR WAGSTAFF, HOW DOES ONE FIND *TIME* FOR HYGIENE? WHAT WITH ALL MY STUDIES AND...

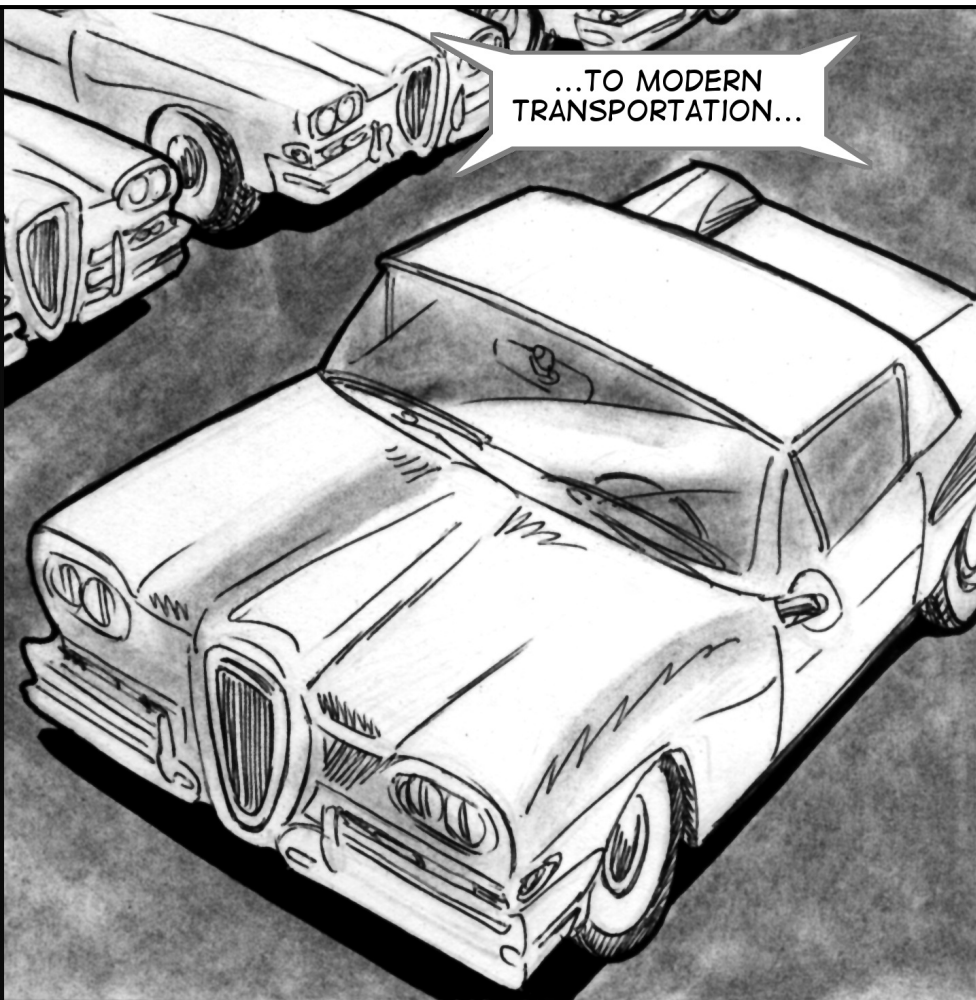


AH, MY DEAR, THIS IS WHERE **SCIENCE** CAN HELP!

YES, **SCIENCE!** SCIENCE WHICH HAS PROVIDED THE FREE WORLD WITH SO MANY BLESSINGS, FROM MODERN APPLIANCES...

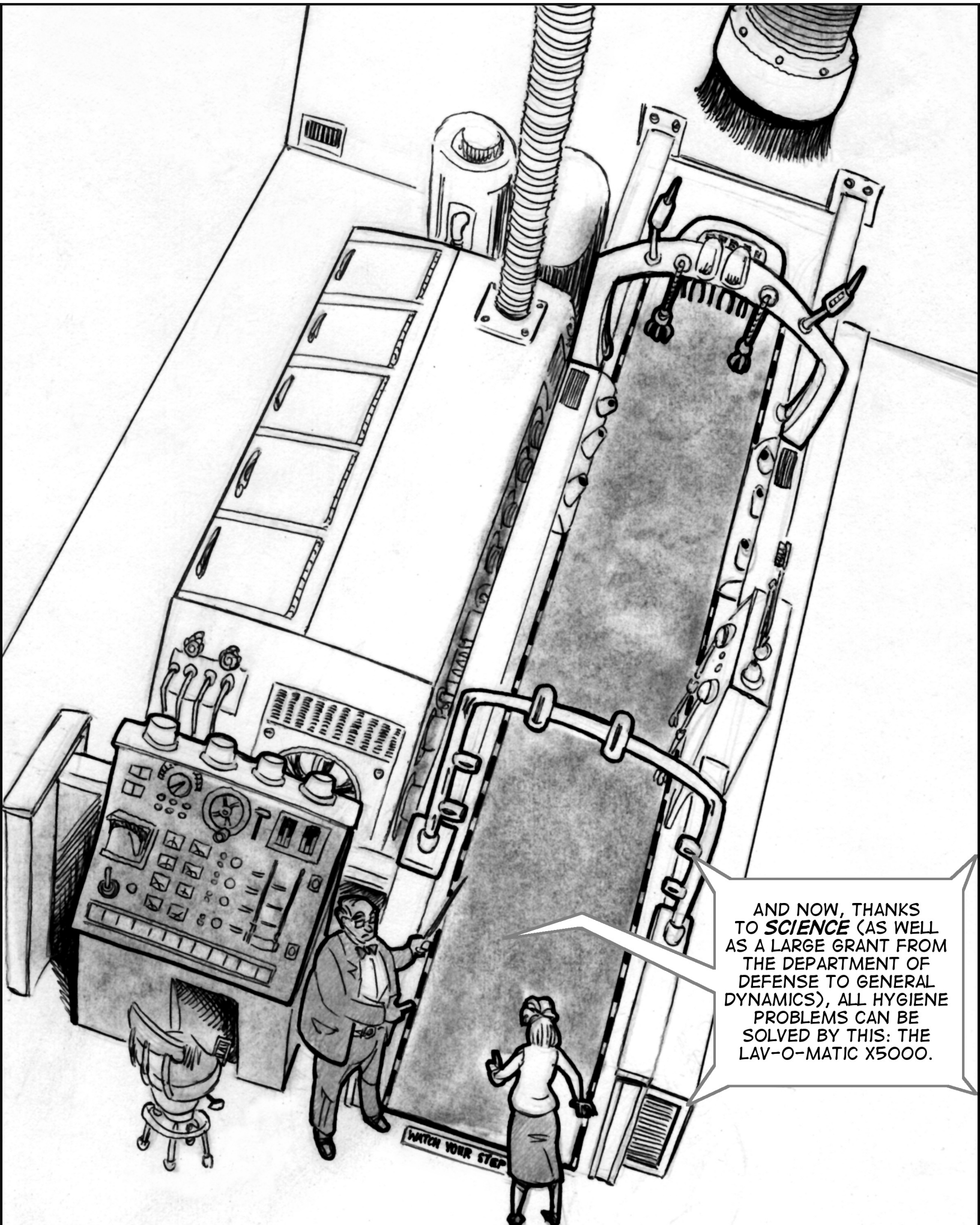


...TO MODERN TRANSPORTATION...



...TO ATOMIC ENERGY!





AND NOW, THANKS
TO **SCIENCE** (AS WELL
AS A LARGE GRANT FROM
THE DEPARTMENT OF
DEFENSE TO GENERAL
DYNAMICS), ALL HYGIENE
PROBLEMS CAN BE
SOLVED BY THIS: THE
LAV-O-MATIC X5000.

WATCH YOUR STEP

BUT WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO...?

PLEASE STEP BEHIND
THAT SCREEN AND
DISROBE COMPLETELY,
THEN STEP ON THE BELT.



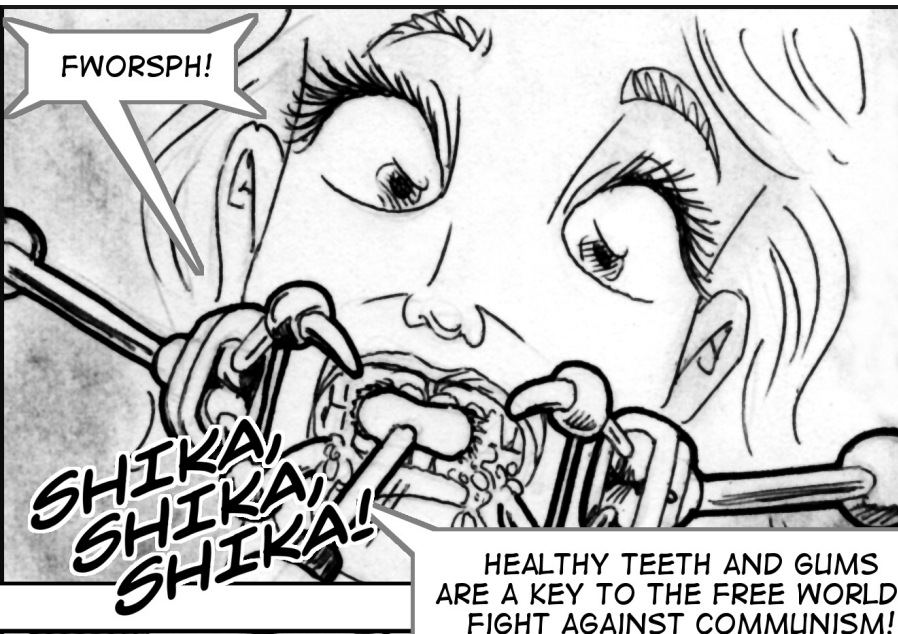
YES, COMPLIANCE WITH
AUTHORITY IS THE FIRST
STEP ON THE ROAD TO
GOOD HYGIENE!



ARE YOU SURE
THIS THING IS SAFE,
PROFESSOR WAGSTAFF?

YOUNG LADY, THIS
IS *SCIENCE* WE
ARE TALKING ABOUT.





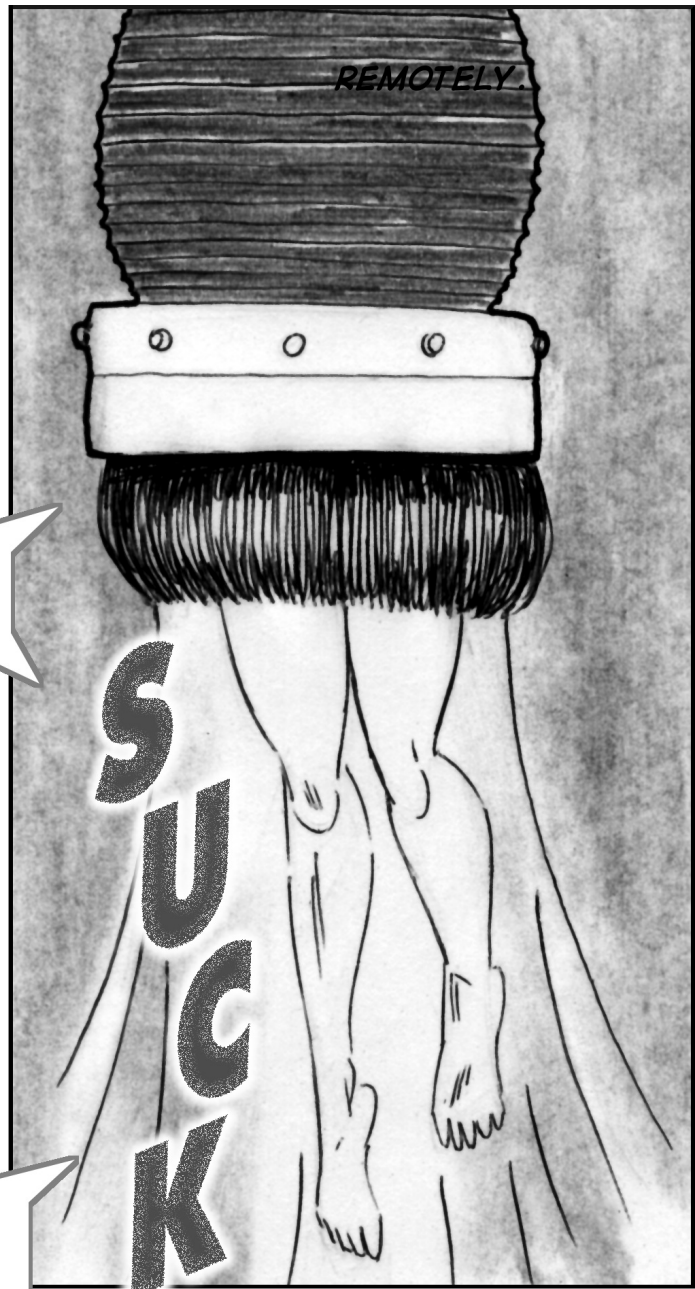
FWORSPH!

SHIKA!
SHIKA!
SHIKA!

HEALTHY TEETH AND GUMS
ARE A KEY TO THE FREE WORLD'S
FIGHT AGAINST COMMUNISM!



CLEAN, FRESH-SMELLING
HAIR HELPS REPEL BEATNIKS
AND THEIR UN-AMERICAN
WAY OF LIFE!



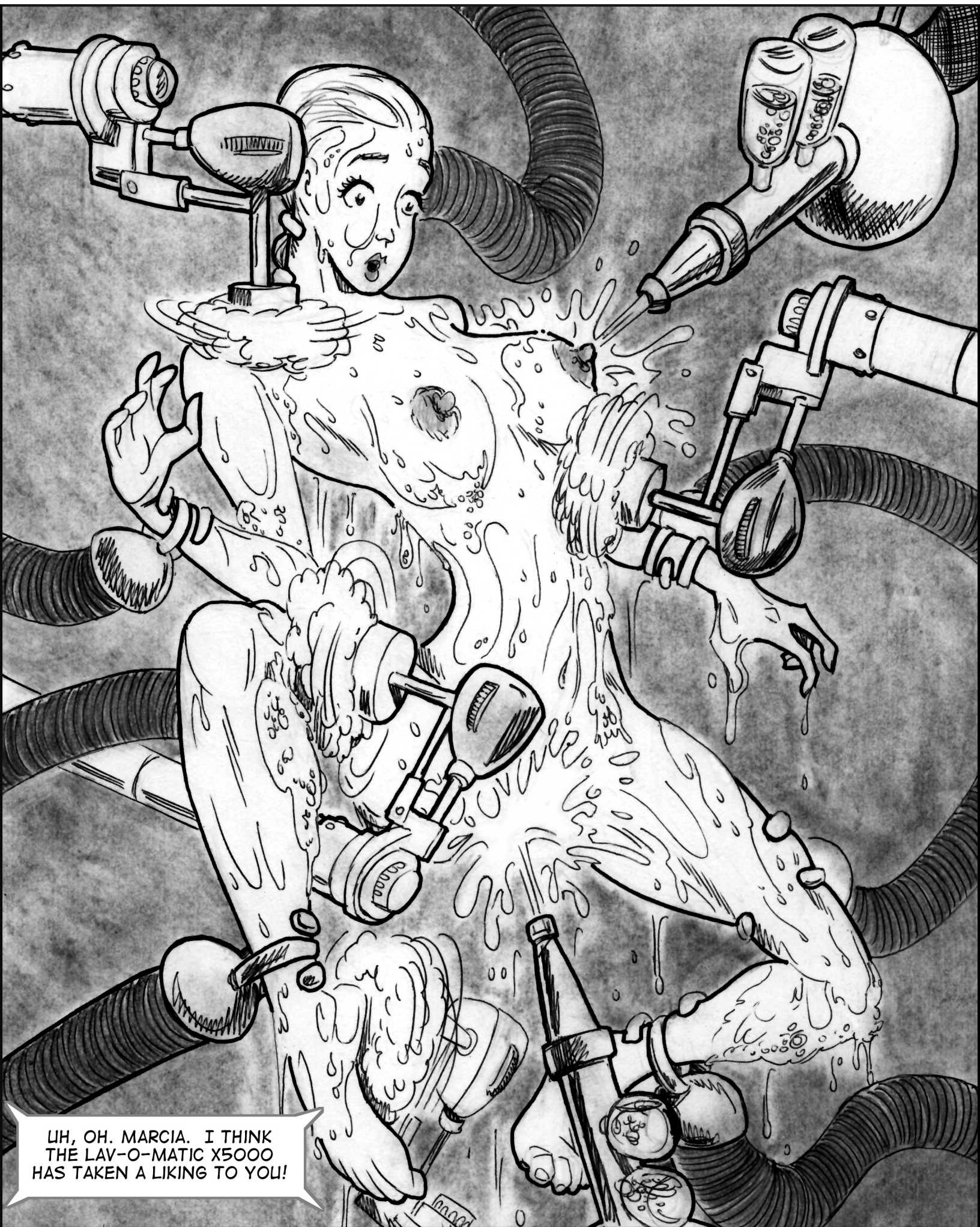
REMOTELY.

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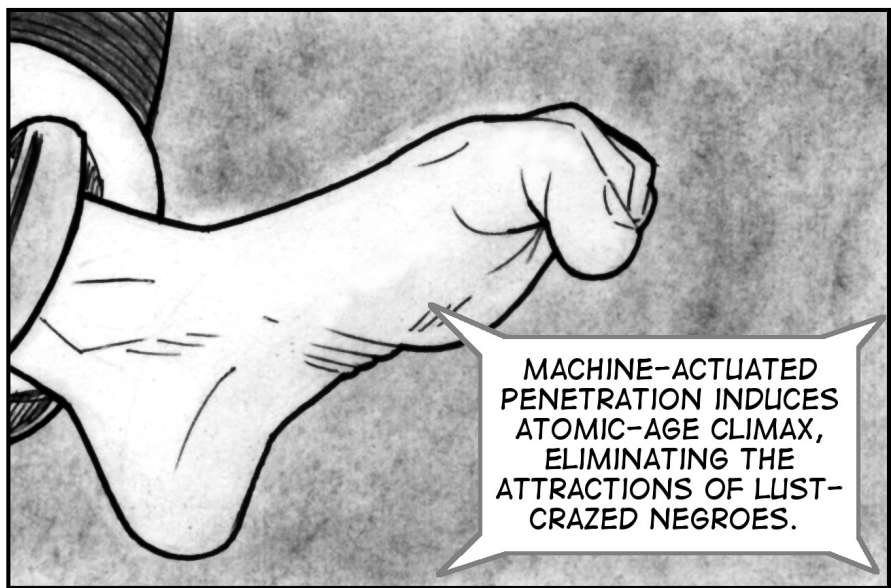
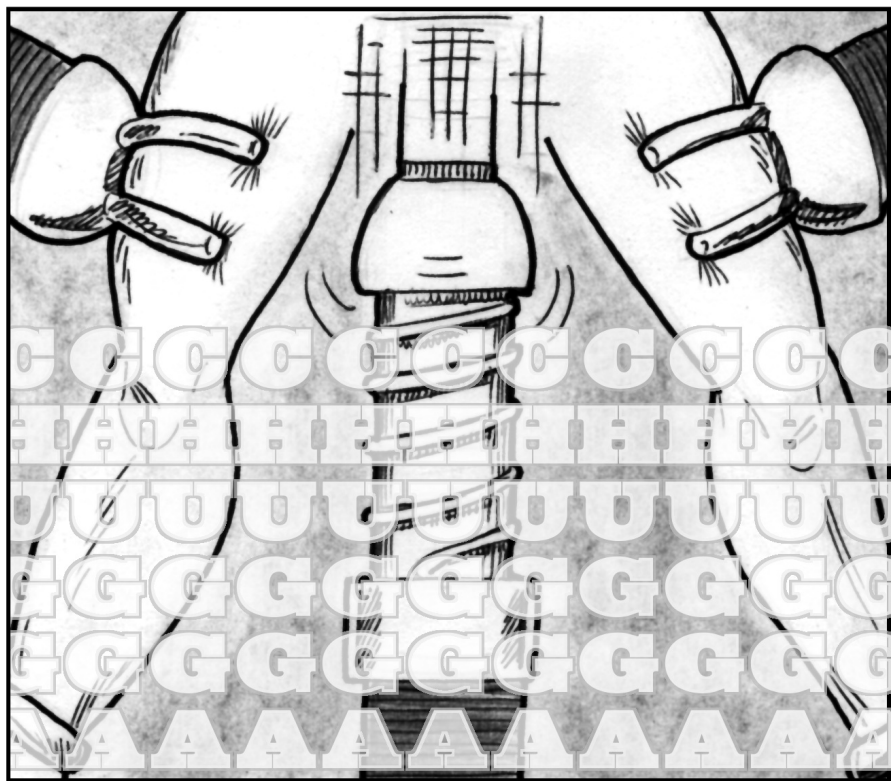
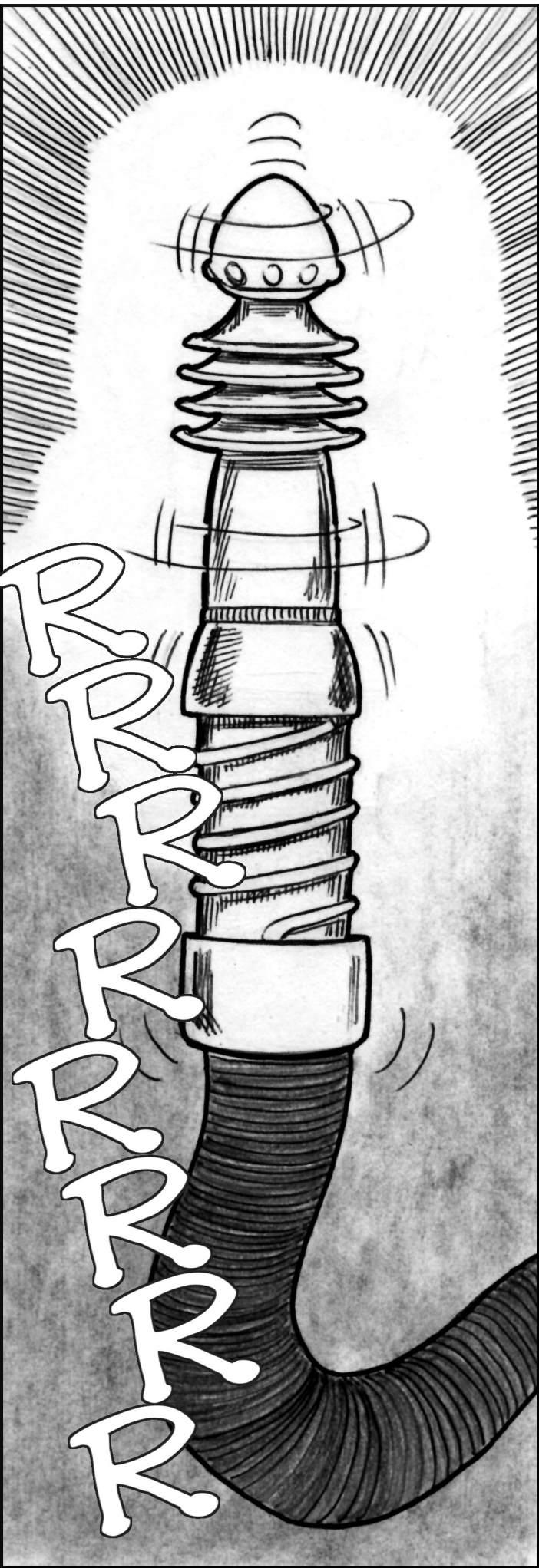


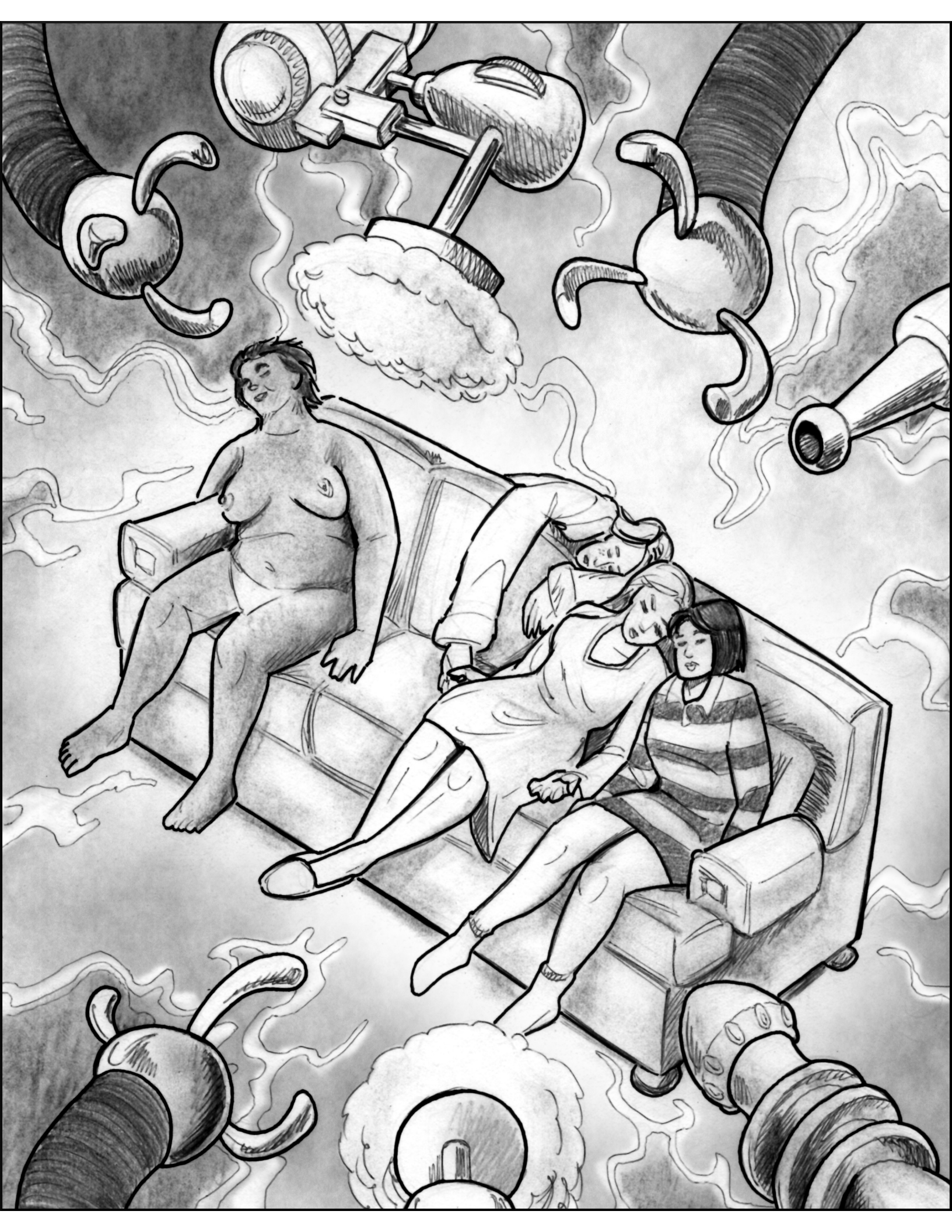
ARE WE SURE THIS
IS FROM THE 1950S?

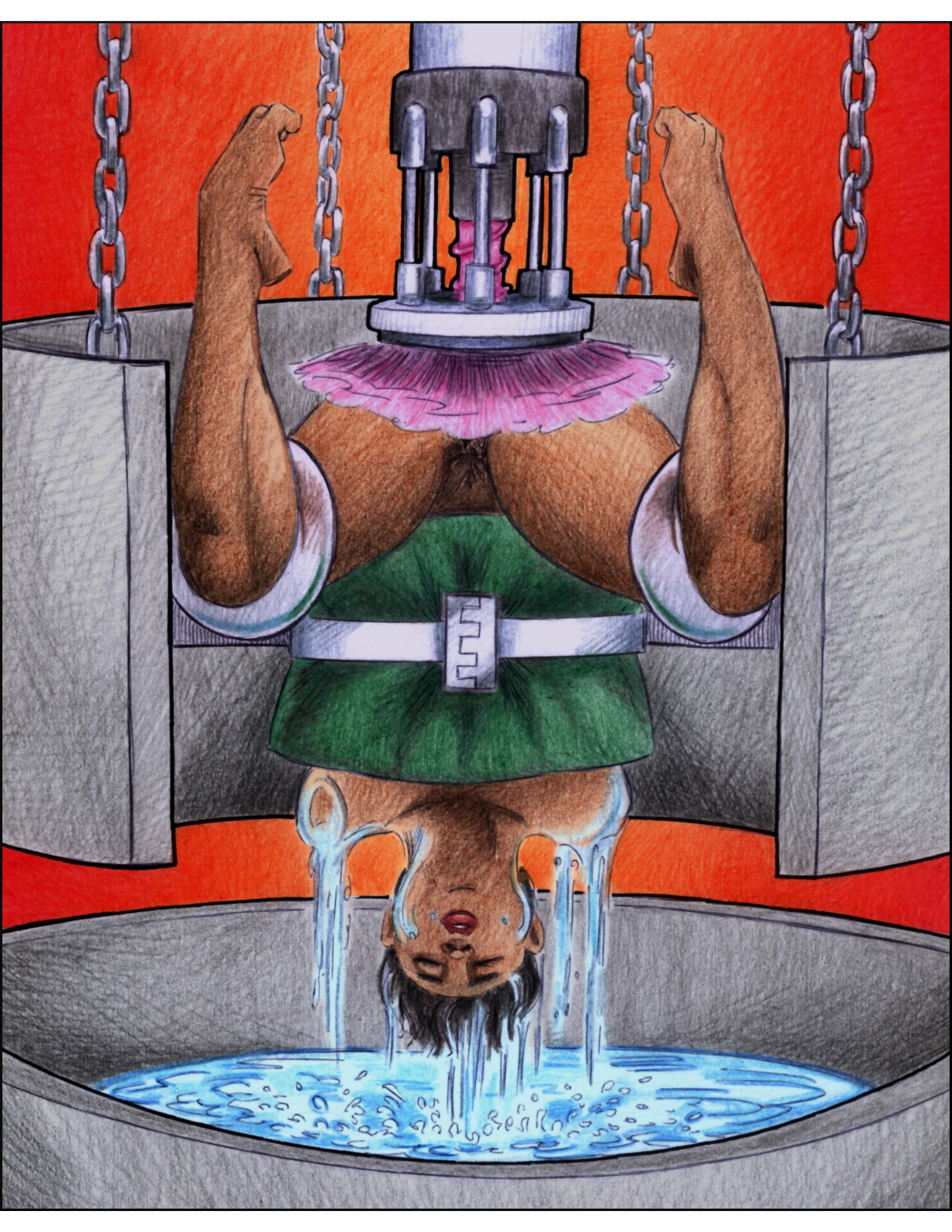
UMM...

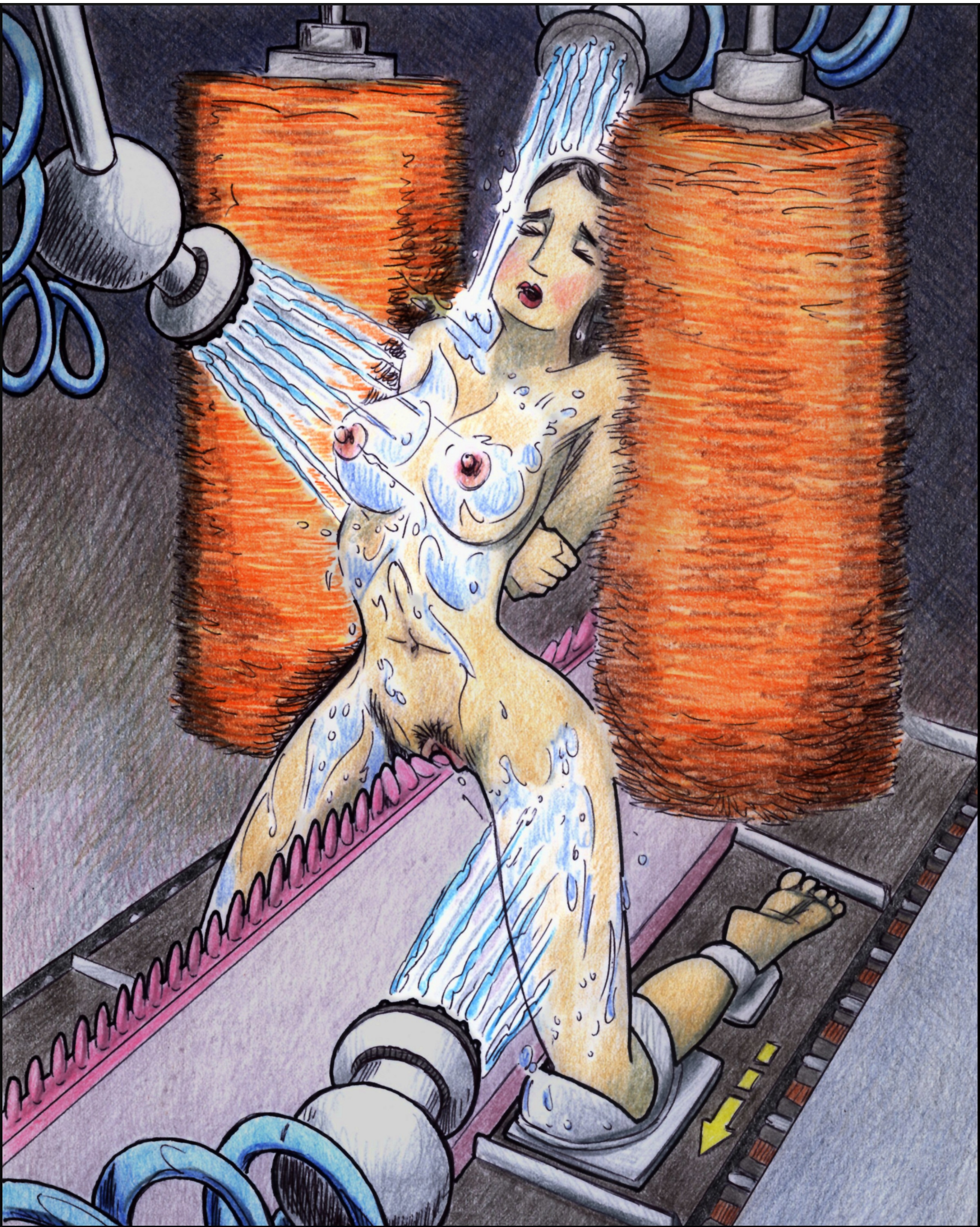


UH, OH. MARCIA. I THINK
THE LAV-O-MATIC X5000
HAS TAKEN A LIKING TO YOU!















LOOKS LIKE
WE HAVE SLEEPING
BEAUTIES.

MAUREEN, IF YOU
COULD SLIP UP HER WITH
YOUR SCANNER...

WE HAVE
WORK TO DO.



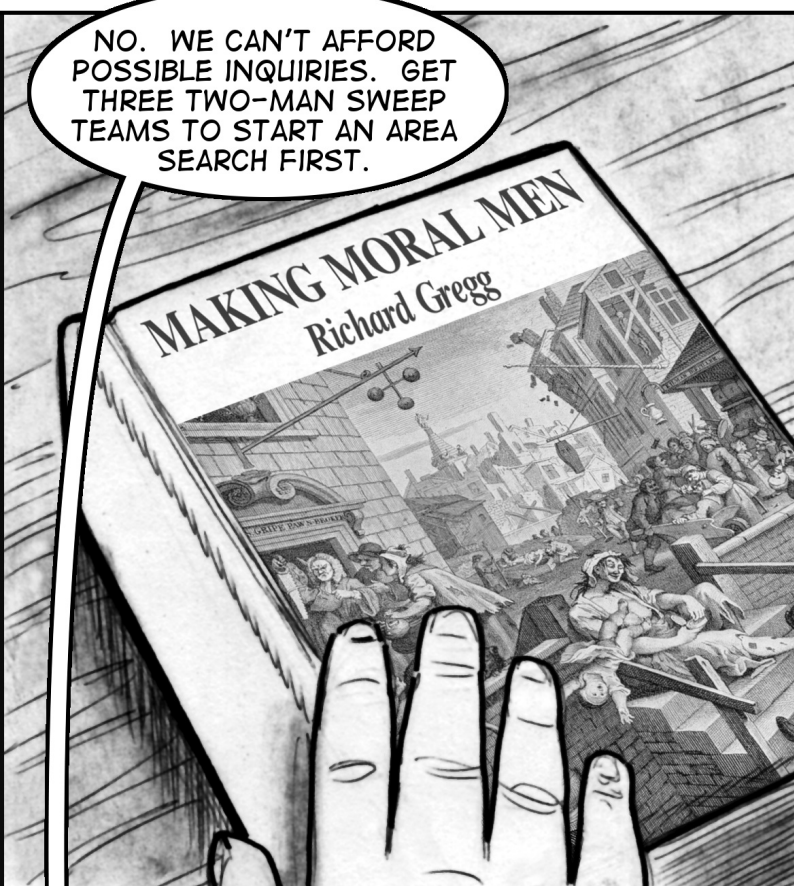
WE HAVE A PROBLEM, SIR.

LT. SAMSON HAS FAILED TO REPORT, AND ATTEMPTS TO RAISE HIM HAVE FAILED.



WE MUST FIND HIM. THE OPERATION IS AT A CRITICAL PHASE.

INITIATE NATSEC LOCKDOWN OF THE AREA, SIR?



NO. WE CAN'T AFFORD POSSIBLE INQUIRIES. GET THREE TWO-MAN SWEEP TEAMS TO START AN AREA SEARCH FIRST.



BORROW THEM FROM DUKE STREET. USE MY NAME. THEY OWE ME ONE, AND THEY ARE USUALLY DISCREET.

YES, SIR.

WE DID IT, I THINK.
SAVED THE DAY.

AND THIS GUY
IS STILL ASLEEP.

IT'S AS IF HE
DOESN'T WANT TO
WAKE UP.



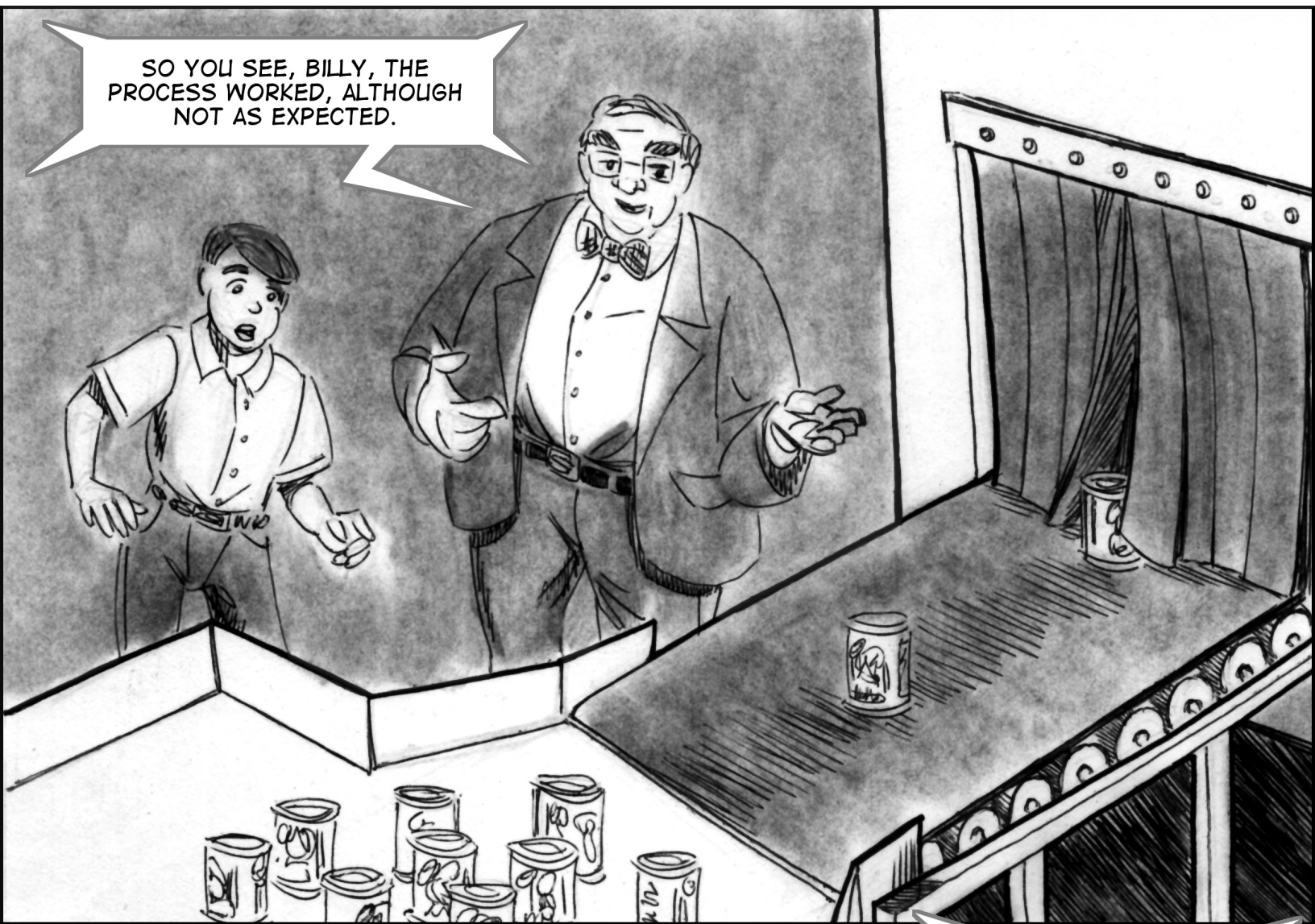
OKAY, I GUESS NOW
WE MOVE ON TO...

ALOYSIUS, STOP. REST A MINUTE.
YOU DID AN AMAZING THING,
CURING THOSE GIRLS.

THOUGH WHY DIDN'T YOU
LET WALDRON'S STRANGE
LITTLE MOVIE PLAY THROUGH?

click!

SO YOU SEE, BILLY, THE
PROCESS WORKED, ALTHOUGH
NOT AS EXPECTED.

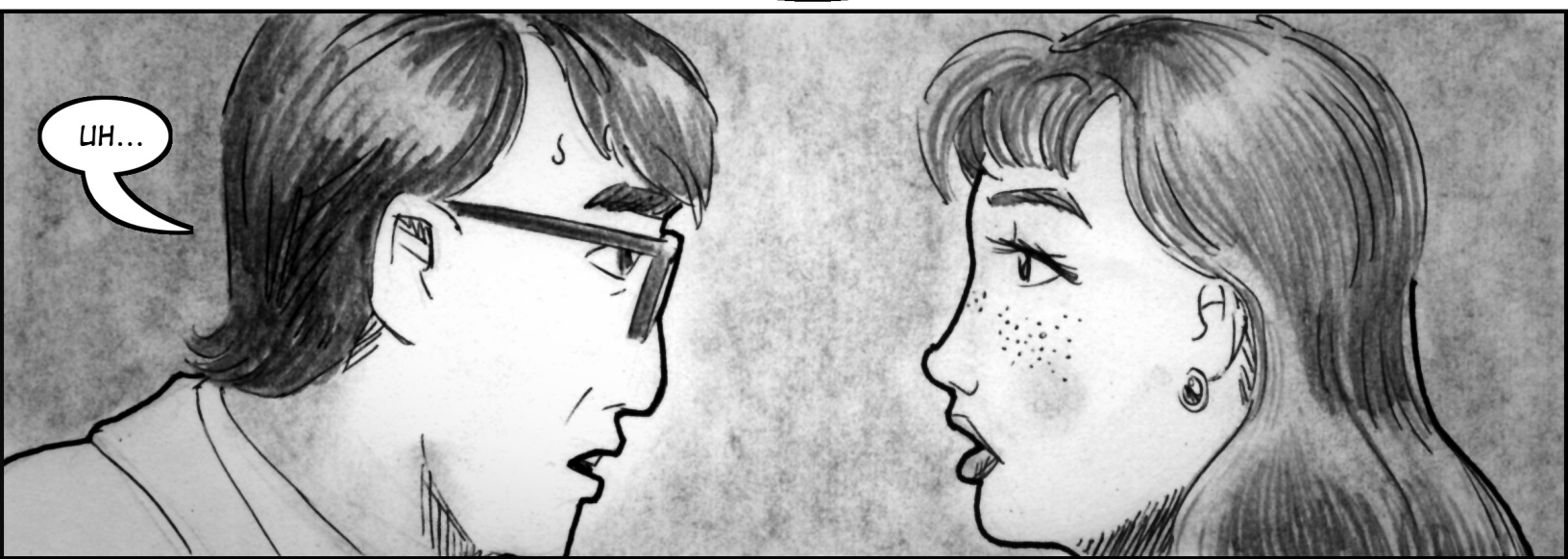


AND THAT, BILLY, IS
WHY IT'S ALWAYS
IMPORTANT TO CHECK
THE SETTINGS BEFORE
STARTING A MACHINE.



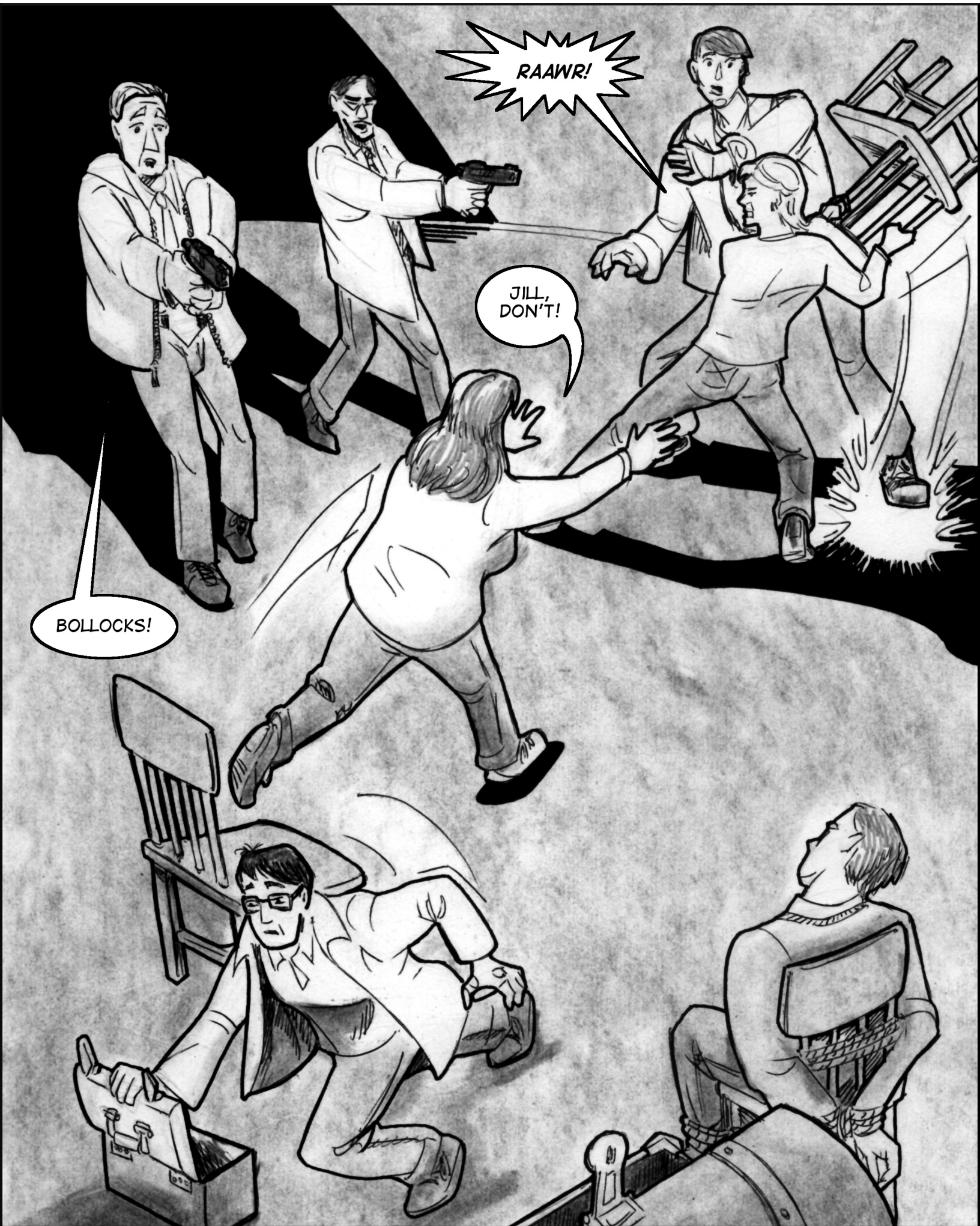
GEE, PROFESSOR
WAGSTAFF, THAT
IS IMPORTANT!

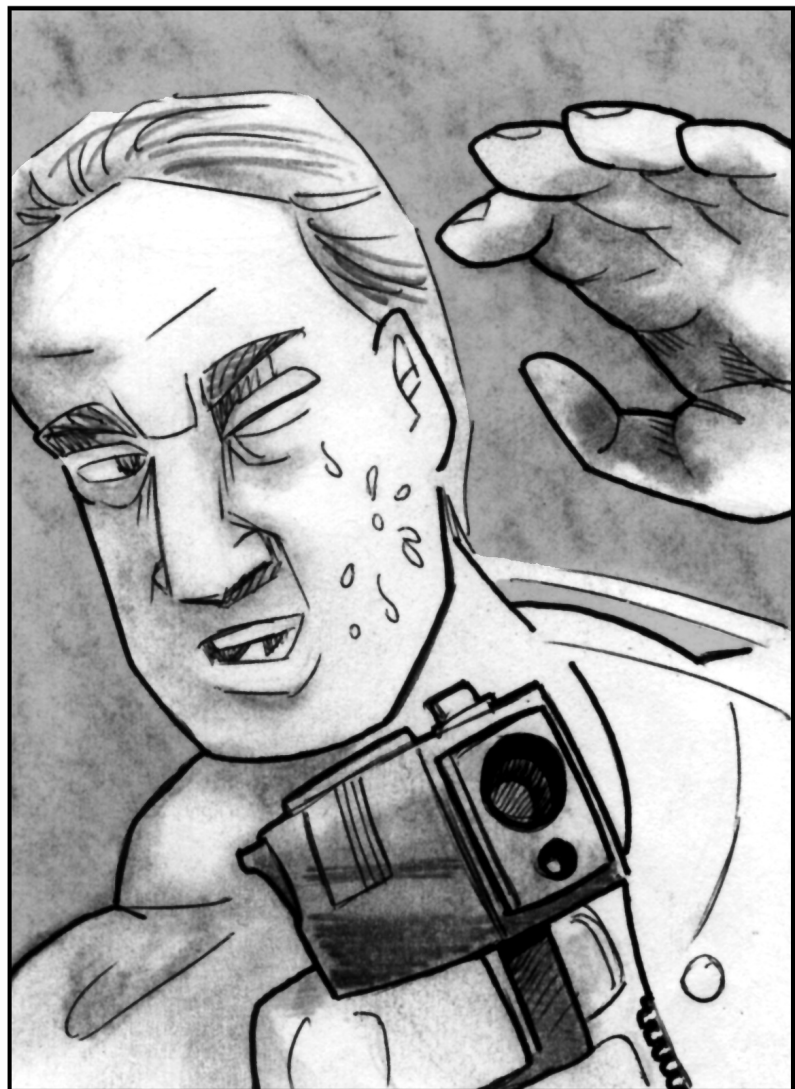












WHAT, YOU'RE GOING TO GET US WET? THAT'S YOUR TACTICAL RESPONSE, LAD?

AGENT FLYTE?

I FEEL A LITTLE...

ODD...

SHITE...

APPSINTHION

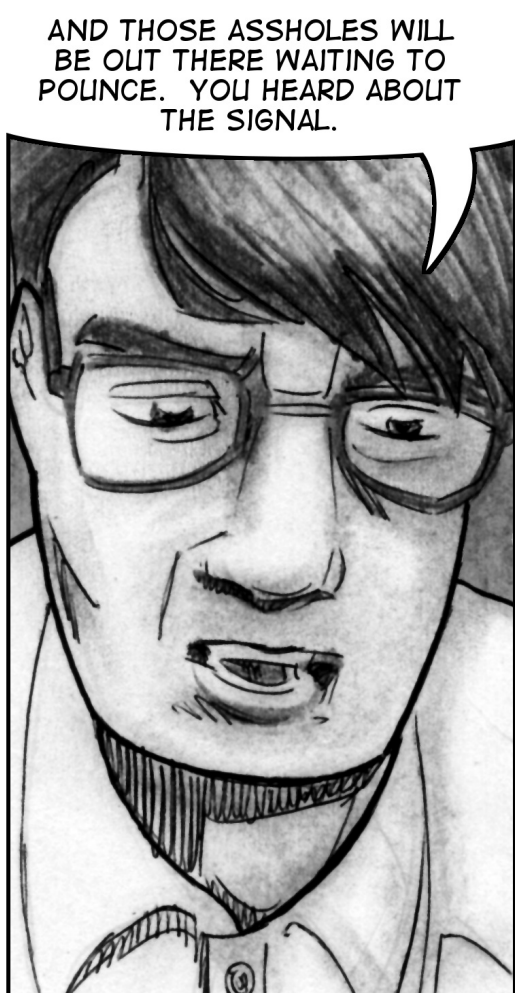
MEW?



BOTH IN DEEP SHOCK. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

WE SHOULD GIVE UP. TURN OURSELVES IN. TO GET AN AMBULANCE.

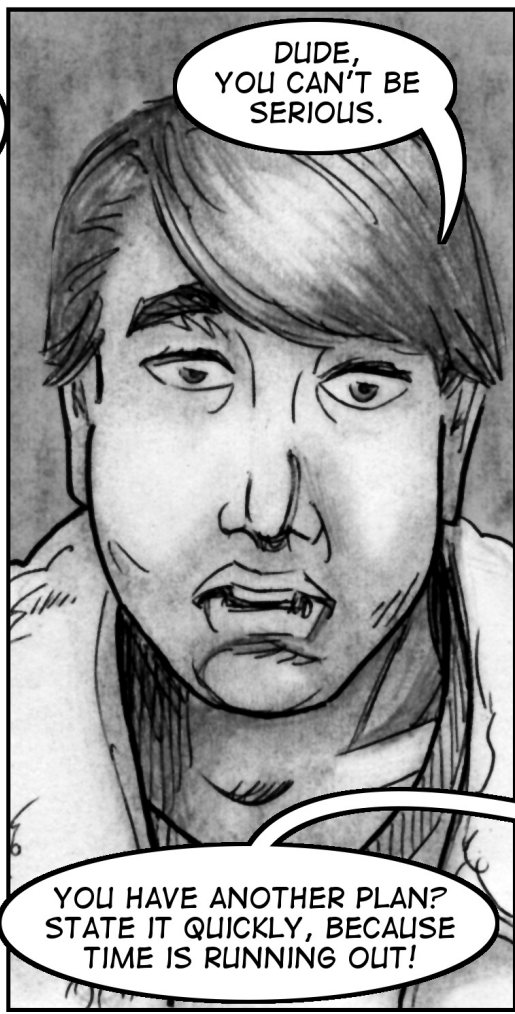
I THINK THEY'LL BOTH DIE ON THE WAY.



AND THOSE ASSHOLES WILL BE OUT THERE WAITING TO POUNCE. YOU HEARD ABOUT THE SIGNAL.



YOU KNOW THAT SHOWER ROOM IN THE DRESSING AREA BEHIND THE STAGE? HELP ME GET THEM THERE.



DUDE, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.

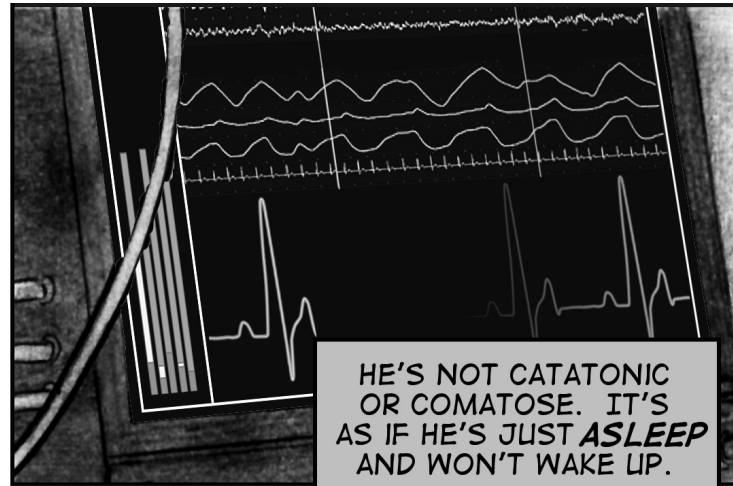
YOU HAVE ANOTHER PLAN? STATE IT QUICKLY, BECAUSE TIME IS RUNNING OUT!



WE AREN'T SURE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM COLONEL. WE'VE RUN EVERY TEST AND FOUND NO ORGANIC DAMAGE WHATSOEVER.



THE ONLY UNUSUAL SYMPTOM IS FREQUENT HIGH REM STATES, NORMALLY ASSOCIATED WITH DREAMING.



HE'S NOT CATATONIC OR COMATOSE. IT'S AS IF HE'S JUST **ASLEEP** AND WON'T WAKE UP.



THOSE WHO DID THIS TO YOU WILL **PAY**, LIEUTENANT.

I PROMISE.




SEND IN THAT YOUNG LADY I WAS BRIEFED ABOUT.

YES, SIR.



JOHN!

YOU SEE,
MISS MARTIN.



HE WAS WORKING FOR US TO ROOT OUT
A CONSPIRACY, BUT THE **TERRORISTS**
GOT TO HIM FIRST. NOW HE'S LITTLE
MORE THAN A VEGETABLE.

NO!

JUST TELL ME
WHAT I NEED TO DO,
COLONEL MADDER.



A TALENTED YOUNG
WOMAN LIKE YOURSELF
COULD **HELP** US TO HOLD
THOSE RESPONSIBLE
TO ACCOUNT.

DAMNIT! OUR SAMPLES ARE BEGINNING TO **DEGRADE!** WILLIE, HOW MUCH MATRIX HAVE WE MANAGED TO SYNTHESIZE?

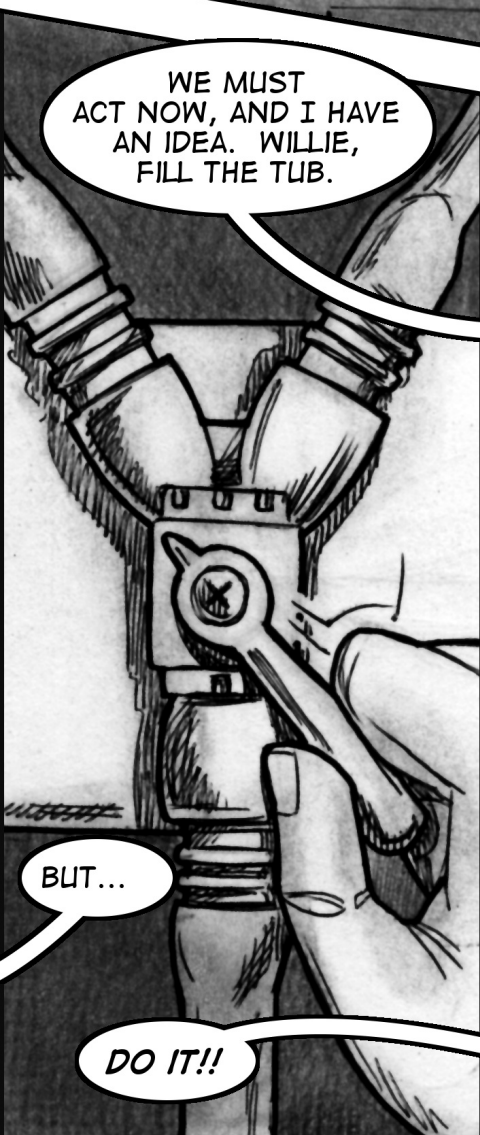


WE'RE AT ABOUT 70 KILOS SO FAR.

ABOUT **HALF** AS MUCH AS WE NEED. WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!



WE MUST ACT NOW, AND I HAVE AN IDEA. WILLIE, FILL THE TUB.



BUT...

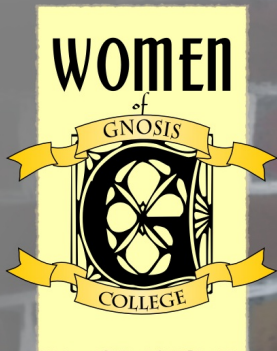
DO IT!!

FORGIVE ME FOR DOING THIS, LADIES. I WILL FIND A WAY TO **LUNDO** IT AS FAST AS I CAN.









OUT OF TWO YOUNG
WOMEN COMES ONE.
WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS
INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS
NAMED HERSELF JIREEN?